Apr-June 1945

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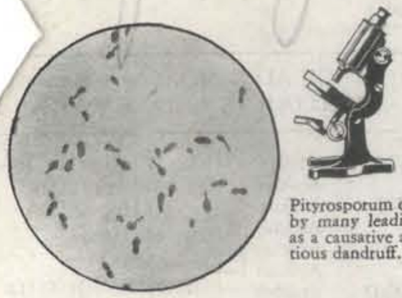

Pityrosporum ovale, regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Does Your Scalp Look Like This Under a Microscope?

Above is shown the stubborn "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, which means bran-like in texture and oval-shaped.

When infectious dandruff is present, vast numbers of this ugly little customer grow on scalp.

A great amount of research tends to confirm the opinion of many leading dermatologists that this stubborn invader is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It is one of the first things hair specialists look for and, when accompanied by excess flakes and scales, is often evidence that infectious dandruff exists.

Get after Infectious Dandruff with Listerine Antiseptic Now!

Quick Germicidal Action Kills the "Bottle Bacillus" by millions, and Helps to Restore Scalp to Normal Condition.

If there's a telltale shower of excess flakes and scales when you comb your hair... take heed!

They can be evidence that a case of infectious dandruff is getting started and may be well on its way.

This is no time for "over-night" remedies that have no germ-killing power. The emergency calls for real germicidal action and massage—right now!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day, a tested treatment which has brought help to so many and which may bring help to you. Remember, this is the treatment that in clinical tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in 30 days.

Listerine Antiseptic gets after the germs themselves. Kills literally millions of the threatening "bottle bacillus" before they can multiply further. Meantime those nasty flakes and scales that distress you so begin to disappear, and that painful itching is quickly relieved. Your scalp glows and tingles with a new feeling of health. Your hair feels wonderfully fresh. The treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage for several minutes.

Thousands who are not troubled with infectious dandruff use Listerine Antiseptic as a precaution against it, making it a part of their usual hair-washing.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the tested treatment

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

APRIL 7, 1945

"I'm waiting for the new—

Motorola Radio"

SAYS—MERLE OBERON

STARRING IN THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "A SONG TO REMEMBER"

Over and over...and over and over again Motorola Radio Engineers have been FIRST with engineering ideas that have made radios for Home and Car easier and more pleasant to listen to. It was radio engineering "know how" that made possible the Motorola development and large production of the famous "Handie Talkie," fightingest radio in the war. To all of you who have carefully cared for your radio during the war, we say... the new Motorola Radios will be well worth waiting for!

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CHICAGO 51, ILL.

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A-M F-M **Radio**

**F-M AND A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO
AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION
F-M POLICE RADIO • RADAR • MILITARY RADIO**

Collier's
FOR APRIL 7, 1945

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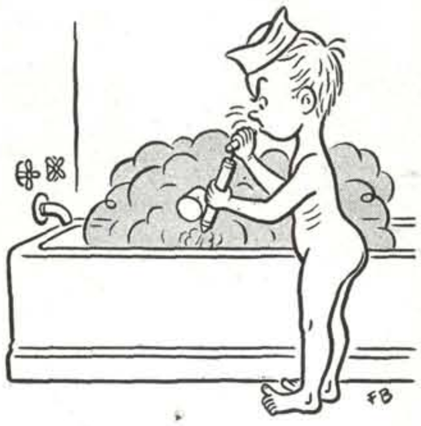
COVER By *ELMORE BROWN*

any week

LET me tell you about a friend of ours who has a trustworthy son of nine. He also has a job that keeps him out late at night. His wife, too, works late night hours. They have no maid. So when they leave their apartment after dinner, they merely tell their trustworthy son to be in bed by nine-thirty sharp, and they depart, convinced that he will do just that. The other morning when they came home at two, they found a letter from the lad, who was asleep in bed. "Dear Mother and Father," he had written. "I studded my lessons and went into the bathroom to take a bath. I found 23 buges in the bathtub. I killed these and washed out the tub. That took 19 minutes. It took 15 minutes to write this letter. So I did not get to bed until 9:45. I am very sorry. You affectionate son."



IT'S all in knowing the tricks, writes Mr. Jay B. Jones, Talladega, Alabama. For example, a friend of mine (he goes on) asked her butcher several weeks ago if he had any ham. No, but he had some catfish. "Heavens, I don't want any of that stuff!" the lady cried. Whereupon the butcher gave her a wink and a pound of bacon. Next week the lady returned and happily bought another pound of "catfish." Then she wandered over to the vegetable department and asked for some squash. She got bananas. But something finally went wrong with the system. The last time she asked for squash she got squash. "Now that isn't the way I shop at all," Mr. Jones concludes. "When I want bananas I ask for onions with skins."

ALERT customers inform us that the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, about which we published a picture story, isn't the only municipally owned steam railroad. We are asked to look at the City of Lakeland, Georgia; and Mr. P. J. Lynch says look at the City of Prineville Railroad, out in central Oregon. The latter is 14 miles shorter than the B. & M. L. but is just as wide and was promoted by

(Continued on page 35)

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"Don't leave me, Mummy!"

"I'll never forget the look on my little girl's face the day I left her at the Home. I told myself I was not to blame, yet in my heart I knew I could have prevented this tragedy—once.

"That was the day I decided not to renew my husband's auto insurance. Fred had left us fairly well off but I felt I couldn't afford it. *Afford it!* I could have afforded it twenty times over! You see, I had that accident I thought I wasn't going to have. The other driver was seriously hurt. The court judgment took everything! I had to go to work, put my child in the Home. It was the price we paid because I neglected such a trifle as my auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all car insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest automobile insurance company in the world, with more than 1,000,000 policyholders and over 6,000 helpful and friendly agents at your service.

IMPORTANT NOW! You can save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM *Bankway* PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for FREE BOOKLET which describes this 3-way savings plan, also shows you how to compare auto insurance values before you buy as well as giving you basic facts on life, fire, personal and residence liability insurance. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today.*

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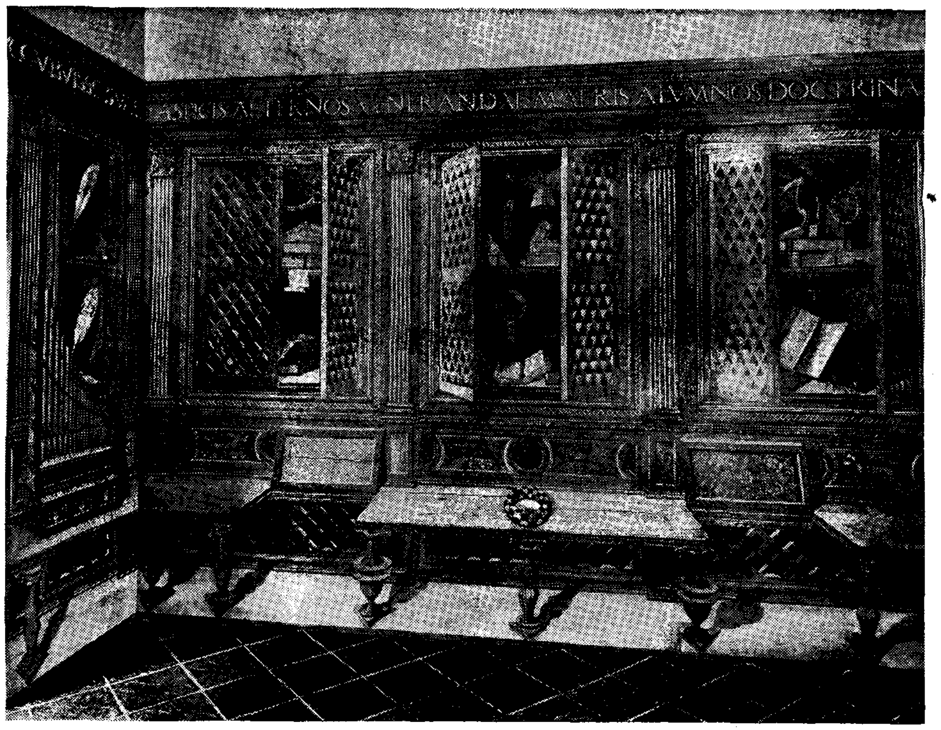


COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Keep up with the world

A small room that has to be touched as well as seen to be believed is on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Acquired from a 15th-century Italian palace, its four walls contain 12 wooden cupboards whose open doors reveal on the shelves about 100 objects, including an hourglass, a celestial globe, books and musical instruments. The wall space around the cupboards is paneled, and benches line the sides of the room. However, it is all an optical illusion, a flat surface on which the uncanny perspective and shadows are produced by inlays of some 500,000 pieces of wood in a vast variety of shapes and colors. So convincing is the three-dimensional effect that several visitors have attempted to sit on the benches.

One Nazi atrocity for which its perpetrator was arrested and returned to Germany for punishment occurred at the concentration camp at Vught, Holland, on the night of January 15, 1944. For a minor offense, 58 women were crushed in a 7-by-12-foot airless room so tightly that four guards were required to shut the door. When it was opened again fourteen hours later, eleven of the women were dead, nine were insane and the other thirty-eight were unconscious and remained in a hysterical state for weeks.

For the past year or two, certain types of explosive charges made by the U.S. Army have been greatly improved through an unusual manufacturing principle. By making a conical cavity in the explosive at the end of the charge that will face the target and detonating it from behind, the maximum force of the explosion is concentrated and focused instead of being scattered. Thus, such a hollow charge will penetrate several inches of a steel safe or several feet of a concrete pillbox when set up on them, whereas the same charge packed solidly will have practically no effect on these objects.

Since October, 1943, the Army has shipped some 3,500,000 double-sided V-disk records of music to our men overseas. . . . Although the poem "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is only 128 lines long, Thomas Gray devoted eight years to its composition. . . . As late as 1940, Shinto holy men in Japan would fly over the scene of an airplane accident and wave branches of trees to drive away the evil spirits that caused it.

The 20th-century practice of holding Easter Morning services outdoors at daybreak to see the sunrise is a revival of an ancient custom of the English people who, in the belief that the sun danced on Easter, arose early to witness the performance. Those who wished to see a realistic dance would face the sun across a lake and make its reflection tremble by agitating the water.

A chemical test of gasoline that requires hours of work by laboratory technicians is now completed and checked in a few minutes by a new electronic device called a mass spectrometer.

The radio channels now reserved for handie-talkie and walkie-talkie communication by civilians provide for only 3,300 wave lengths. Thus the majority will probably be allotted to organizations that will employ them no farther than a mile, because when they are used to cover a city by firms such as taxi companies, these frequencies become useless to everyone else in the locality. But when the range of service is restricted to a mile, one wave length may be used without interference by many persons, a short distance apart, in one municipal area.

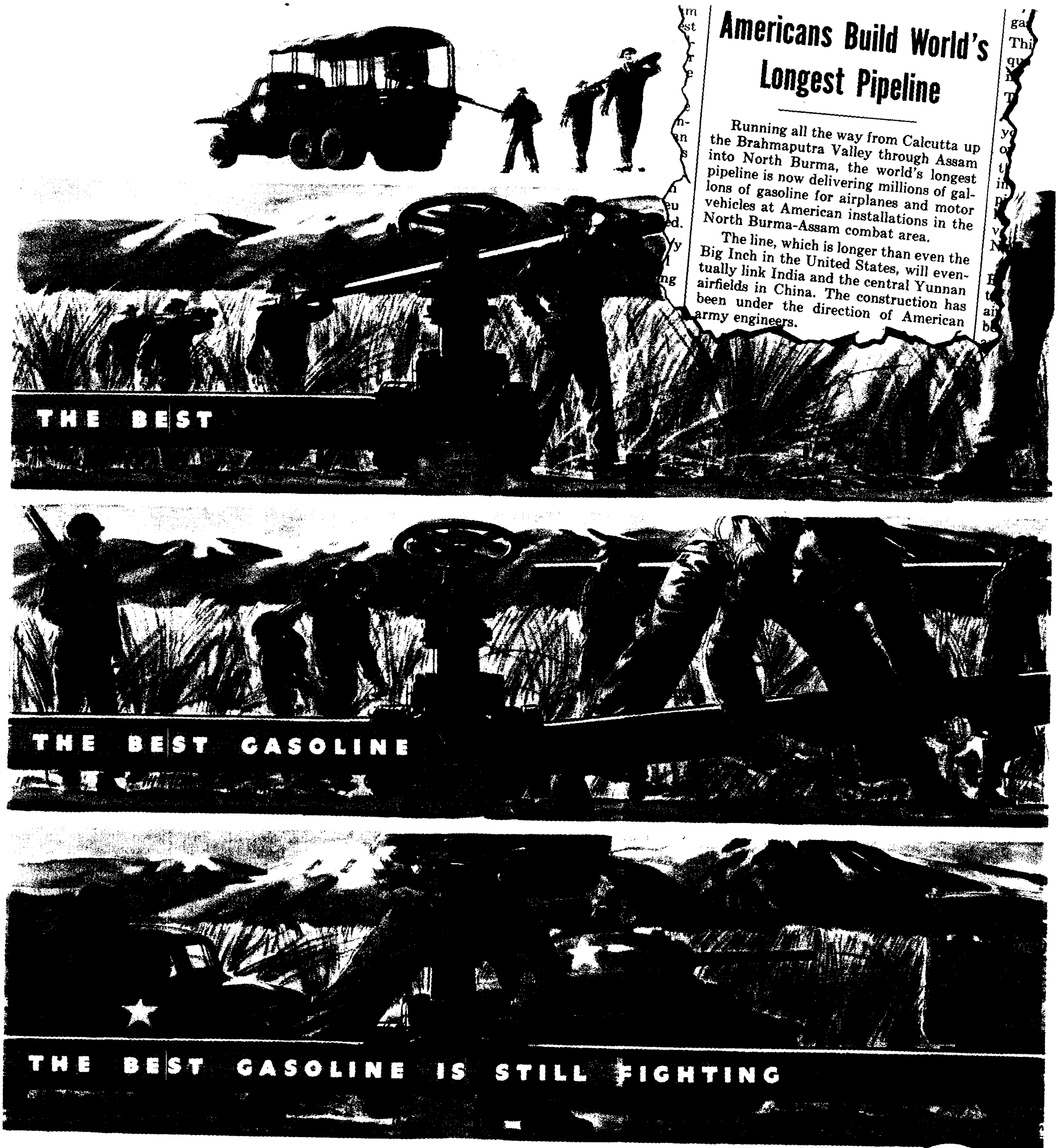
During 1944, the Allies liberated 63 of the 112 powerful European radio stations under the control of the Nazis and put the majority of the others out of action in air raids.

Today, women constitute only six per cent of the medical students in the United States, compared with 21 per cent in England and 85 per cent in Russia. . . . On a smooth-surfaced road, drops of oil from a moving motorcar indicate, by their shape, the direction in which the vehicle was traveling at the time. . . . Death from thirst rarely occurs in less than 36 hours, yet death from excessive water drinking may result within four hours.

by Freling Foster

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network



Americans Build World's Longest Pipeline

Running all the way from Calcutta up the Brahmaputra Valley through Assam into North Burma, the world's longest pipeline is now delivering millions of gallons of gasoline for airplanes and motor vehicles at American installations in the North Burma-Assam combat area.

The line, which is longer than even the Big Inch in the United States, will eventually link India and the central Yunnan airfields in China. The construction has been under the direction of American army engineers.

By ship, by train, by truck and by pipeline millions of gallons of America's finest gasoline are going to our fighting men.

This fighting gasoline is superior to anything ever sold to car owners. From both quantity and quality standpoints, it represents the best of the American petroleum industry's production, plus the lion's share of the Ethyl fluid being manufactured.

The best gasoline is still fighting—will continue to fight until the Army and Navy say it's safe to cut back on military production. Then *you* will get all the Ethyl you want and better Ethyl than ever before . . . an Ethyl gasoline that will bring out the finest performance of any car.

Ethyl Corporation

CHRYSLER BUILDING,
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

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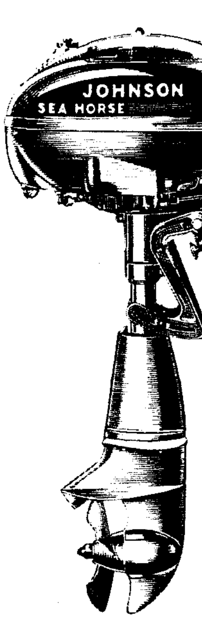
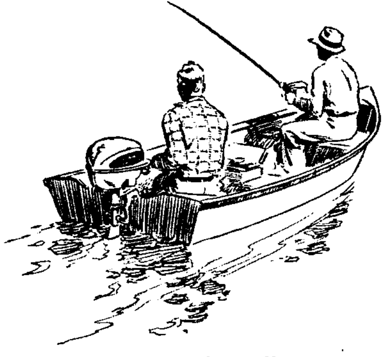
for DEPENDability

We'll stick to Outboard Motors

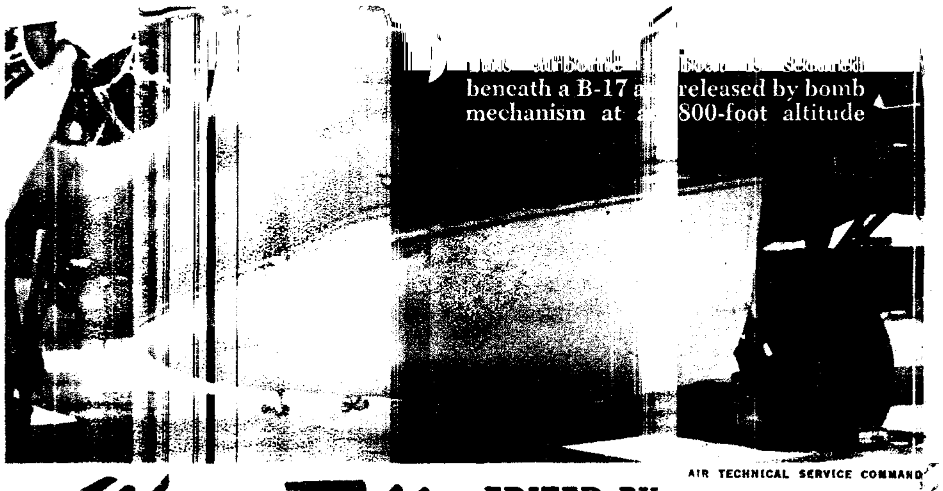
AFTER THE WAR our facilities will be devoted to the manufacture and development of *outboard motors.* That's our business. It always has been. We know from experience that *superior* outboard motors are the product of devotion to that business... We'll stick to outboards and specialize in the best.





DEALERSHIPS: If you are interested in selling AND SERVICING Johnson Outboard Motors after the war, write us now—no matter what your location may be.
JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

There is No Substitute for Experience



This airborne boat is secured beneath a B-17 and released by bomb mechanism at an 800-foot altitude

AIR TECHNICAL SERVICE COMMAND

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

IN THE future, when a transoceanic airliner's engines fail, you're not going to be ditched in the ocean and left to flounder around in a Mae West until you drown or die from exposure or are miraculously picked up. The global airlines are already preparing for escape and rescue from counterparts of the Cavalier tragedy, when that British flying boat had to go down between Bermuda and New York several years ago.

It is very unlikely that there ever would be simultaneous failure of all of our modern aircraft engines in one plane; yet on the one chance that gross carelessness or sabotage would occur, the domestic and foreign airlines with global aspirations are taking steps for the public safety. The war has built up such a huge reservoir of experience in rescue work from ditched aircraft that it is doubtful if they could miss in protecting you. While the practices and procedures now in force affect young, alert combat airmen, the matter of adjusting their applicability to the cross section of world air travel after the war is relatively easy.

For example, the British, pre-eminent in the field of air-rescue work, have plans for equipping one of their postwar airliner types with two large life rafts built into the wings. Should the big land plane be ditched, these rafts would spring automatically from the wings, inflate and be ready for the passengers emerging from either side of the cabin. Designed to carry twenty, they could accommodate twice the number. Equipped with a lighted mast, a distress flag, and radio and provisions, it is conceivable that the passengers could float comfortably until picked up by the international air-rescue service which was one of the accomplishments of the International Civil Aviation Conference at Chicago.

THIS raft has no propulsion, but a supplemental air-rescue service could leap into action if necessary. Over here, engineers of the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field, Ohio, and production experts of Higgins Industries, Inc., of New Orleans, have produced an air-rescue boat called the Flying Dutchman which is snugly fitted under the belly of a B-17 and dropped by parachute to people floating helplessly in nonpowered life rafts. The one now in production is a 27-footer driven by twin, five-horsepower air-cooled engines. It has a 20-foot wood mast fitted with 145 square feet of mainsail and jib to conserve gasoline, the supply of which, however, is sufficient for a 400-mile voyage at a speed of eight miles an hour. In one test, seven men cruised for six days in the Gulf of Mexico, weathering at times a 30-foot sea.

Exhaust-operated water stills furnish two gallons of distilled water for every two gallons of gasoline consumed. The cylinder heads of the engines are used for cooking, and exhaust heat is piped into the stern cabin in cold weather. Every essential for medical relief, sustenance and comfort is stored in the boat. Of course, there is a radio transmitter aboard.

TODAY'S B-17 bombardiers and pilots will be at home in this kind of work if they choose, for releasing the boat is just like letting go a salvo of bombs. Three 48-foot parachutes lower the one-ton craft bow first at an impact speed of 25 feet per second and at a 45-degree angle. Smoke pots, set off by a static line, signal the boat's position, and rocket-propelled buoyant lines allow the rescued to pull themselves to the boat in rough seas. The standard release technique calls for the plane to be flown into the wind at 800-foot altitude and at 120 miles an hour—an unusual thrill for high-flying B-17 bombers. The boat is released down-wind of the survivors, who may then drift to it.

But there are some parts of the ocean where the water is so cold that people would not survive the two or three minutes required to swim or float to a life raft. Army and Navy airmen operating in arctic waters in subzero weather know this only too well. The problem was given to the Personal Equipment laboratory at Wright Field, and the technicians have just come through with an "anti-exposure" suit made of nylon, coated with a substance rendering it both watertight and airtight, and covering all of the body but the face. Wearing these, two technicians chopped a hole in the ice and dropped into the water for an hour. Then they climbed into a life raft and remained for an additional two hours. Neither felt any discomfort from the cold. Doubtless these suits will become standard life-preserving equipment on airliners flying over arctic water routes of tomorrow.

However, all this is the ultimate, after every other built-in safety device in tomorrow's airliner has been utilized to prevent

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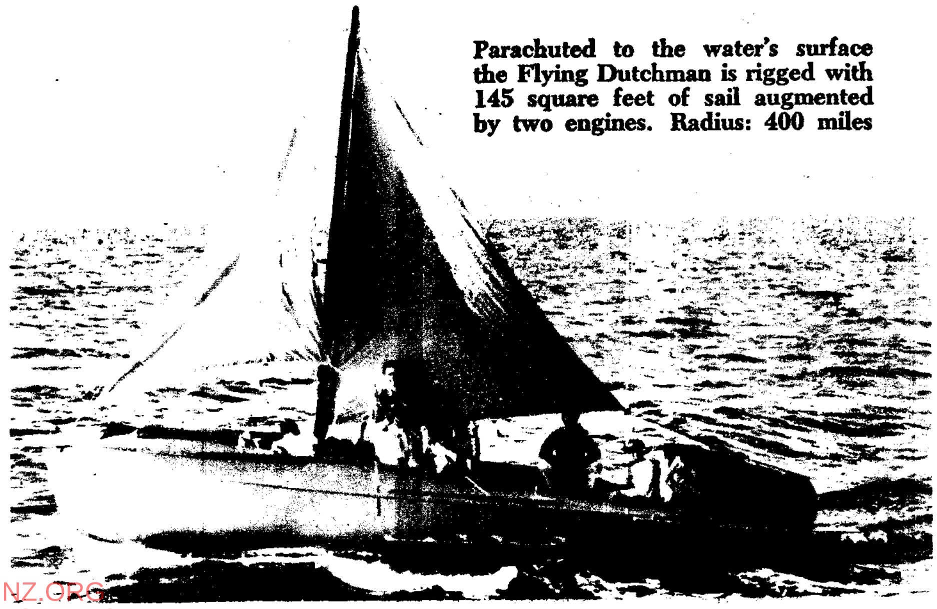
AIR TECHNICAL SERVICE COMMAND



Parachuted to the water's surface the Flying Dutchman is rigged with 145 square feet of sail augmented by two engines. Radius: 400 miles

Every Farmer has a Boy

The boy is the one who forgets to put the tools away—that's understood. "That boy again . . ."

But no matter who is responsible—even if the farmer should admit that he himself sometimes leaves tools and equipment out in the weather—the results needn't be so serious from now on.

At Shell's research laboratories, scientists have made spectacular progress in solving the RUST problem—rust steals millions of hard-earned dollars from the American farmer.

Shell is ready, now, with an easy-to-apply rust-preventive for the farm. It successfully protects tools and equipment even in "outdoor storage."

The farmer will clean his equipment—from tractor to handsaw—and apply the oil with insect spray gun or brush. Its secret ingredient welds itself to the steel surface—forming a protective coating.

Shell's new rust-proofing oil for the farm and household is an outgrowth of work done in developing Shell Turbo Oil—which solved the critical problem of "black rust" in U. S. Navy turbines. A second related development is a special rust-preventive coating used to protect gun and aircraft motor parts, in storage and transit.

In the future, as Shell's discoveries and developments for the ultimate conquest of rust are applied more and more to the implements of peace, instead of war—almost literally, the "Sword of Today" will become the "Plowshare of Tomorrow."

Motorists, too, will hear Great News

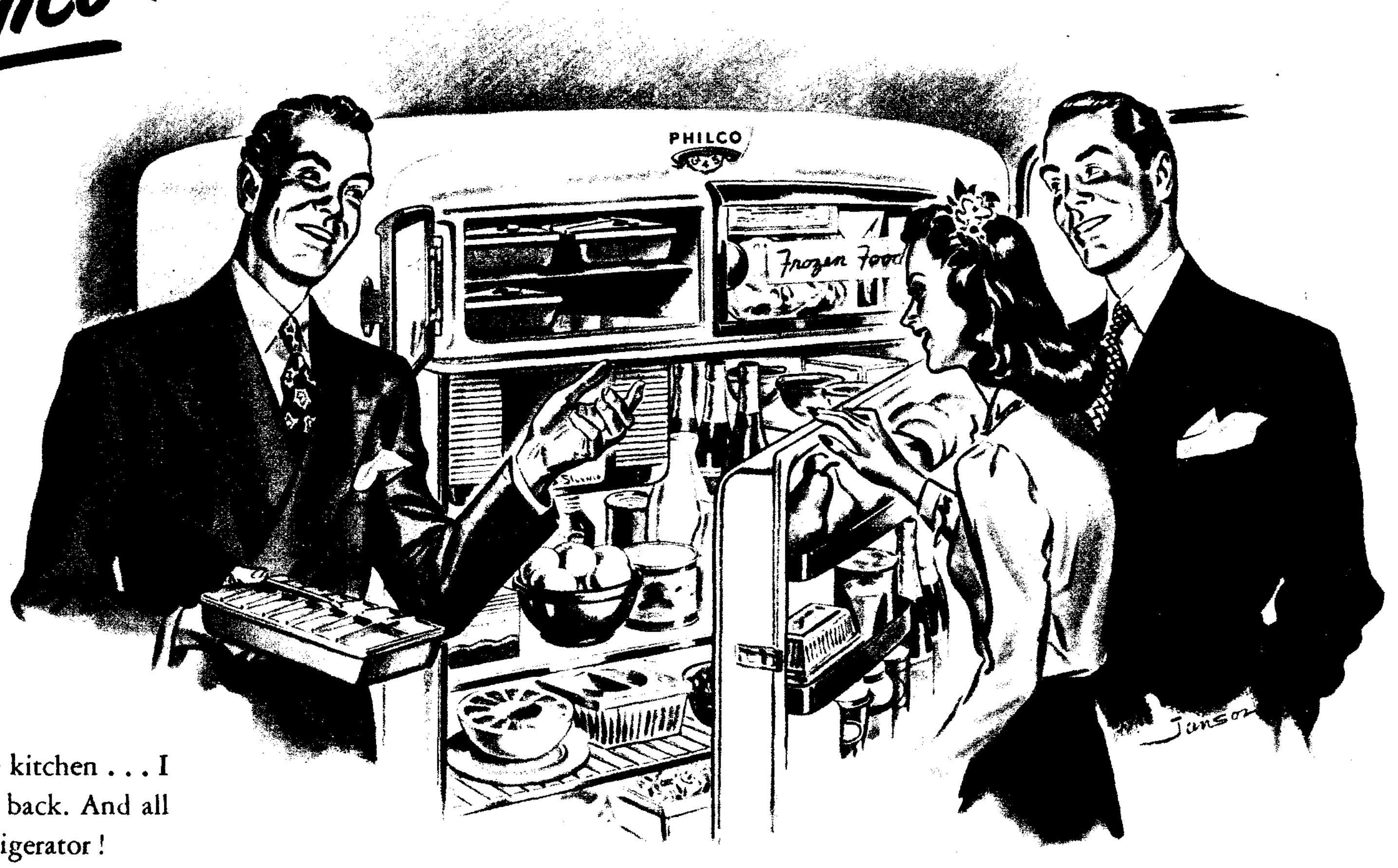
Shell's wartime research in fuels and lubricants—an important contributor to America's dominance in the air, at sea, and in mechanized warfare—will "carry over" to your postwar motoring.

These wartime achievements are being translated into finer fuels and lubricants for the family car, ready when the word comes.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

SHELL

"DEPENDABLE...that's what Philco means to me!"



"EVERY time I come into the kitchen . . . I feel like patting myself on the back. And all on account of this Philco Refrigerator!

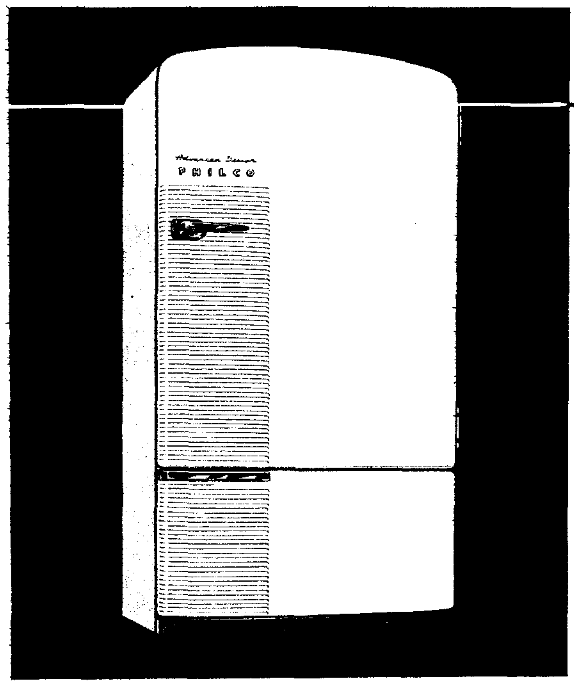
"You see . . . we needed a new refrigerator back in '41 . . . and Mary and I gave a lot of thought to picking the right one. Many a time since, Mary has said how glad she was to have a Philco with a big storage space for frozen foods. Says she doesn't have to shop so often because she can buy in advance and keep meats and frozen food packages in perfect condition until she wants to serve them. And notice, it's separate from the ice cube chamber...we always have all the ice we need. Yes, and it has other features that have meant a lot to Mary since rationing started.

"But that isn't all. *Dependability* . . . that's what has meant most to me, especially during these days. This Philco has been on the job for us month after month and year after year, *without trouble.* That's what I figured we bought when we put our faith in that Philco name."

And that's what you can figure on when you see the new Philco Refrigerator . . . after Victory!

★ ★ ★

Tune in! **RADIO HALL OF FAME**
Every Sunday, Philco honors leading stars from stage, screen and radio and hits from all fields of entertainment. Listen Sundays, 6 to 7 P.M., EWT, on the Blue Network.



Philco's one and only job today is to speed the production of radar and other military equipment to our armed forces. Nothing is allowed to interfere with that! But out of the lessons learned . . . and the progress made during the war years . . . will come finer Philco products including new and even more advanced types of Philco Refrigerators for modern living.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

FOLLOW THROUGH TO VICTORY . . . KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY!

REPELLED AT MIAMI BEACHHEAD

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 7, 1945

More travelers reach Miami, where some landlords refuse to rent to anyone in uniform. Miami expects a turnover of perhaps 650,000 tourists this season

BY JOHN MALONEY

MIAMI and Miami Beach during prewar years spent more millions extolling that tropical Eden than municipal fathers of these Cinderella cities can recall at one sitting. Yet thousands of soldiers, sailors and war workers, brought there under emergency conditions, have become so bitter about the twin resorts that organized attempts are being made by some servicemen to blacklist what they term "the most despicable spots in this country today."

They back their accusations with evidence of black markets in housing, food and gasoline; apartment owners who refuse to rent to men and women in uniform; excessive and illegal prices for luxuries and necessities alike; and, above all, the treatment that wives and children of men preparing to go overseas or just returned with battle wounds are receiving from speculating landlords contemptuously referred to by Army and Navy men alike as "pay-triots."

There's trouble on Florida's Gold Coast, and our servicemen and their families are in the middle of it

Let it be said at once that there are thousands of Miamians on both beach and mainland who bitterly and wholeheartedly condemn the minority responsible for appalling conditions existing there today, and that some progress has been made toward correcting conditions. But unfortunately, as these Miamians have pointed out to this writer over and over, they are often powerless to combat widespread practices so disagreeable that Steve Hannegan and all his bathing beauties will be unable to erase them from public memory for years to come. Florida, as a whole, seems certain to suffer as a result of what is happening in a 40-mile-square Gold Coast region that most old settlers and "crackers" declare isn't properly part of the state anyway.

Miami and Miami Beach aren't the only offenders. There are bad situations in other cities—along the Gulf Coast of Texas and in Southern California. These latter areas have become heavily industrialized, however, and Miami is the only one that has remained entirely a resort area. No other place has given the OPA as much trouble and perhaps in no other place are conditions as glaring.

The situation in Miami and at Miami Beach cannot be understood without recalling the months just prior to and following Pearl Harbor. During that period, residents and vacationers watched in horror while U-boats torpedoed and sank United Nations ships less than three miles offshore. Shells were expected on the beach any time. There was a wild scramble to get away from this exposed spot. Hotel and apartment owners saw ruin staring them in the face. Lobbyists went to Washington begging for anything that would bring money to the area. Consequently, there were heaving sighs of thankfulness when the Army and Navy stepped in and took over hotels, apartments, even hospitals, to establish facilities where one fourth the officers and one fifth the enlisted men of the entire Air Corps, in addition to thousands of Naval reservists, received most of their training.

Florida's Gold Coast, at that time, threw everything it had, including volunteer workers, into a frenzied effort to equip this country for adequate defense. No one would deny that this was done in a spirit of patriotism as much as from a desire to save millions in hotel investments. And, as Truman Committee hearings revealed, rent paid by the Army and Navy for already deserted buildings prevented bankruptcy in hundreds of cases. Scores of injustices were unintentionally committed by hasty Army and Navy contracts, as these services regretfully have admitted, but in the main—and this most fair-minded Miamians will admit—few persons actually lost money as a result of military occupancy of buildings or land.

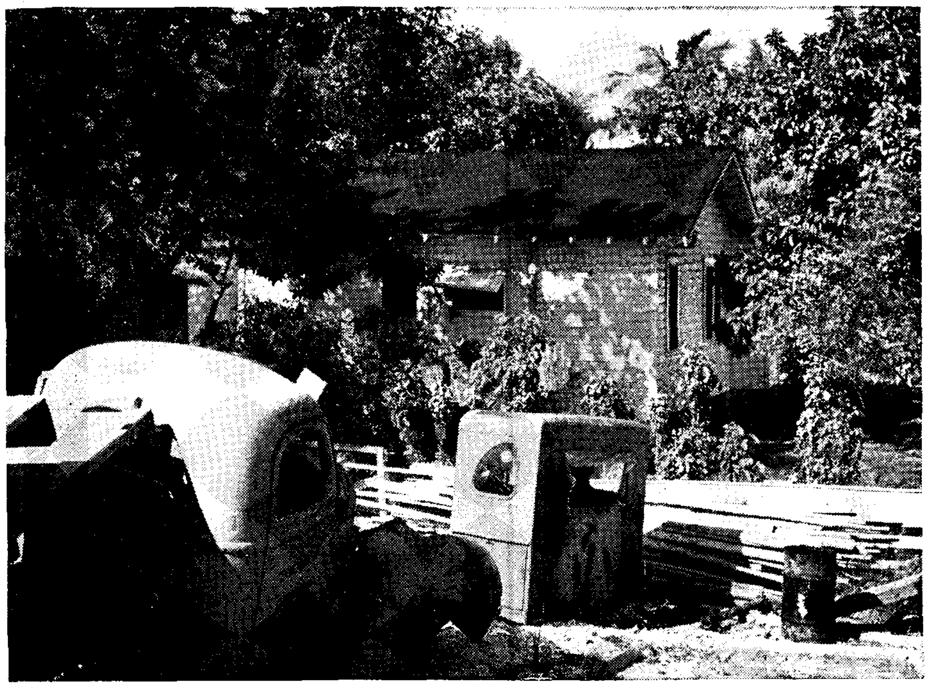
The U-boats were whipped by Navy planes, baby flat-tops and Army coastal patrols. The Air Corps' major training program was completed, and dozens of hotels reverted to rightful owners. Tourist-minded Miami began to think of business as usual, Army and Navy men bitterly declare, without realizing that the war was not yet won.

Stirred by direct-mail and newspaper advertising, tourists with time and money on their hands began crowding trains and—until the OPA got nasty about it—highways leading south. Miami, Miami Beach, Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale—to mention outstanding spots—took on a gala air that today often disturbs men who saw their comrades bleeding and dying on a dozen fronts to pre-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

In Miami's OPA Rent Control Office, Chief Examiner Robert T. Chace (left) consults with Yeoman 2/c Dorothy Dahlberg; Legal Officer Lieutenant M. S. Steere, Jr.; Jayne Brown (a secretary); and Rent Examiner Rolston Van Tassell

Samuel Gold (center) and Max Goodman, members of the secret "committee of ten," which is helping the servicemen, give advice to 69-year-old Frank J. Callahan, who was served with eviction papers after living in the same place 14 years



The monthly rental of this modest house was $116.66 until the OPA reduced it to $50 a month during the winter and $25 during the summer. The house is now occupied by two Navy families. Others, less fortunate, have no place to live

serve what these free-spending sports would be first to acclaim "the American way of life." Military authorities say that no exactly similar situation exists in any other section of the country.

It was natural that, as AAF officers and men returned to this country for rest and redistribution, the Army should look on Miami Beach as an ideal location where men could get much-needed rest and recreation and wash memories of grueling combat from their minds. Beach city fathers welcomed them, just as they welcomed the thousands of wounded airmen and soldiers who were sent there to recuperate. But—and this is how one group of shamed citizens explained it—by the time the wounded men arrived, tourists and absentee landlords had the situation so far back on the "road to normalcy" that what could almost be described as an open fight developed between servicemen and their families on one hand and tourists-landlords on the other. The balance of this report, then, will be confined to details of the Battle of Miami-Miami Beach.

In normal times, Greater Miami apartments were rented almost entirely by the season, cash in advance, and at such a figure that owners could close up apartments and renting units for half of each year and still show a normal return. The upkeep and depreciation from use was considerably less than in year-round communities, since the Gold Coast season lasts, at most, six months.

This practice is the basis for much of the Army-Navy troubles there today. Since owners could get their money from civilian tourists in six months, they saw no reason to change local customs, particularly after the OPA began its rent control, merely to accommodate married officers and men who—so said many of the landlords—should have left their families somewhere else while in Miami on military duty. They generally ignored the fact that the military authorities welcomed soldiers' and sailors' wives and families as a morale factor.

It was surprising, too, to realize the number of Miamians who resented the presence of fighting men's wives on the beach and in the towns. "Most men can't take their families to training camps with them, so why should they bring them here?" was a gripe repeated to me several times while interviewing the 150 or so persons who furnished facts for this report.

Too few of those lined up with apartment owners realized that violent action and possible death were staring these picked men in the face, or that they had just returned from skirmishes with death itself; too many refused to recognize that servicemen felt that the presence of their families around them was their hard-earned privilege and the most desired reward they could ask. Regretfully, this is not an exaggeration of that attitude.

The OPA is Unwelcome

The arrival of the OPA on the Gold Coast obviously was Army-Navy inspired. When major training programs were completed there, apartment and hotel operators had taken this as a sign that business as usual was in order. Most other metropolitan areas welcomed rent control as a necessary wartime measure. Miami, and particularly Miami Beach, fought it with every means at their disposal, including frantic appeals to Florida congressmen and senators to "do something to Chester Bowles and his gang of busybody investigators."

With several hundred wives of officers and enlisted men walking the streets looking for apartments and living quarters within their financial reach, being insulted and having doors slammed in their faces (and official Army and Navy files will furnish proof of this to anyone who doubts it), Miami Beach prepared a petition to be carried to Washington asking that OPA be called off, and declaring that no housing shortage existed on the beach.

Somehow, word of this impending petition got to beach tenants. On the morning the city council met to adopt it, some 1,000 of them, mainly civilians, stormed the city hall to throw the meeting into confused adjournment by skeptical laughter and boos when representatives of owners declared that there were adequate apartments for all and that no OPA control was necessary—or wanted.

Officers of the tenants' association (an organization that spontaneously sprang into being under leadership of beach businessmen who were convinced that the city's reputation would be damaged for years to come if landlords gained complete control of rent scales there) charged that an elaborate stage had been set to put skids under OPA rent control. They pointed out that "vacancy" signs appeared all over Miami Beach overnight, yet when eager apartment seekers applied to see what was available, they were told that the units had just been rented.

They implied—and OPA investigations later proved—that owners had scattered loose clothing and suitcases through vacant apartments they actually were holding until OPA could be driven out and units rented to highest bidders, cash in advance. At this time, too, a letter from the apartment owners association to members advising them to hold out until the OPA could be driven off the beach fell into the hands of tenants, adding fuel to their fury.

An Insult to the People

The fact that OPA stayed probably was the one factor which prevented riots on Miami Beach streets, but apartment owners did not capitulate then nor have they yet. A letter to a Miami daily from an irate landlord is typical of the widespread attitude. The OPA, the letter read, has done great harm here, and is an insult to the people of Miami. My rooms are empty and will stay that way so long as there is any interference, OPA or otherwise, in what I believe I should get for my own property.

"And," said one high Army official who showed me his own copy of that particular letter, "I'm damned if I don't believe they mean it!"

That apartment owners do not want to rent to service personnel under any circumstances and that a large number of them are holding out for black-market prices could be proved in a dozen ways. The experiences that administrators of a special $50,000 fund (contributed by three national groups and one local Jewish organization to aid low-rank military personnel on a nonsectarian basis) have had should be proof aplenty.

With this sum as a start, it was proposed to rent apartments as they became available, paying OPA ceiling rents on a guaranteed annual basis, and covering breakage and unusual wear and tear. Units procured in that way were to be rerented to low income military personnel for what could be paid, the fund absorbing the difference. Announcement of the plan was made at a meeting just after owners' representatives had declared that at least 800 units were available on the beach. Yet only eight apartments were secured at that meeting under this rent-guaranteeing plan. Today, months later, only 185 units have been located by fund officials, yet the Army has a waiting list of more than 700 families looking for a place to live, while the Navy's list is more than 1,000.

Meantime—and with trains stuffed with Miami-bound tourists—servicemen's wives are tramping the streets looking for quarters. Some of their experiences, gleaned from official sources or firsthand from apartment-seekers themselves, are enough to make any self-respecting Floridian cringe in shame, as indeed many of them do.

The wife of an Army lieutenant, now overseas, was told by a landlady to whom she applied for a utility apartment: "I pay extortionate taxes; your husband is paid by them, and that makes him my servant. I don't want families of servants living in my buildings."

Legal officers—Lieutenant Myron S. Steere, Jr., for the Navy and Lieutenant C. S. Weatherholt for the Army—are kept busy heading off evictions of military personnel, in many cases for trumped-up causes, by landlords who want better-heeled civilians. Both these officers have record after record of service wives being pestered unmercifully, sneered at, frightened by noises at night, and victimized by staged quarrels in order to get them to move.

A few landlords have had to be put under peace bonds to keep them from mistreating tenants. The OPA actually had to force one landlady to permit a young sergeant to bring his wife and newborn baby home to his own apartment from the hospital. Until the OPA threatened prosecution, she refused, even under these circumstances, to allow a child in her building.

Repeated instances of this sort led an Army colonel to observe, "Evidently Miami Beach landlords don't believe in children, but they have no objection to mistresses."

A Navy commander, after being told he could have a three-room apartment at the OPA ceiling, plus a like amount for "unusual considerations," stormed to the owner, "I'm not in the money-grabbing end of this war, but the shooting end, and I think the shooting should begin right here."

Landlords have a standard retort to tenants who complain about service or curtailed privileges: "If you don't like what you are getting, move out."

An Army sergeant, owner of a 60,000-acre Wyoming ranch, who bucked occupational deferment all the way to Washington to get a chance to fight, told me, "This winter my wife and I are being forced to live in a damp basement, so that these tourists can come here and sport their bare backs and tailored slacks."

Miami Beach's city manager assured me that black-marketing of beach apartments, even among civilian winter visitors, was greatly exaggerated. The tenants' association, however, charges that at least 60 per cent and perhaps more of the apartments are being rented this season far above ceiling prices to the highest bidders. Violations of OPA regulations coming to light bear out their assertion, as does the OPA charge that Miami Beach landlords are paying back more rent overcharges, as they are discovered, than at any other spot on the Atlantic seaboard.

Tourists Pay via the Kickback

Methods used to mulct illegal rents from money-glutted tourists are sometimes fantastic. One case on official record, for instance, showed that, after ceiling rent had been paid by the tourist, he was told that the landlord's daughter was going to buy him an ice-cream soda, for which he was to pay her $500 in cash. A professional businessman-owner agreed to rent an apartment to an officer's wife only after she had paid him $1,045 and received a receipt for $45—one month's ceiling rent. She made an affidavit to that effect, and the case now is pending.

Scores of cases already are on record where kitchen chairs, bud vases, coffeepots and cheap prints have "sold" for sums ranging from $200 to $2,000. Landlords always demand cash in such cases, sometimes paid to as many as three and four persons in as many different locations, and the lessee always must be alone when the money passes hands. Payments of "commissions" for "finding" apartments running into four figures is another common evasion of fixed rent scales.

Before the OPA could get sufficient forces into the area to begin a fight against such practices, the tenants' association was the only protection thousands of year-round residents had against evictions (mainly by magistrates' courts). To augment association work, a secret "committee of ten," of which Sam Gold and Max Goodman, two Miami Beach businessmen, were the only known members, was organized to give free advice and assistance to harassed renters. Army, Navy and OPA officials admit that what this group, financed by itself and accepting no remuneration for its services, has been able to accomplish has been most helpful and gratifying. Today the mere mention of the committee by a tenant is a good start toward getting overbearing landlords into line.

Gold and Goodman, who have preached for two years that Miami Beach and Miami were bringing invective upon themselves by failing to control rents and black markets, spend all their evenings in their apartments and many hours daily at their businesses, listening to harassed housewives (civilian and military) and bewildered fathers tell of being bullied into payments on the side or of threatened rent raises or evictions. Both these public-spirited men have received threats of

(Continued on page 35)

These guests of the Navy's Flamingo Hotel are among the 900 persons—officers and the members of their families—who are packed into quarters hardly adequate for 300. Miami Beach's City Council feels the Army and Navy should condemn enough apartments to shelter the more than 2,000 families needing quarters. Gold Coast landlords do not take kindly to the idea

Yeoman 1/c L. G. Ferland entertains his daughter, Judy, while his wife (right) and the wife of Seaman 1/c T. W. Leonard look on. The Ferlands and the Leonards share the house shown on opposite page. They had better luck than an Army lieutenant's wife who was told, when she applied for an apartment, that her husband was a servant, and no servants need apply!

EXPORT OR DIE!

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

Great Britain, our closest ally, traditional friend and valued customer, will emerge from the war in a dangerously weak condition. But it is to our interest to keep her strong. Here's a timely report from London telling what ails our British cousin, and what she needs to restore her to health

ENGLISHMEN have never been notorious for overstatement, so when a manufacturer of airplane engines runs an advertisement in the London papers saying simply, "Export or Die," you may be pretty sure it is not wholly for dramatic effect. A lot of government, industry and labor people are sitting up nights nowadays worrying and planning ways to get Britain's trade back after the war. To them the slogan of the ad is simple truth.

Foreign trade is the very blood in Britain's body. For one thing, these venerable islands cannot produce enough food for the 47½ million people they shelter. For more than a century, they have had to import much of their food and most of their raw materials. But imports have to be paid for with exports. So that Britain's economic pattern has been to import the food and raw materials she needs for consumption at home; to import additional raw materials for conversion into exportable manufactured commodities; and to pay for the unprocessed goods she has imported—at least, in very large part—with the proceeds of the manufactured products that she sells to foreign customers.

In addition, she has helped to pay for her imports by carrying a substantial portion of the world's trade in British ships; and by applying the income derived from heavy investments abroad. Before the first World War, Britain's foreign trade was equal to 62 per cent of her domestic trade and amounted to 35 per cent of her total national income. At the same time, Americans were getting only five per cent of their national income from exports. During the years between the two World Wars, Britain's exports made up a big but declining share of her total production. In 1924, her exports were 27 per cent of her total production; in 1938 they were down to 15 per cent.

Americans cannot afford to shrug off these facts, for two reasons: The peace, like a yacht, is going to be expensive to keep, and we, Britain and Russia will need to share the cost and responsibility; the war has devoured Britain's foreign trade, wealth and sources of income, and if she is to regain her strength, we've got to give her room to work in. Not long ago Prime Minister Churchill said that the U.S.A. is the most powerful nation in the world today, with the mightiest military forces, the strongest navy, the biggest merchant marine, the richest pile of gold, the greatest productive capacity—and, incidentally, the largest foreign trade, if Lend-Lease is included.

Britons eye U.S. commercial moves with mingled hope and suspicion, well knowing that every move we make will intimately affect them. "It is quite true," the Englishman will tell you, "that you Americans didn't ask for this responsibility, but you've got it." So perhaps it would be well for Americans to know more about Britain's facts of life before making decisions concerning British economy that will profoundly affect American prosperity.

For one thing, the British standard of living is not going to rise in the blitzed towns and tired fields of the United Kingdom as soon as the fighting stops. Britishers don't like to think about it, but the inescapable fact is that, aside from a few bright superficial fillips here and there, they are going to face the drab rigors of austerity living for a long time after the war.

The consumer's cupboard is bare. When peace finally comes, the temptation will be terrific to fill it with anything money can buy. But the government, whether Labor, Tory or another Coalition, will be committed to squeeze back the bulging balloon of inflation. J. Briton, Esq., must deny himself a lot of little luxuries until some future date. Manufacturers must pour everything possible into export trade. That means continuation of price controls, regulation of supplies and even of manpower, for years. The people will protest. But history has disciplined the British public, and it moves, on the whole, in a docile and orderly manner. The public will put up with controls if convinced they are honest and necessary.

So the British will improvise a little longer—something they have learned to do in this war as never before. Once, some months ago, a U.S. Army unit stationed in England needed some mousetraps. They put a reverse Lend-Lease requisition through channels. The British were fresh out of mousetraps. But they filled the order—with a consignment of cats. Worked fine, too, according to the files.

Inflationary dangers, however, by no means provide the main reason why Britishers must continue to live with severe prudence in the early postwar years; they can't safely do otherwise.

Everyone knows that Britain has lost most of her foreign trade during the war; it's down now to just a shade above one half its peacetime level. Before Lend-Lease was invented, the British government had to finance nearly all its war effort by borrowing and by liquidating large blocks of its foreign assets. Britain now owes about three billion pounds abroad—more than 12 billion dollars. Before this year is out, the debt will be upped another billion pounds. In addition, Britain had shed substantially more than a billion pounds of overseas holdings by the middle of 1944.

In 1938, the last prewar year, Britain imported about $3,700,000,000 worth of goods and exported about $1,900,000,000 worth. It's true that nearly a billion dollars in interest on foreign investments, 400 million dollars from shipping and almost 150 million in commissions and insurance helped swell the country's income from abroad. Allowing for certain additional miscellaneous items of income from foreign sources, that still left 222 million dollars' worth of the imports unpaid for; and the money had to come from Britain's flesh and bone. That was in 1938, remember. Today not only interest but much of the capital yielding these returns is gone, and Britain's ability to pay for purchases has been reduced in proportion.

In the "City," London's Wall Street, which keeps its trade secrets well, they don't tell you exactly where these assets have gone or who got them. But India, for instance, has become one of Britain's main creditors, to the tune of nearly a billion pounds. Egypt, Canada, Eire and Australia are also big creditors, while New Zealand, Portugal, South Africa, South America (notably Argentina) and the Middle East are smaller, but still important, ones.

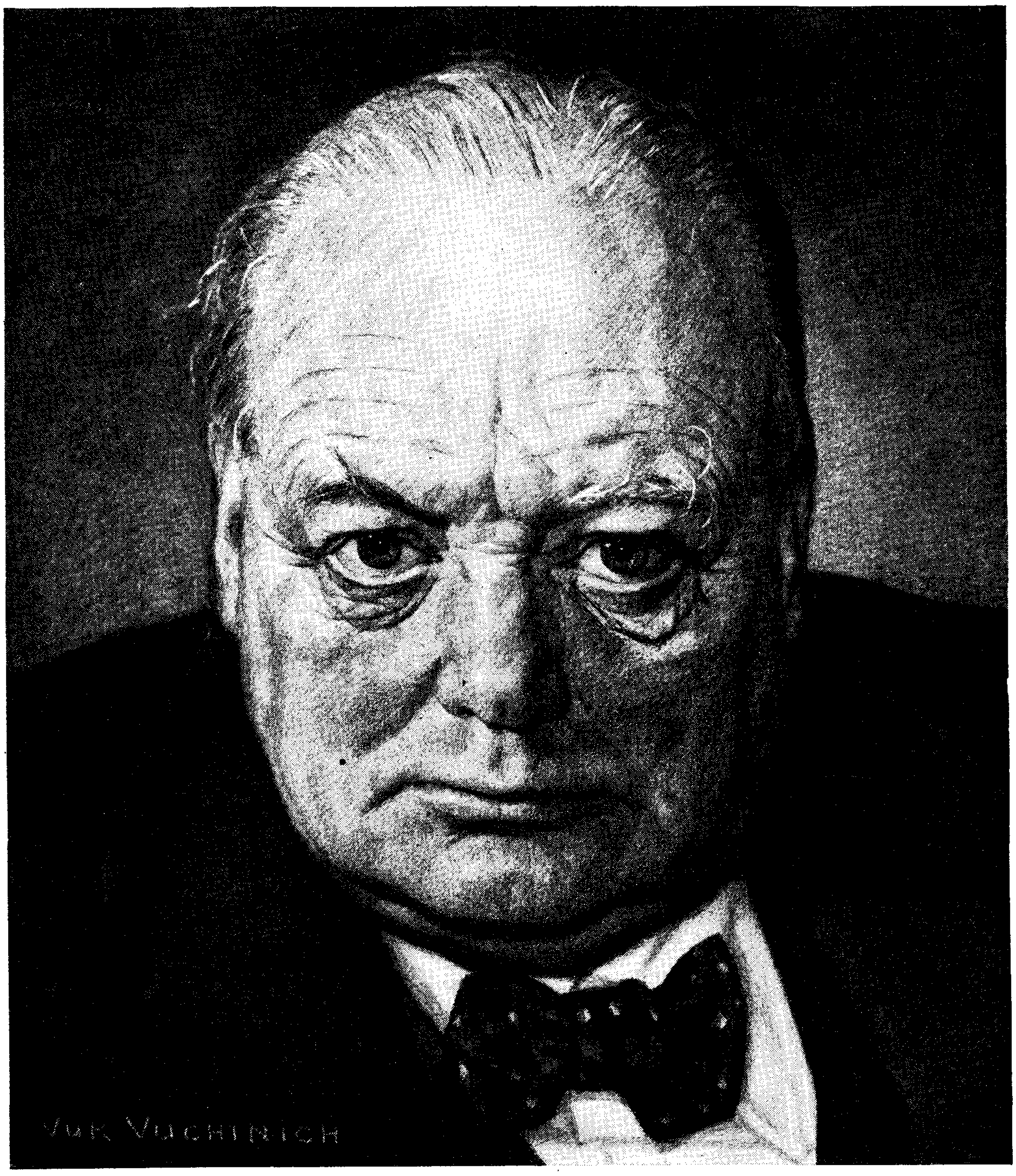
A large part of the British merchant navy lies at the bottom of the seven seas. The government's war-effort white paper revealed that the size of the ocean-going merchant fleet (including tankers) under the British flag when war began was 17½ million gross tons. At the end of 1943, the total was 13½ million gross tons. Loss: 23 per cent. By the end of 1944, the loss had been cut down considerably.

Havoc Wrought by Enemy Air Action

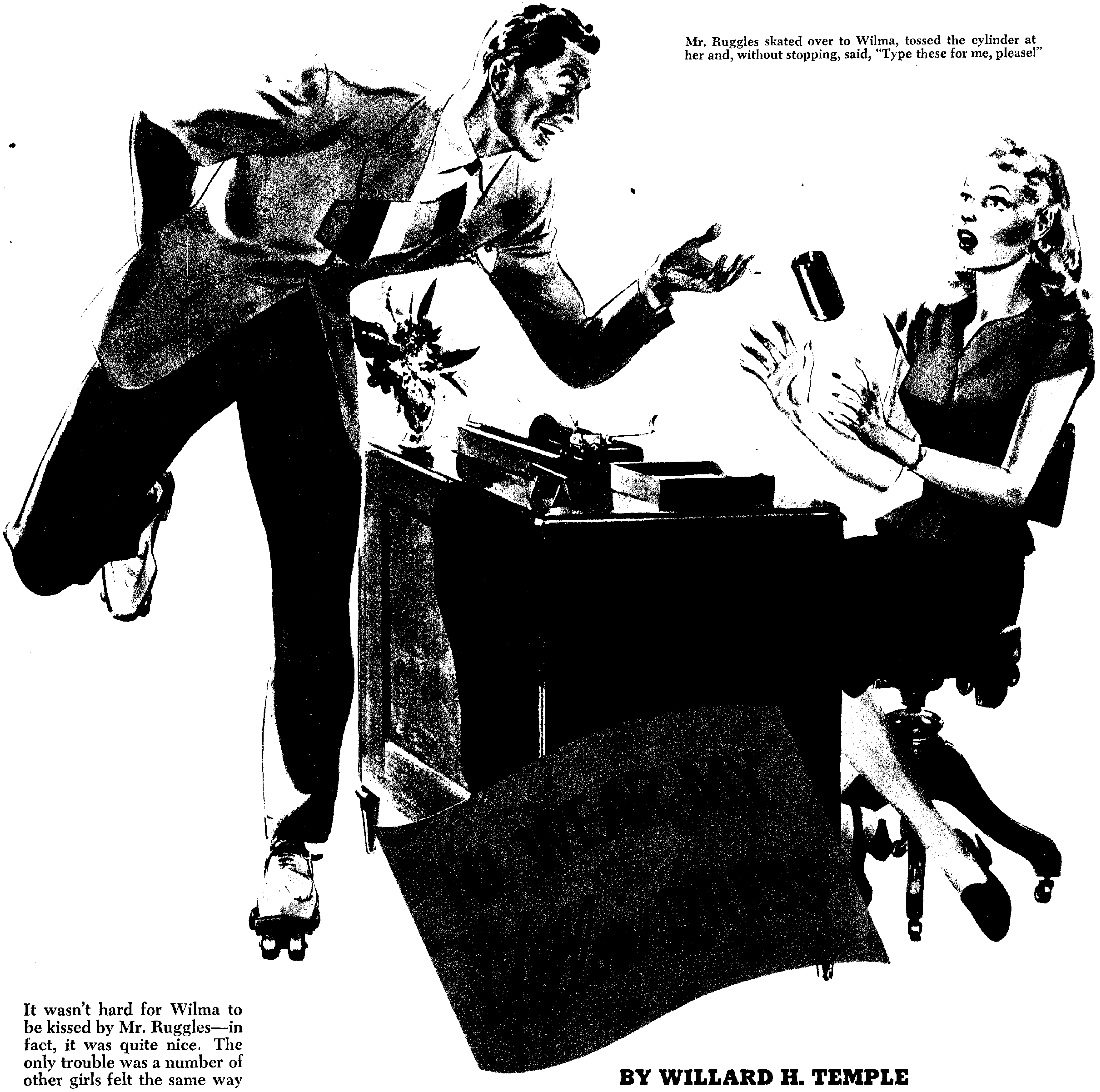
Then come the terrible wounds gouged into the face of Britain by enemy air action. Up to the end of September, 1944, more than four and a half million homes—enough to house the entire population of Mexico—had been destroyed or damaged. In last summer's Battle of the Flying Bomb alone, more than a million houses were damaged, 27,000 beyond repair, and the damage has increased since then to no inconsiderable extent.

Factories not only took heavy punishment in air raids but, as your banker would put it: "There has been a severe depreciation of capital resources" due to inability to make expenditures for factory upkeep, repairs and new equipment.

When you add all these factors *(Continued on page 27)*



Prime Minister Winston Churchill told Parliament that the nation has "sacrificed everything" for victory


I'LL WEAR MY YELLOW DRESS

Mr. Ruggles skated over to Wilma, tossed the cylinder at her and, without stopping, said, "Type these for me, please!"

It wasn't hard for Wilma to be kissed by Mr. Ruggles—in fact, it was quite nice. The only trouble was a number of other girls felt the same way

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

WILMA was low in mind and spirit the day that Mr. Ruggles arrived on the scene. For one thing she had misspelled *polyvinyl* twice in two hours. That was one of the troubles of working for a chemical company—you came up against horrid, impossible words no one ever heard of.

Another trouble was her yellow dress. It was a beautiful dress with blue flowers on it, which she couldn't afford but had purchased anyway. Wilma's mother said it was very becoming. So did her father, and her girl friend, Alice. And what good was that, Wilma asked herself plaintively. It was true that on the ferry boat that morning a few male commuters had brightened up when they looked her way. And walking along Rector Street to the office a cute-looking sailor had stopped dead in his tracks and stared at her until she was out of sight.

But that didn't do any good. She couldn't go up to the sailor and say, "I'm Wilma Morrison, nineteen years old, and would you take me to the movies tonight because I don't have a date and most likely never will, and if something doesn't happen soon I'll just be Aunt Wilma to everyone and will probably start collecting antique glassware."

Of course, that wasn't strictly true. There was always Charley Morse and he had a good job, too, and was making sixty dollars a week and some day he would own the Morse wholesale plumbing supply business, and he was a very steady young man and everyone said so.

If only he didn't wheeze, Wilma thought, flipping the pages of the dictionary, looking up *polyvinyl* for the second time. Of course, it wasn't his fault, but then he did, and somehow she just didn't want to be Mrs. Morse—even if it were a profitable plumbing supply business, and even if Charley Morse would be a leading citizen of Pleasant Valley some day.

Polytechnic, polyvalent, *polyvinyl.* Wilma sighed, reached for the typewriter keyboard, and saw a pair of flannel-clad legs in front of her. They were very long legs. Wilma's eyes went up and up and finally found the owner's face.

It was rather a nice face, long and lean, on a long, lean body. The face was looking sternly at her. Wilma felt slightly confused.

"Yes?" she said. "Mr. Cartwright isn't in."

"Good," said the young man. "I am glad to hear it. Mr. Cartwright, if you don't mind my saying so, is an old fuddy duddy. I would like you to tell him that Mr. Ruggles called and presented his compliments and wishes to state unequivocally that Mr. Cartwright is an old fuddy duddy. You will do that for me?"

"Y-yes," said Wilma, more confused than ever.

The young man stood there and continued to regard her solemnly.

Wilma tried to keep from blushing under his appraising stare. "Was there something else?" she inquired.

"I shall always remember you in that yellow dress," said Mr. Ruggles fervently.

Wilma was pleased and flustered. But what happened next was simply out of this world. Mr. Ruggles bent down, put one hand under

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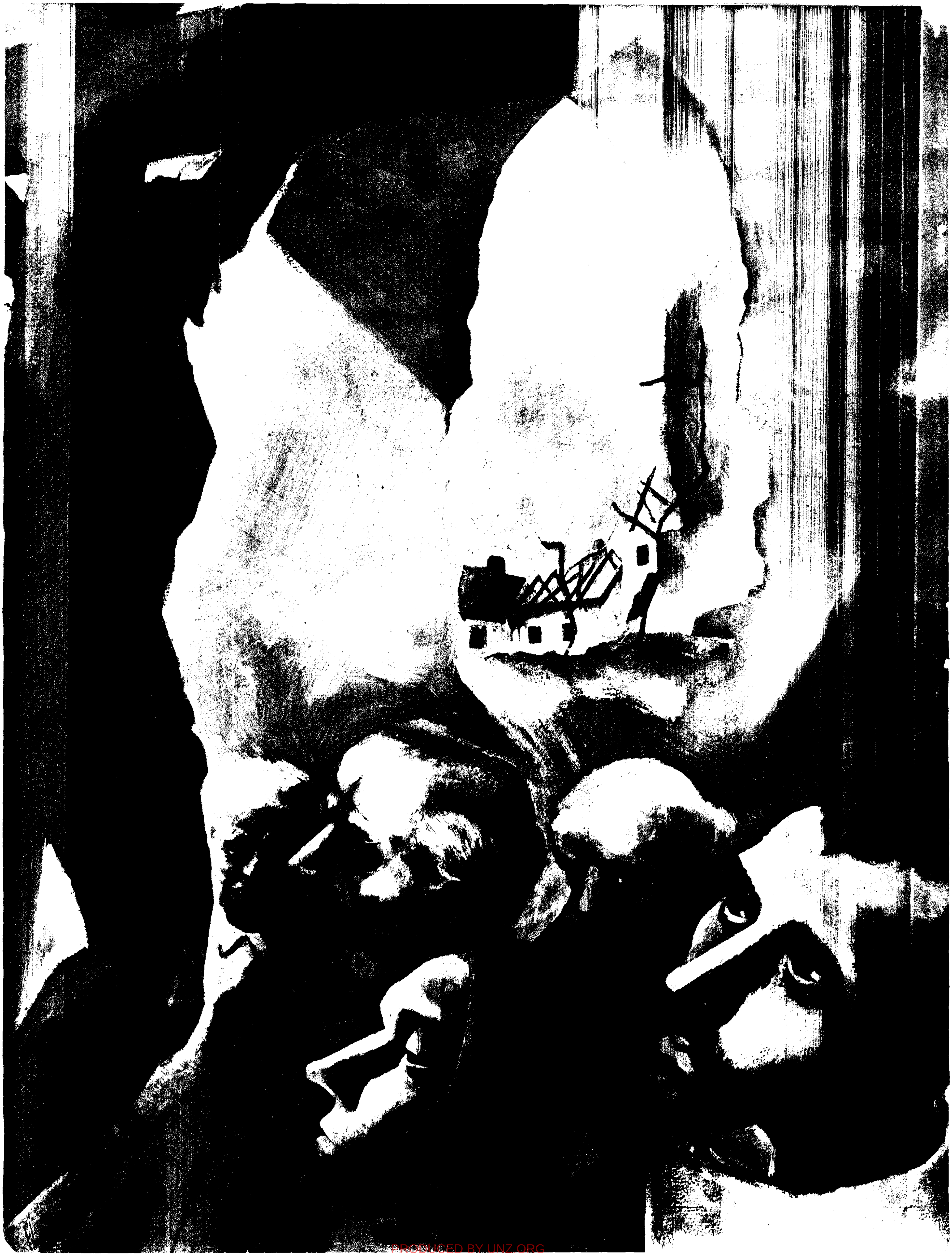
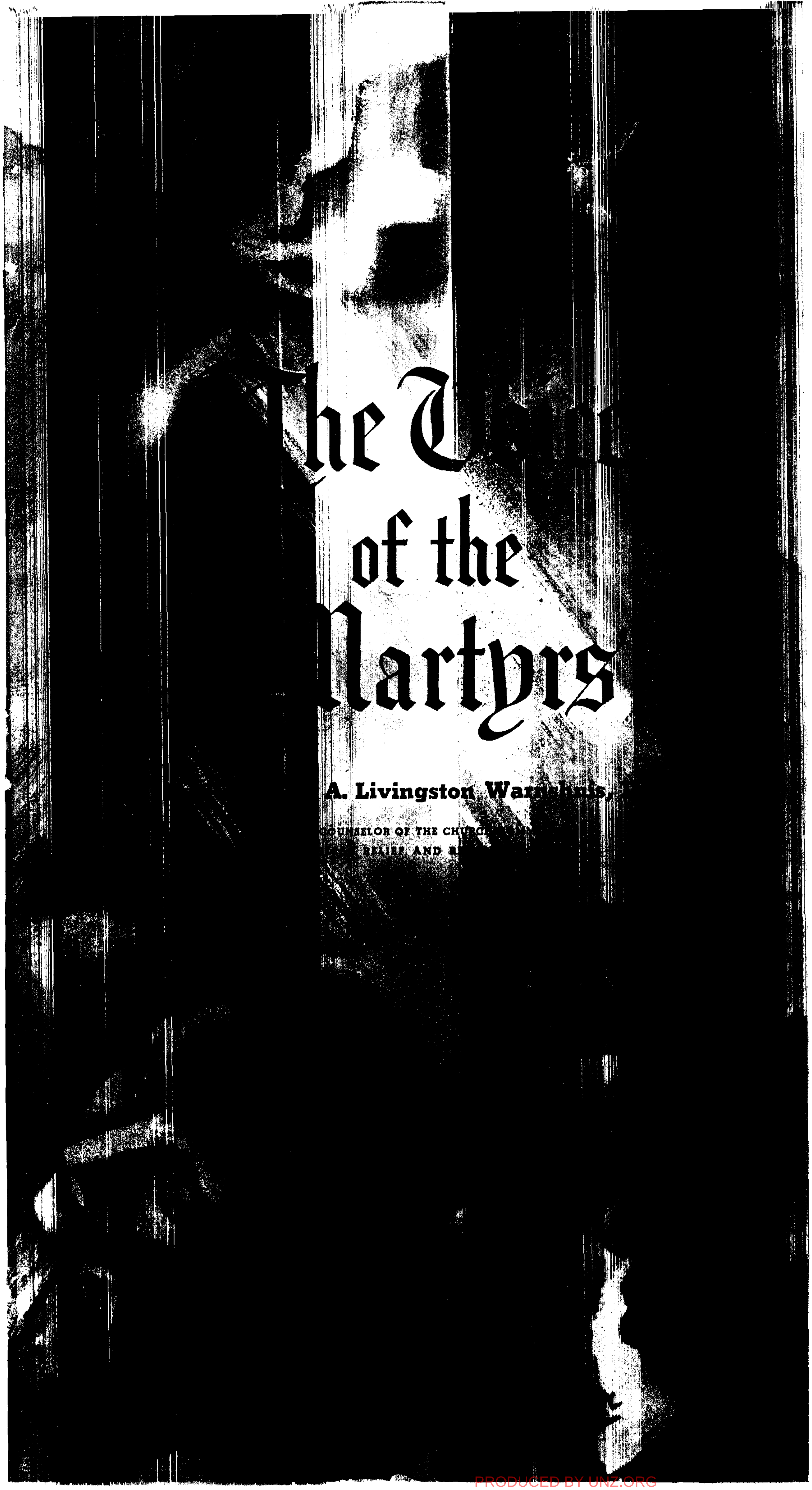
ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING





The V[illegible] of the Martyrs

A. Livingston Warnshuis

COUNSELOR OF THE CHURCH [illegible]
RELIEF AND R[illegible]

THERE is a new life rising Phoenixlike from the ashes of devastated Europe. And at the heart of that new life is the Church. That is the impression I brought back from my visit to England, France and Switzerland.

The fact that I was given every possible consideration by the military and civil governments, and, as the official representative of the Protestant Churches of America, was the first civilian in two years to be permitted to cross France—still essentially a military zone—and enter Switzerland, is evidence enough that this impression is founded on reality—a reality which even the hardheaded military recognize.

The Church is going to be very close to the center of the reconstruction in Europe because, of all prewar institutions, the Church alone stood forth boldly and unequivocally to give voice to the resistance movement. Industry and the schools, the arts and the sciences succumbed to the Nazis. The Church stepped into the conflict, and the power of evil, incarnate in Hitler's Nazi pagans, could not undermine her strength.

The Church has not always maintained this central position in the life of the community. For too long it stood on the periphery of life, concerned with abstract theology and a service program of gentle kindliness. Then in the dark days of Nazi terror, the Church learned what it meant to risk one's life for a great ideal.

Hitler never fooled himself about the irreconcilable ideologies of Nazism and true religion. Each demanded absolute and unconditioned loyalty. No true believer in the Hebrew-Christian God could ever subscribe to the Nazi platform of racial persecution and the exaltation of the god of physical strength. In *Mein Kampf* and in his speeches, Hitler shrieks out against "the rot of Christianity." For he knew that the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount firmly blocked his path to power.

Der Fuehrer's Unholy War on Youth

In Germany his attack was calculated and fairly direct. Skillfully he maneuvered the young away from the religion of their parents. Insidiously he attacked the power of the priest and the pastor. Adroitly he labored through the Hitler *Jugend* and Rosenberg, with his Mythos of the Twentieth Century, to poison the minds of the people and turn them from the faith of their fathers. Not since the days of the pagan emperors of Rome had there been such an organized and systematic attack on the basic foundation principles of the Church. First and outstanding was Hitler's brutal attack on the Jewish Church. Many Jews were tortured and killed before they had a chance to resist.

In most of the occupied countries, on the other hand, Hitler did not at first attack the other religious groups openly. But he made his mistake in underestimating how firmly Christian principles were embedded at the heart of the Church, and thinking he could use it to carry out his will.

Stunned at first, as was all the world, the Church then found its voice and spoke; at first halting and uncertain; as the true nature of the conflict became evident, with increasing assurance and determination. The Church became the conscience of the people, a voice of liberty, a bulwark of the highest and best traditions of a nation.

The Church's protest was more than the voice of courageous individuals here and there; it became the voice of the national Church of the countries under occupation. It took on added significance as Catholic and Protestant drew closer together in the issuing of joint or parallel protests against atrocities.

At last, with increasing clarity, the voice of Christendom itself thundered in a worldwide cry that such things must not, shall not, be. The Christians of the world, it said, cannot, will not, tolerate the wanton torture and liquidation of their parent race, the Jews. It cannot be silent in the face of the deportation of slave labor to the conqueror's country. It cannot be silent while children in the schools are taught lies and vicious propaganda. And at last it said, openly and bluntly, "We cannot and we will not tolerate the

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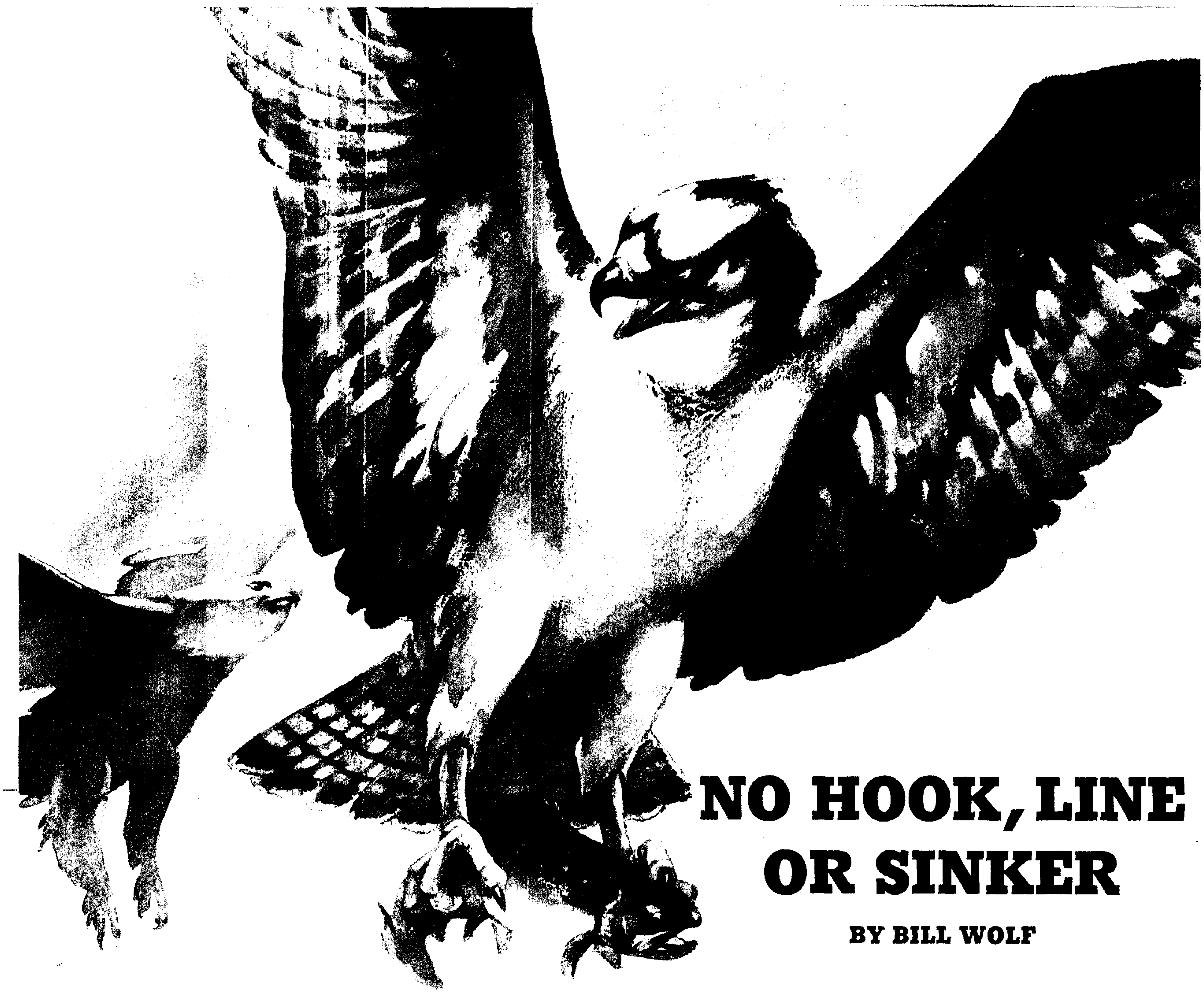
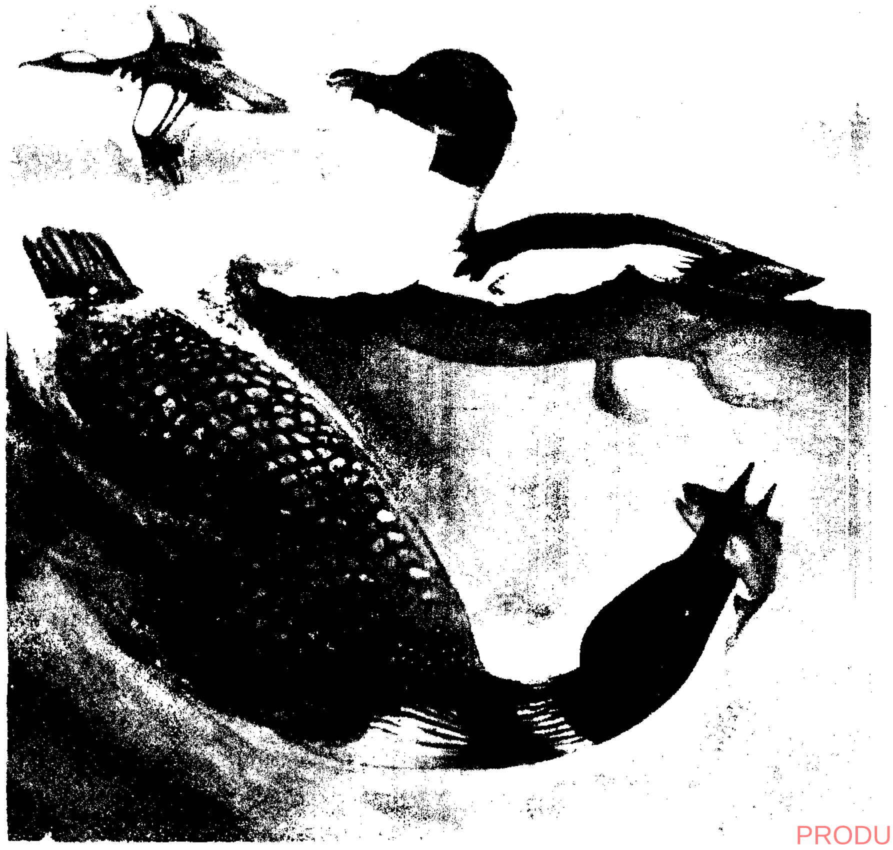
PAINTING BY WILLIAM PACHNER



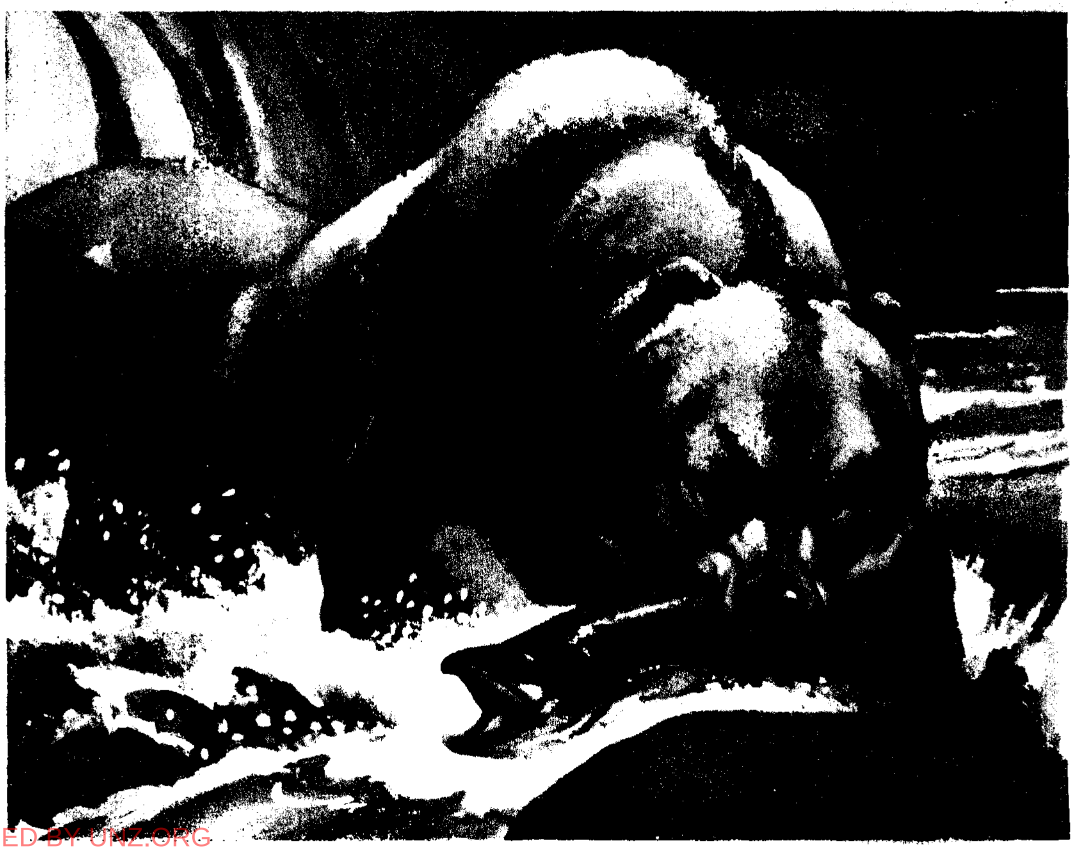
NO HOOK, LINE OR SINKER

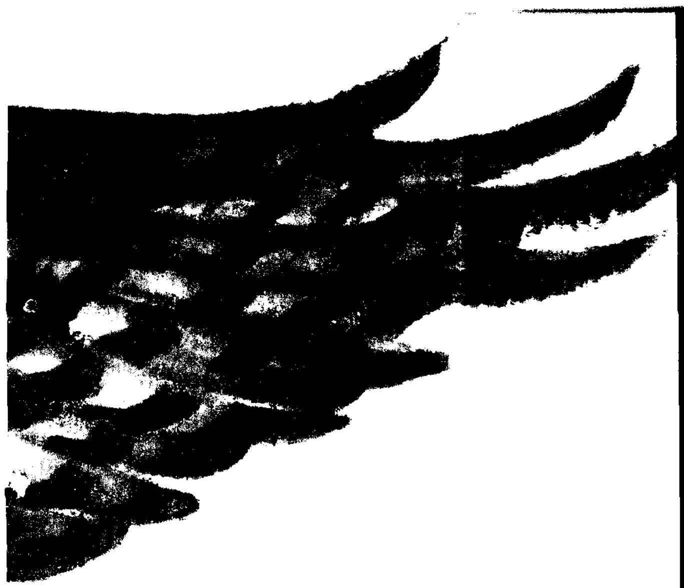
BY BILL WOLF

Below: A loon; an American merganser (swimming); a hooded merganser (flying). They are among Nature's best anglers. These birds operate under water, outswimming and outmaneuvering their prey and seizing it in saw-tooth bills



The osprey (above) is an expert angler, but it will always drop its catch and run for safety if it sees a bald eagle. Below: A bear takes a salmon from a swift stream. Most of the time, a bear seizes a fish in his teeth; occasionally he'll flip it ashore with his paw





You may think you're pretty good, with your little rod and reel and the cast you're so proud of. But take a look at some real fishermen, outfitted by Nature

SOMETIMES, when out fishing, I stop casting, put aside my rod and watch anglers who are far better than I. These expert fishermen are the birds and beasts that fish because they must eat.

It may be a pair of ospreys appearing over the edge of the woods that marks the distant horizon of the lake. First, there is one dark spot high in the sky, then another. The flight of the lesser birds usually is the first herald of their appearance. A pair of ducks will go winging past rapidly, the beat of their pinions making a faint whistling sound. They don't like the newcomers who are moving from above the woods to a position over the lake. The crows, which have been shouting threats at everything in sight, suddenly fall silent and stop tormenting a small hawk. The hawk also disappears.

Strangely enough, the hovering ospreys wouldn't harm the ducks, hawk or crows. They are intent on their fishing because, somewhere near, they have a crude nest built of big sticks and, in it, young which must be fed. Nevertheless, the smaller birds clear out and make room for the ospreys, for these fish hawks are next to eagles in size, formidable in appearance, and their approach is the signal for things to quiet down.

One comes up the lake much faster than the other, alternately moving its powerful wings and then coasting, a gray-black shadow over the water. It is high at first, but swoops down as it comes near you, perhaps to get a better look at the strange creature which hopes to catch a fish with rod and line when, as every intelligent bird knows, talons were made for that purpose.

I have watched ospreys fish at the shore, in the mountains and even on small streams near the big cities. They show no especial fear of man, but quietly go about their very necessary angling wherever their food supply exists. They use no particular finesse, but cruise like patrol planes hunting submarines and when they sight a fish they kill same. In New Jersey farmers welcome them, erecting wagon wheels on poles as nesting sites, because ospreys keep crows and hawks away.

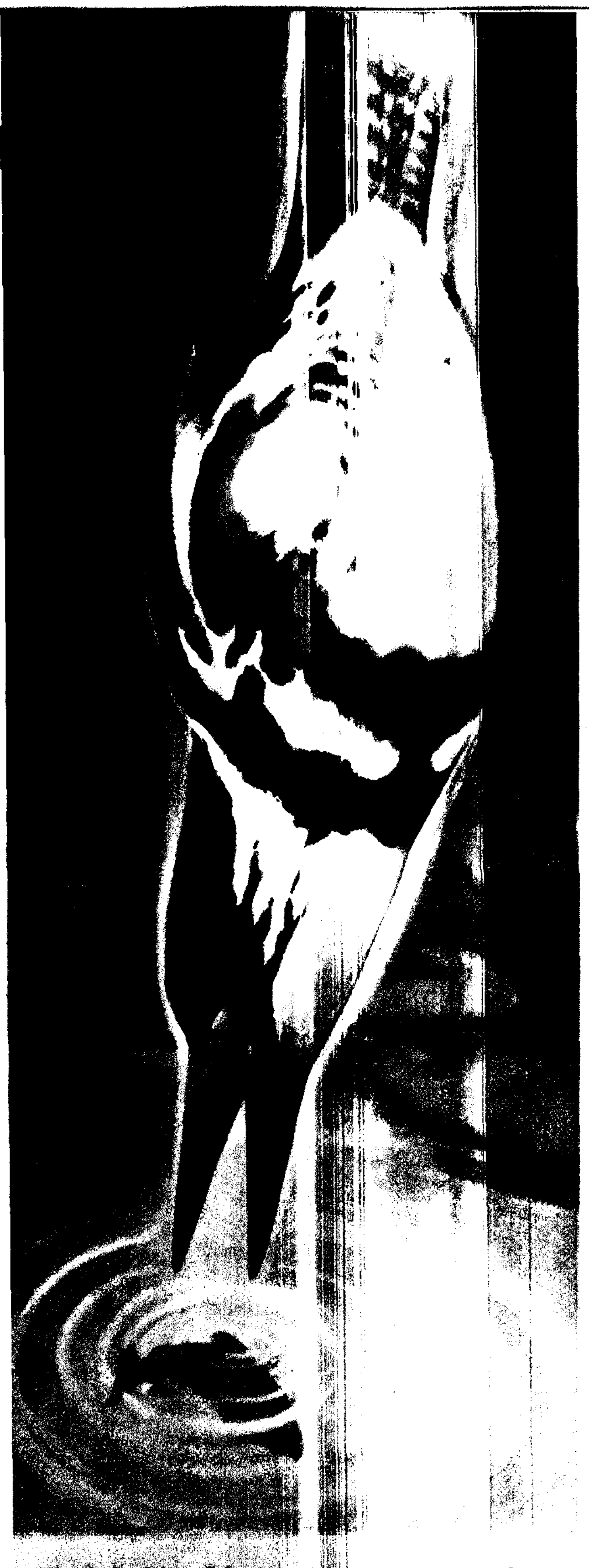
They depend on three things more useful than hook and line for catching fish: Keen eyes, the ability to plummet straight down on a target, and sharp, strong talons to grasp and to hold their prey.

Let us see how the one hovering over this particular lake goes about fishing. The lake holds, among other fishes, great golden carp, which are really the common goldfish reverting to type. The goldfish is an Oriental development of the carp, bred for color and small size over centuries. The carp itself grows to huge size, and when goldfish are liberated in big waters, they return to a clumsy, carplike form. Sometimes they swim in groups, lumbering big bodies which give a pink-orange glow to the water about them and make them easily visible (hence always in danger) to the osprey wheeling and circling in the air.

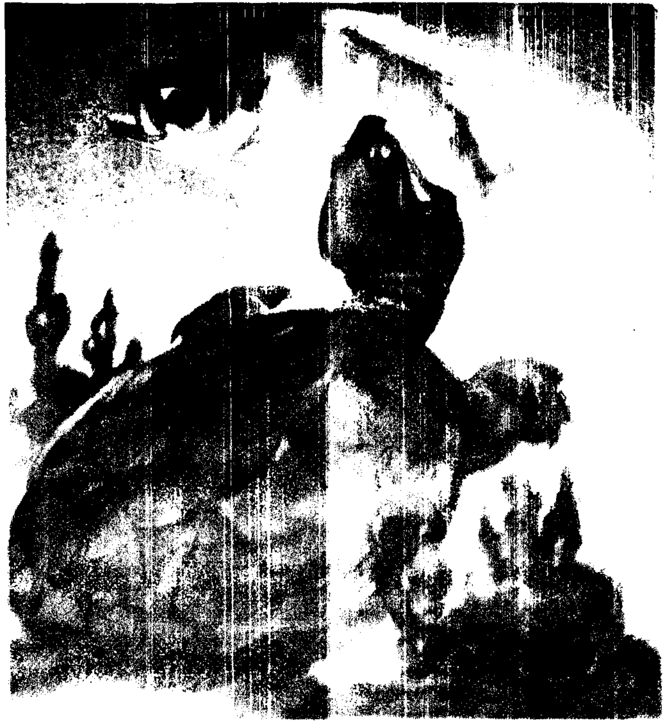
Our osprey has spotted something. Suddenly it seems to stall in the air. It hovers like a helicopter for a moment in one spot, remaining there by almost imperceptible wing movements. Then it leans forward and down, its wings set and it falls from the sky like some vengeful plane gathering momentum according to the law of the acceleration of falling bodies until it pulls in its pinions and hits the water with a splash.

It disappears and all that can be seen is a circular wave spreading out from where it struck. *(Continued on page 54)*

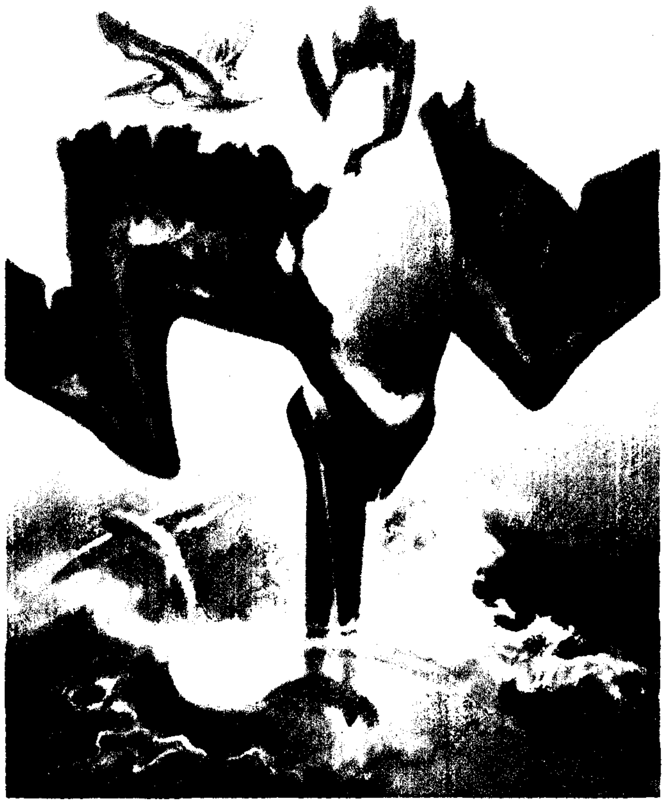
ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER



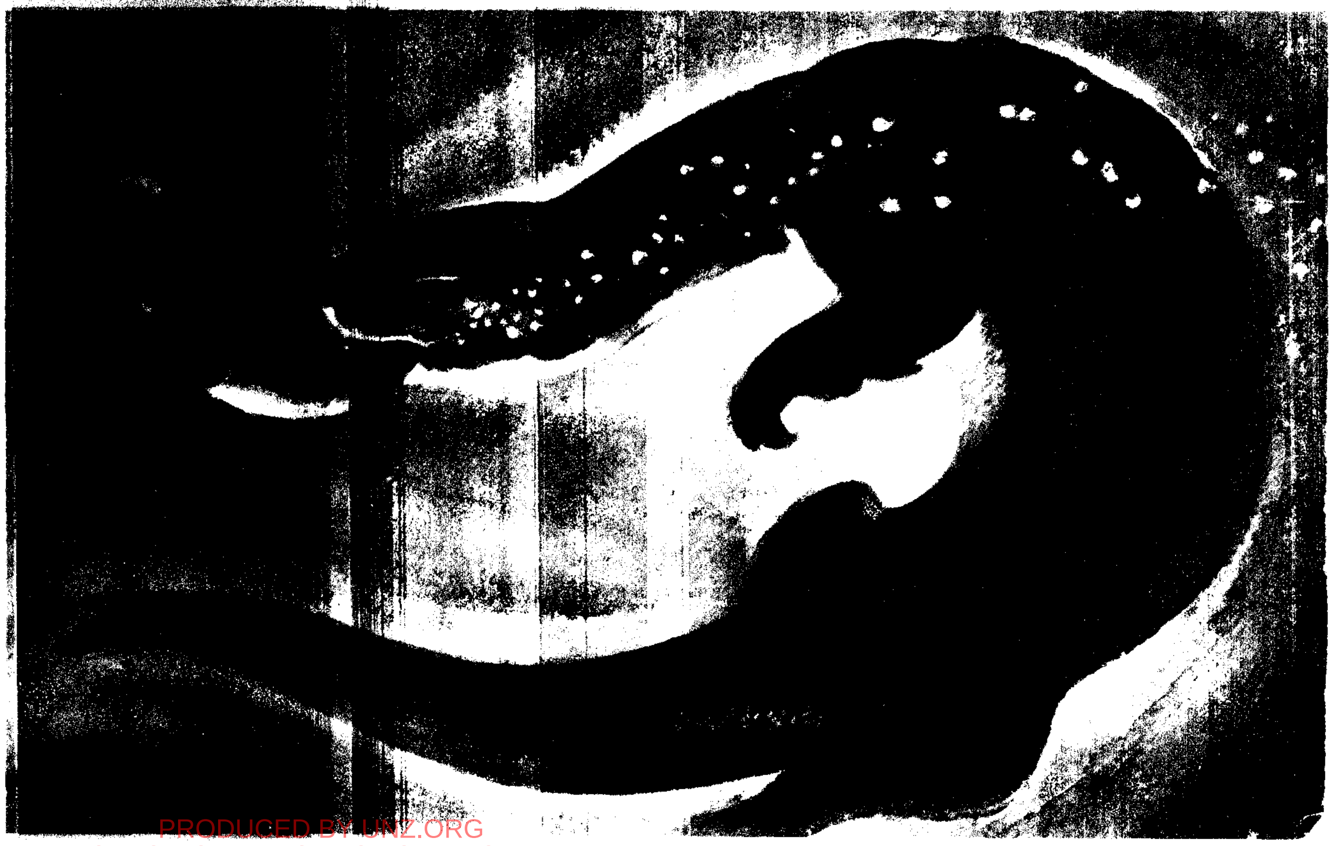
The belted kingfisher sits in a tree as patiently as a cat until it spots a fish. Then it dives headlong into the water and seizes the fish in its long, pointed bill



The snapping turtle comes up under a fish in the manner of a submarine. Once he grabs something, he hangs on, according to legend, until it thunders



That "wondrous bird," the pelican, "whose mouth holds more than his bellican." Below: The otter, which can be trained to catch fish for a master

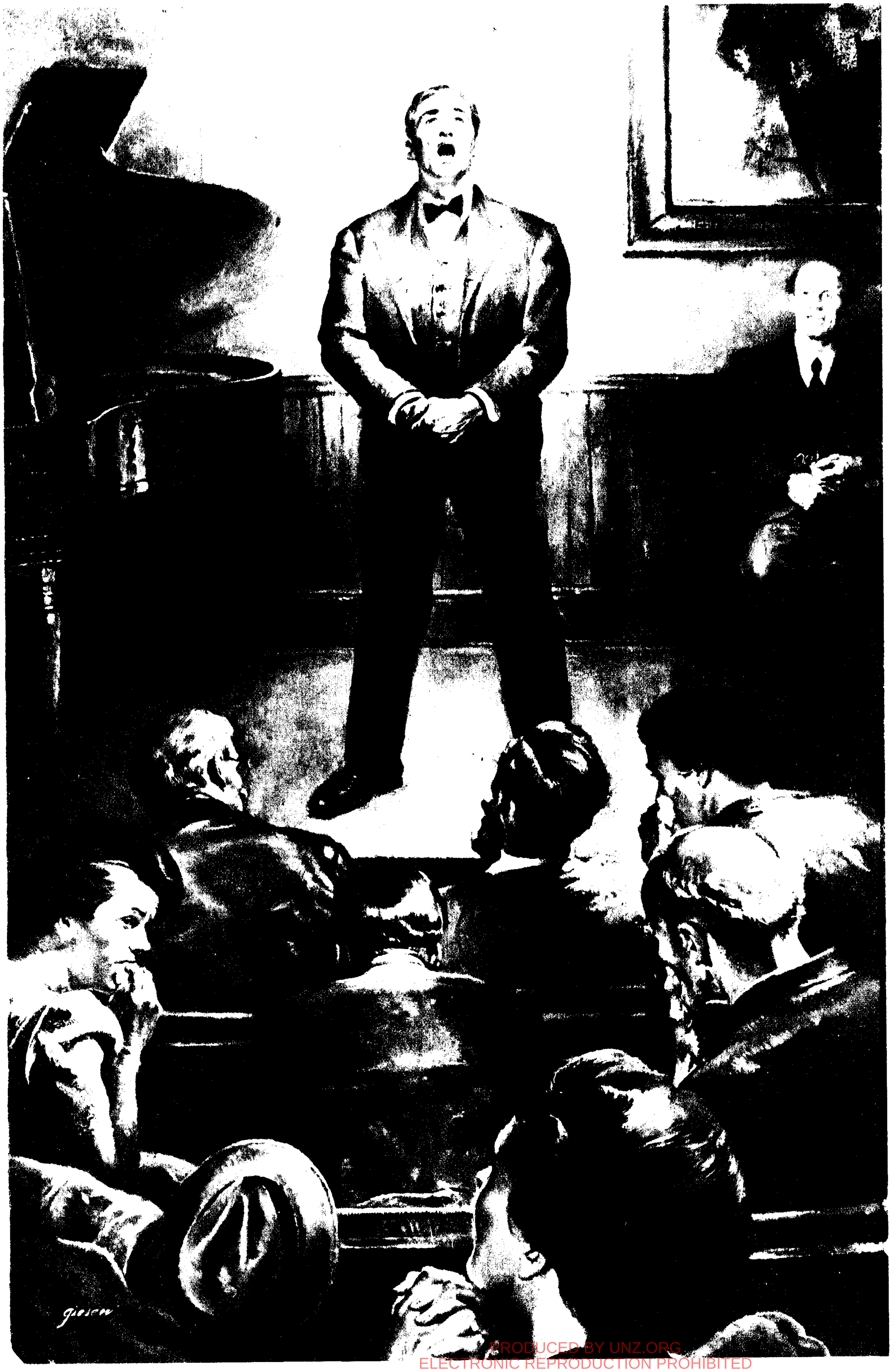


THE WELSH ARE LIKE THAT

A prideful, boasting man can be a nuisance around the house—unless his wife has the stern ingenuity to deflate him on occasion

BY EMMANUEL WINTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN



My father stood on the stage and sang. Ladies wept, and men listened with bowed heads. He would be hard to beat

FOR eleven months of the year my father was just as meek and mild a miner as anyone could wish for in this beautiful and unbelievable world. For those eleven months he was also an ideal husband and a perfect father. But on the twelfth month of every year my father went completely mad. He became so enthralled with music to the exclusion of everything else that his gentleness turned sour, his tongue rattled boastfully, and his meekness became pride raving like a tiger.

My father had the sweetest tenor voice in or out of any mine in the state of Pennsylvania. That was the wonderful part.

He had been winning the local eisteddfod prize for ten years straight without anyone to compete with him. That was the boastful part. The possibility that he *might* lose his crown was the pride-raving-like-a-tiger part. The combination for a month each year was something to behold.

My mother was a remarkable woman of great courage, determination and mysterious religious depths. There were things about her that nobody knew, not even my father. Although she was generally gentle and merry, whenever her family welfare was involved she could be as ruthless, and even as cruel as a she-bear. She understood *everything* about my father. She realized that a Welshman with a sweet tenor voice found it hard, if not impossible, to act any other way whenever the eisteddfod came around.

Consequently, for ten years she suffered in silence.

But one year my mother decided that the time had come to change all this. As might be expected, it all had to do with me.

"I'm thinking," my mother remarked that lovely year as she was clearing the supper table, "that it's time for Davy to study voice, like every good Welsh lad of nine."

"What?" my father said.

"Davy's voice," my mother said. "It's time to train it."

My father pushed his chair away from the table. "Let me get this straight. You mean with a singing teacher?"

"Naturally."

"One you pay?"

"Well, of course."

My father made a horrible face. "I'll not have it," he shouted.

"Why, Emlyn, what are you shouting for?" my mother said.

"I'm not shouting," he shouted. "But no son of mine will disgrace the Welsh by carrying coals to Newcastle."

My mother sank into a chair and stared at my father with recognition. "So the eisteddfod's only a month away," she said sadly.

"What has the eisteddfod to do with it?" my father said.

"It might have everything to do with it," my mother said. "You know how unreasonable you get *one whole blessed month* before the eisteddfod."

My father started pacing the kitchen.

"Well, reasonable or unreasonable," he said, "the matter is closed and finished."

"Now wait just a minute," my mother said with a strange, stubborn light in her eyes. "The boy has a voice, hasn't he?"

"Isn't he my son?" my father demanded. "It's a Welsh voice, isn't it?"

"Of course, it's a Welsh voice."

"Then, by all the saints, it shall be trained."

My father came over and pounded the table. "A Welsh voice don't *need* training," he said. "A Welsh voice don't need anything except an eisteddfod now and then to bring forth its finer points. That's *all* it needs."

"And I say it needs training," my mother said.

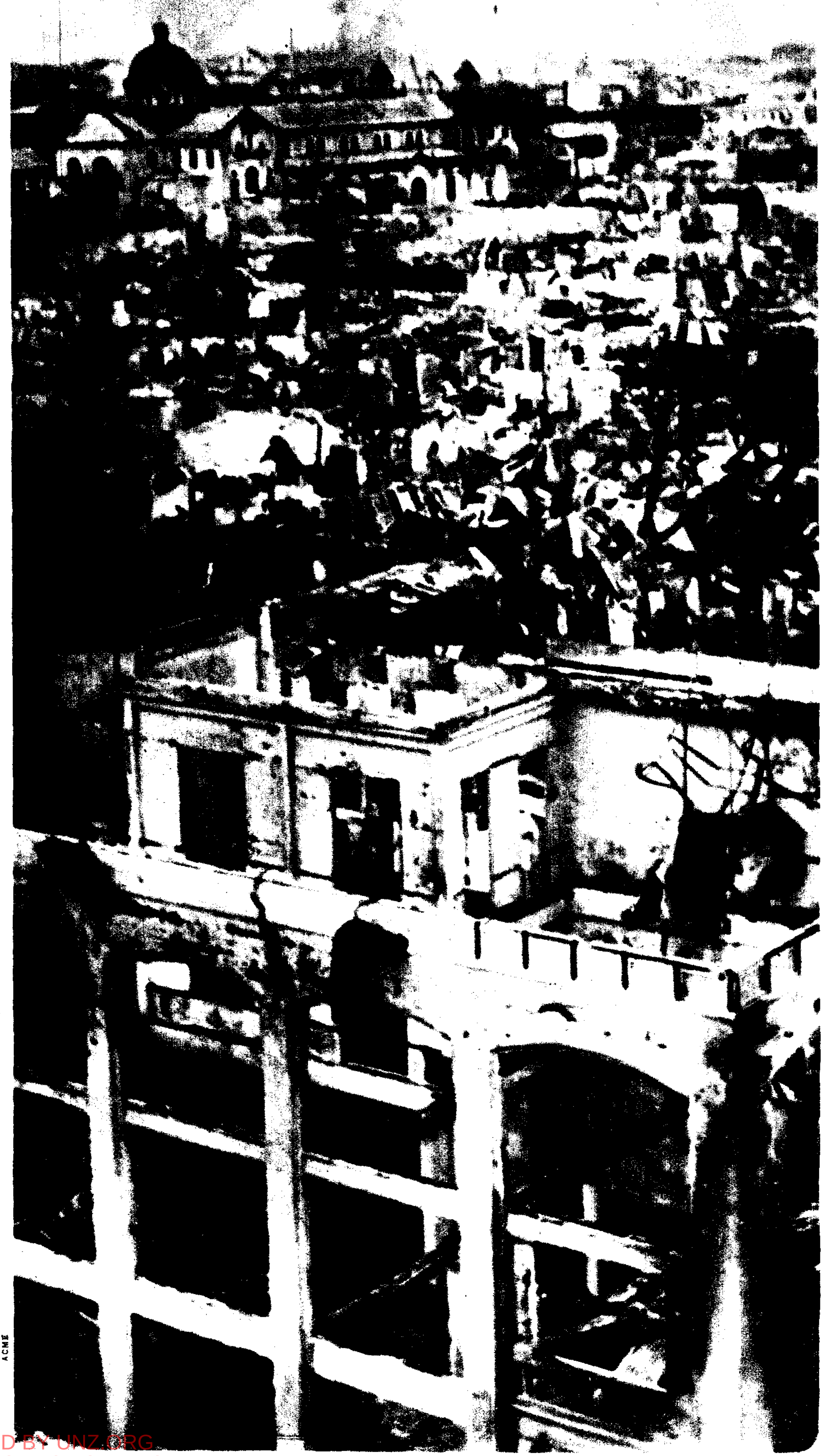
"Now see here," my father said. He tapped

(Continued on page 32)

THE BURNING OF MANILA

BY ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

The Jap fought his hardest and sank to his lowest moral level in the last five days inside Manila. Here is a sober account of what happened, by a writer who, not too long ago, was a prisoner of the Japs



This is what is left of the business district of Manila—foundations and walls

ACME

RADIOED FROM THE PHILIPPINES

THE Jap soldiers were two floors above. They had just fired down the stair well. The slugs ricocheted around like hot bees. The explosion of the automatic weapon bursts echoed through the fire-gutted apartment house. G.I.s, grimy from two weeks of house-to-house fighting, crouched behind a plasterless wall. Others lay cautiously by the lobby staircase, ready to make a rush up the first flight to the second floor.

Pfc. Carroll Wheeler of Madison, Wisconsin, flattened himself against the comforting cement wall. He was getting the dirt and dust out of his mouth after a Jap grenade explosion. "Hell!" he muttered.

Lieutenant Sam Hendricks, of Knoxville, Tennessee, looked tired. "Well"—he turned to the lowered, dusty helmets around him—"let's go up and get 'em out. We'll never get home sitting here." And up the stairs they went two at a time in a spattering of automatic-weapons fire.

House-to-House Fighting

That was the way the Battle of Manila was fought; room by room, floor by floor, and building by building. MacArthur's army had emerged from the long months of desperate fighting in the jungles of the Southwest Pacific—but their ordeal was no less in sacked and burning Manila. The Americans had to clean the Japs out of this building, the Admiral Apartments on Dewey Boulevard, before they could move on to clean other Japs out of the Bay View and Manila hotels and then go to the Jap stronghold in the old Walled City and the Port Area.

Japs hid in every gutted building, firing with everything, from automatic weapons to 75-millimeter guns, from camouflaged positions on the upper floors of these wrecked apartment houses, cathedral towers and office buildings. Our men never knew from what window or from under what twisted wreck they would be fired upon. Manila was being cleaned out room by room. And that was tough fighting, especially when they knew that the Japs in the hall above had no thought of surrender.

Street fighting is a new technique for our men in the Pacific, but the Jap has adapted himself to it like a veteran. He is harder to dig out than an old filling in a back tooth, and the job is twice as painful. He used land mines the way he'd sow a harbor mine field. All sizes, all breeds are everywhere. This is the sort of defense the Allied forces may expect in Singapore, Hong Kong, Batavia, Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe and Nagasaki.

The Jap learned how to loot and rape a large city when he moved into Nanking years ago. Now he has reduced massacre to a simple arithmetical formula. Here he slaughtered civilians, priests, hospital patients, attending doctors, even children in their homes, as they fled from their burning dwellings, their cathedrals. Dead Filipino priests were sprawled across their altars at the La Salle College Chapel.

The Jap enjoyed all this. He knew that he was not going to get out alive. But neither, he hoped, was anyone else. Manila was not defended in a military sense. Had the Jap been determined to defend the city, he would have started sooner up on the Luzon Plain.

I entered Manila with Colonel "Red" White's 148th Regiment of the veteran 37th Division. A spearhead of the First Cavalry had driven into Santo Tomas the night before and was cut off there by the Japs. White, who comes from St. Louis, was trying to relieve them. As the 148th filed past Bonifacio Monument, the men left dead Japs crumpled on either side of the avenue. As they proceeded into the city, land mines began to go off, fires began to blaze all around—civilian homes, Chinese stores, warehouses, garages. The guerrillas had tried to forestall this, but the Japs had at least one division of their best marines scattered through the city that night of February 3d and the day of February 4th.

Manila—Before Havoc Broke

Downtown Manila, then unharmed, was empty of people. Major General Beightler of the Ohio National Guard, and commanding officer of the 37th Division, flagged down an artillery Cub spotter plane on a narrow road, and I was able to fly low over the city just at sunset. That first night there were ten fierce fires scattered across the whole city. Oil-smoke plumes rose 5,000 feet and feathered off toward Corregidor, but Manila itself was intact.

The Cub flew over the Manila hotels. Pier 7, where the great liners of the world had moored, was a shambles. We swooped low over Santo Tomas concentration camp, where I had once been a Jap prisoner. Americans looked up, unbelieving. Those 3,700 people would be free in a day or two.

(Continued on page 40)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!

"Roll me over easy, roll me over slow . . . 'cause my wounds they hurt me so," implores the wrong-doing Johnnie (Jack McCauley) as Frankie (Alma Kaye, left) stares at man she "dropped like a hunter drops a bird." Bewhiskered Burl Ives, singer of the mournful ballad, stands beside Nellie Bly (Christine Karner)

BY ULRICH CALVOSA

ANYTHING can come out of Washington: postwar plans, War Labor Board orders, Supreme Court decisions—and musical shows, like the one that is making such a hit on Broadway, Sing Out, Sweet Land!

This show was born and bred at Catholic University, Washington, D. C. It was no extraordinary Washington project. It was just another amateur theatrical effort, like those to be seen in hundreds of colleges throughout the country.

Walter Kerr, professor of dramatics at Catholic University, always insisted on staging original plays. He scorned "warmed over" Broadway productions. "No amateur group, like ours, can compete with Broadway standards," he said. "So why attempt it? Here at Catholic University, we do original plays or classics that Broadway wouldn't touch anyhow. As I see it, that's the function of what I call the tributary theater."

Kerr's theories paid out. He had long been attracted by native American ballads and had studied them a good deal. He conceived the idea of stringing these ballads together to form a sort of musical cavalcade of the nation's history. He wrote the book and called it, Sing Out, Sweet Land!

It was a nice little show and it played for two weeks last year to an almost capacity audience in the small and not too comfortable University Theater. That, *in* the ordinary course of events, would have been that. But a Washington critic, Jay Carmody, saw it, liked it and telephoned the august Theatre Guild in New York. This show, he told the Guildsters, was something special.

One thing led to another, and the first thing Walter Kerr knew, he was snatched from the hallowed halls of Catholic University and thrust into the rehearsal halls of Broadway. "Kerr," Broadway said, "do your stuff."

Kerr did his stuff but it hurt. A lot of things happen on Broadway that never would do at Catholic University.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

There was the long argument about whether a wig should be long or short.

"That was a little matter I would have settled by myself in about three seconds at Catholic University," said Kerr, "but you can't argue with a guy that tells you, 'I know what I'm talking about, I've been in the business thirty years.'" So he gave in to the long wig—or the short wig; he doesn't remember which.

Kerr recognizes his good fortune in the Guild's selection of Elie Siegmeister as arranger and conductor of the show's music. "We used only two pianos at Catholic University," he says.

Siegmeister is an authority on native American music, and a first-rate composer in his own right. He made a unified musical composition out of such homespun melodies as Frankie and Johnnie, Foggy, Foggy Dew, Casey Jones, and the other songs that go to make up Sing Out, Sweet Land!

The Background of American Music

Siegmeister and Kerr got along fine. They both like back-country American music. It is, they agree, the necessary foundation of any American musical culture that is to come. Siegmeister studied music abroad and he remembers how he revolted against the Parisian piano teacher who kept drumming into him the notion that all true music must flow from the European tradition. "After all," this teacher would say, "you Americans have no musical background."

But Siegmeister just had a feeling that this wasn't exactly right. He knew that Bach and Wagner, Rimski-Korsakov and Smetana—all the great composers—were grounded in the simple songs of their native lands. And if you listen close, he says, here and there you can spot those simple songs filtering through the orchestrations of their final, polished productions.

"Ours is a singing country," Siegmeister says, "but I didn't know how much so, until I took my first long trip through the United States. I found out that there are more than spirituals in the country's musical background. There is good, spontaneous singing about everything."

Siegmeister remembers the time he listened to a Negro in Alabama singing songs—about everything. He sang about working, loving, eating, sleeping.

"Have you a song," Siegmeister asked, "about chopping down trees?"

"No, sir," said the Negro, "but come 'round tomorrow and I'll have you a song about chopping down trees."

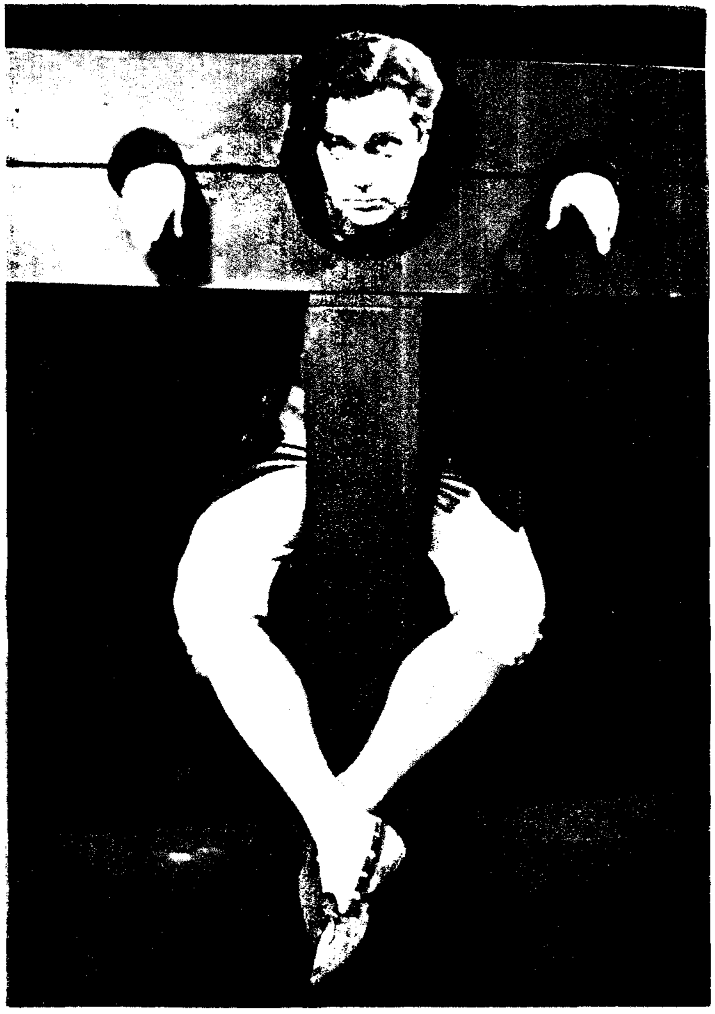
Siegmeister did come around the next day, and the Negro, who couldn't read music or anything else, did have a song about chopping down trees. It was a good song.

What Siegmeister likes about Sing Out, Sweet Land! is that it glorifies genuine American music without treating it as quaint or naïve. "This country is ready now to stand on its own traditions, musical and otherwise," he says.

Most musical-show producers have trouble finding enough good songs—but, with Siegmeister and Kerr, the difficulty was in reverse. They had too many songs to choose from. People are always asking them why they left out this song or that song. As it is, they have the singingest musical show in years—with 53 sure-fire song hits—sure-fire because the nation has been singing most of them for decades. Of the 53, only twenty were found to have any copyright claimants, and then in many cases, only because of some special arrangement of the lyrics. Most of these songs just grew. Nobody knows who wrote them.

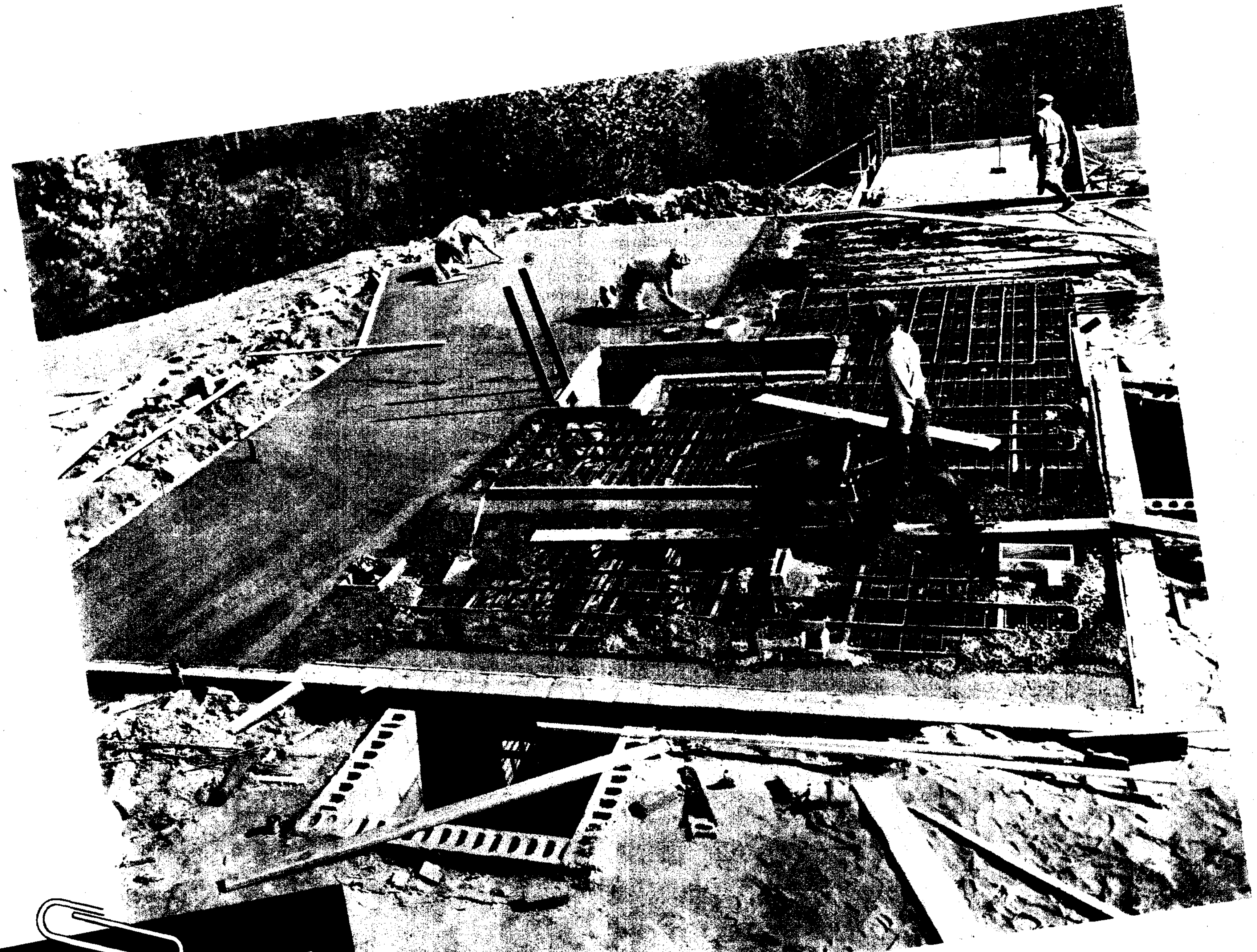
Kerr is happy that two, at least, of his original Catholic University cast are in the Broadway production. They are Bibi Osterwald and Ted Tiller, and for both of them, it is their first big-time show.

"What gets me," says Kerr, "is that our university show cost $3,000 to produce. The Broadway version cost $150,000. Well," he adds, "I guess it's better." ★★★



Barnaby Goodchild, played by show's star Alfred Drake, gets into trouble for singing in Puritan New England

In the speakeasy night-club scene, Barnaby sings for his life and for the amusement of Trigger (James Westerfield) and his moll (Alma Kaye). Tex Guinan character (Bibi Osterwald) gives the Charleston dancers a big hand



PUSH-BUTTON *Heat*

Panel heating being put into the floor of a house (built before the war) near Cleveland, Ohio. Heating pipes are embedded in a concrete slab, weight of which is carried over partial basement by steel floor joists

BY BURTON ASHFORD BUGBEE

For your postwar heating system—whether panel heating or familiar hot water or steam-conditioned warm air—just make sure it does the work and you enjoy the comfort

WHAT do you want in the house you are planning to build after the war? Comfort, for sure. To keep warm in winter, cool in summer, and to lift as few fingers as possible in the process. So you want to decide carefully the kind of heating system to put in. The right one can do a lot for comfort. All postwar jokes aside, you can do it with push buttons.

The latest heating method to come into use in this country is called radiant or panel heating, and it has some things in common with the sun. If you had had it in your house this winter, you could have set your thermostat at 65 degrees and peeled off those sweaters, too. In fact, under certain conditions, you would have been more comfortable at 60 degrees or less.

How come? For the same reason that a skier can be warm in a bathing suit. He gets radiant heat direct from the sun and by reflection from the snow. The only reason he isn't too hot is that the cold air blows over his body, taking some heat away. That's what engineers try to create, to a milder degree, in a room warmed by radiant heat.

Heating, they remind you, is actually cooling. Your body is manufacturing heat all the time. The engineers' problem, to keep you comfortable, is to see that you lose it at the same rate. If you lose it faster, you'll be chilly. If you don't lose it that fast, you'll be too warm.

You lose heat in various ways, but chiefly by cooler air that passes over you, and by radiating it to cooler surfaces around you. The engineers figure that if they can create warm surfaces in your rooms, so that your body won't have to use up so much heat radiating warmth to cold surfaces, then you can take a lot cooler air in your room with comfort. You'll be warm, but feel fresh.

So they warm the surfaces of your room by making a giant radiator out of one of them, say the floor. Under the whole floor they conceal pipes heated usually with water —just hot enough to keep the floor at a temperature of no more than 80 degrees, which is pleasant on your feet. Nice for dogs and babies, too. You can have any kind of floor you like, carpeted or not. Furniture doesn't interfere, either. The gentle radiation of heat will warm the other surfaces of the room and will keep you from cooling off too fast, even though the air of the room is cooler than you ever imagined would be comfortable. For it's a fact that objects (including yourself) will absorb heat waves, while the air through which they travel is not affected.

Radiant heating isn't new; the Romans used it 2,000 years ago. Thirty years ago an Englishman rediscovered it when he noticed that one of his rooms, in which one wall was warmed by the furnace flues, was more comfortable than any of the others, though the air temperatures were the same. In the other rooms he had what heating engineers call a cold seventy degrees. The thermometer read comfort, but he didn't feel comfortable because cold walls were drawing the heat away from his body too rapidly.

Radiant heating was just beginning to attract popular attention when the war broke out, and at present there are more than a thousand installations in this country. They are in houses that range in price from $3,000 to $30,000. This method of heating isn't costly. It has been used in churches and in factories. One advantage in the latter is that partitions can be movable, with no problems over heating ducts or radiators. One of the biggest war plants in the country has it. It is dramatically demonstrated in England's open-air schools. A whole side of a building can be open, but still the children are warm.

Radiant heating makes possible the economies of a basementless house, without the accompanying cold floors. Although heating coils are generally in the floor, they can be in the ceiling or walls with equal effect, for the floor will absorb the radiated heat.

"I'd like some alongside my bathtub," says one heating man, making his own postwar plans. "That would be a very enjoyable experience. I'd also like to step out of the tub onto a warm floor."

Advocates of radiant heating point out that rooms heat evenly; that since the system does not depend on currents of air, there is little dust circulating, and there are no drafts. Radiant heating doesn't crack plaster and, if properly installed, you won't have to go digging it out for repairs, for the pipes are bent and welded into one continuous piece.

Furthermore, if there is a deep well or other source of cold water at hand, it even may be possible someday to run the water through the pipes and have a cooling system in the summer. But first we'll need sure methods of humidity control, to avoid trouble with condensation.

For your postwar house, however, you may have decided to stick to either of our two more familiar systems—hot water and steam—using regulation-size, exposed radiators. They radiate some heat, too, but depend on heating the air around them to warm your rooms. With a circulated hot-water

(Continued on page 38)

25 drink recipes that ring the bell.... by

How to "ring the bell" as a host

MAKING a truly superb mixed drink is an art. But it is a very simple art to master . . . and the rewards are rich.

The creation of a matchless drink actually requires no more time or effort than serving something that's—well, just another drink.

But, no matter how much care you lavish on the task, you cannot hope to achieve perfection unless you use a whiskey that contributes every quality that makes for perfection: *rich, velvety smoothness . . . delicacy of aroma . . . full, satisfying body . . . and, of course, gloriously magnificent flavor.*

The name of that whiskey—*the heart and soul of a perfect drink*—is Four Roses!

In order to help you make your mixed drinks very much on the special side, we have prepared a Four Roses recipe book, which is yours for the asking . . . (*except in States where such mailing is restricted*).

Simply send the coupon for your free copy . . . and see how easy it is to enjoy the distinction of being known as a top-flight host!

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Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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Please send me a free copy of your new 16-page Four Roses mixed-drink recipe book, "25 Drink Recipes that Ring the Bell."

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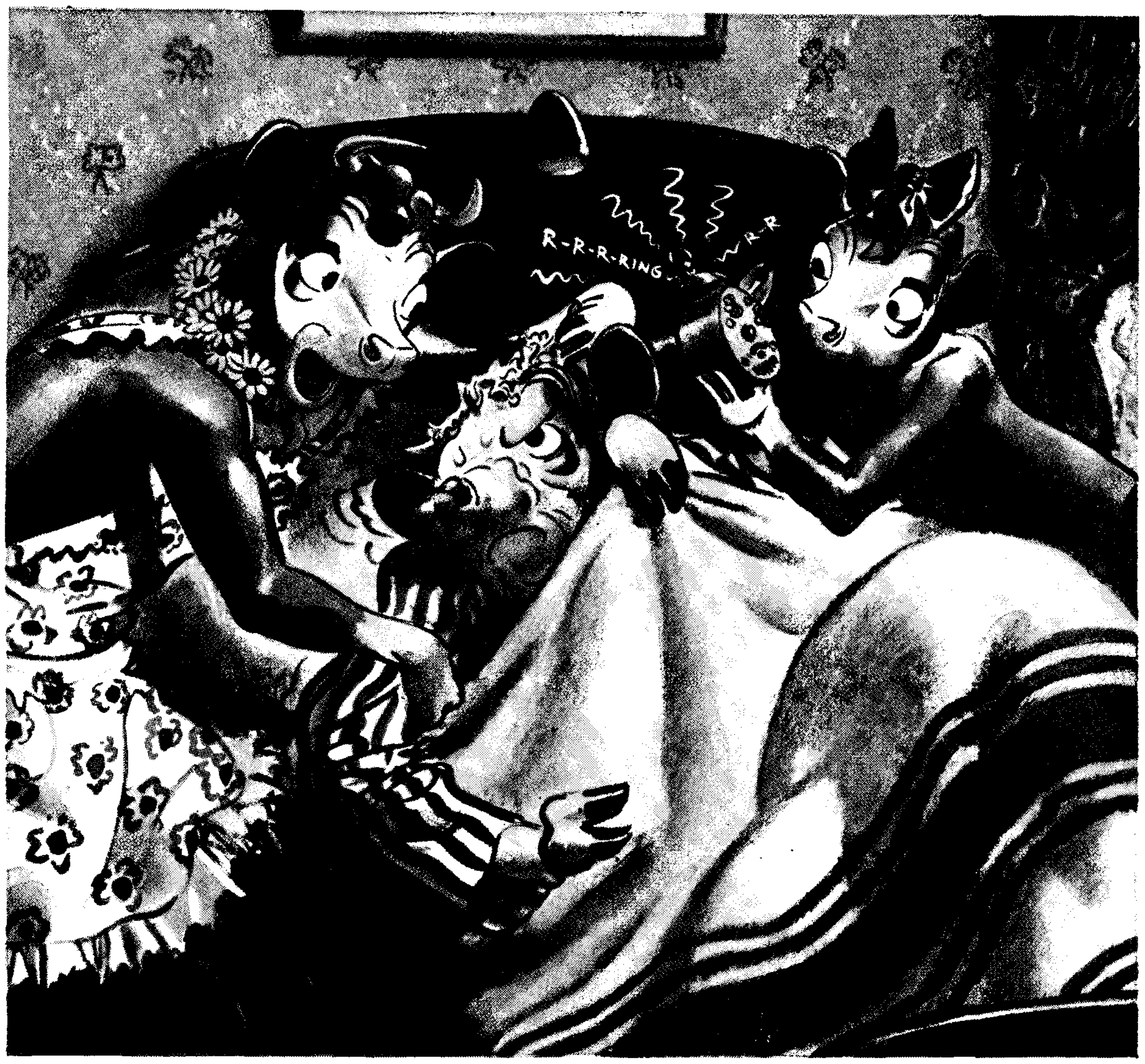


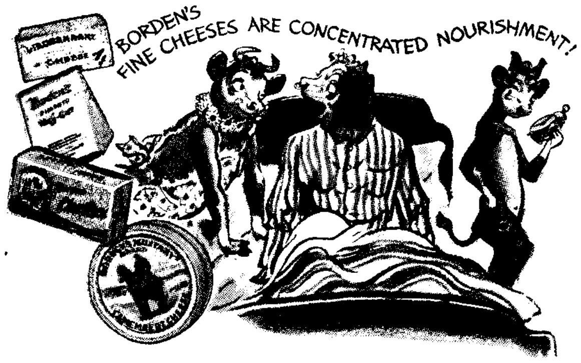
"Mother warned me" sighed Elsie "you were no man for a crisis!"

"CRISIS? CRISIS?" mumbled Elmer, the bull, sleepily. "I don't want any crisis. Go 'way, woman, and let me sleep! I'm taking the day off."

"This is no *time* to take days off," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, firmly. "Our boys still have a tough fight on their hands. And you're going to get right to your war job and help them win!"

"Ah, those boys don't need any help," poo-pooed Elmer. "They'll get those bums in Europe and then clean up the Japs *in no time!* I don't see what difference it's going to make in winning the war if I take just one teeny, weenie, little day off."

"If everybody felt that way," commented Elsie, "where would the Army and Navy get the things they need *when* they need them—necessary things like guns and food? Suppose, for instance, that the folks who make *Borden's Fine Cheeses* all decided to take a day off now and then. Our men at the front, and the people backing them at home, would not get this important, body-building food as often as they should have it. And that's not good! For cheese is one food that fighters and workers need—it's *concentrated* nourishment!"


BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT!

"Oh-ho!" triumphed Elmer, sitting bolt upright. "I begin to catch on. All this talk about a crisis is a come-on for a lecture on Borden's. Let me tell you, Mrs. Beat-around-the-bush, there'll be a *real* crisis in this house if you don't change your tune, and let me get a little sleep!"

"The very nicest tune I can think of," teased Elsie, "is a little baby's gurgle over his formula made with *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* Loads of doctors approve it; it's pure, wholesome, *sterilized!* And it's fortified with Vitamin D."

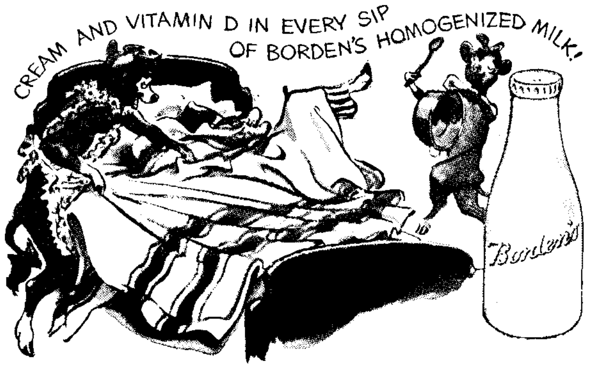
BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

BORDEN'S HEMO IS THE WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"Oh, woman," said Elmer wearily, "go hire a telephone booth! I'm going to get my forty winks if it kills me. The boys are doing pretty good without me."

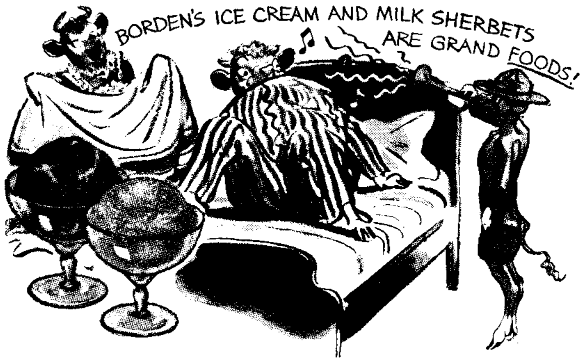
"But, dear," protested Elsie, "real Americans are never satisfied with *pretty good.* They want the *best* in everything. When they want vitamins, for instance, they know that the kind that does the *best* for them comes in a *food.* That's why so many folks *insist* on *Hemo,* Borden's chocolate vitamin *food* drink!"

"Just *you* keep insisting," threatened Elmer, "and there *will* be a crisis. Not in Japan either—but right here in this room! Just one more sentence—"


CREAM AND VITAMIN D IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"In just one sentence," interrupted Elsie blithely, "I can tell you all about *Borden's Homogenized Milk.* It's got cream in every sip, and a full day's supply of Vitamin D in every quart, and it's homogenized to make it easy to digest."

"Hold on!" bellowed Elmer. "What's my digestion got to do with a crisis? Stick to the subject!"


BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND MILK SHERBETS ARE GRAND FOODS!

"One subject I could stick to for hours," chirped Elsie, "is delicious, delightful *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Borden's Milk Sherbets.* You should try them for pepping up your energy, dear. They're real foods as well as delightful refreshers. The boys in our armed forces eat tons and tons of ice cream every day. Now, if they *couldn't* get their good eats, and guns and—"

"Say!" cried Elmer jumping out of bed, "that *would* be a crisis! Get going! Pack me a lunch! Get breakfast on the table! We can't have this war dragging on! *Well?* What are you waiting for?"

"Just waiting to say what I always say," answered Elsie: *"if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

- if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Tune in BORDEN'S New RADIO SHOW

Sundays, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.

Blue Network

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Export or Die!

Continued from page 14

together—huge debts abroad, lost assets, sunk ships, ruined houses, crippled industrial plants—cold statistics warmly confirm the official contention that Britain, to live, must not only restore her export trade to the level of 1938, but increase its prewar physical volume by 50 per cent.

Can it be done? It depends. On how closely Britain and America manage to collaborate in the tricky field of international economics, for one thing. On how quickly British industry can modernize its machinery and methods, for another.

Whatever happens, the struggle for trade is going to be the next Battle of Britain. It will be a peacetime battle, but it will concern everybody just as the war has. There will be skirmishes between British businessmen and their competitors, from Bombay to Bogota; there will be diplomatic engagements over polished tabletops in Washington and London on tariffs, subsidies, preferential treatment and other varieties of economic booty. But one of the toughest campaigns will have to be waged right at home in Britain.

Just the physical problems of changing even this closely knit nation from full wartime to peacetime economy will be staggering. On top of all this, the government is undertaking to install one of the most sweeping systems of social security (based on Sir William Beveridge's celebrated plan) ever contemplated anywhere—an item calculated to cost three billion dollars a year by 1965.

Today a vigorous controversy is raging over Britain's capacity to revive; and over the proper methods for accomplishing revival. Views range from the almost suicidally pessimistic to a dreamy optimism which murmurs that with God in His heaven, all's going to be well somehow with the business of Britannia.

The pattern of the ultrapessimistic school of thought runs something like this: The productive capacity of the American industrial machine is too great to be challenged. Almost the whole of the gigantic U.S. war effort stems from increased production so efficient that a high rate of manufacture of nonwar goods can be maintained at the same time. The British war effort, on the other hand, comes one third from increased production, one third from drafts on capital at home and abroad, and one third from reduced consumption.

Neither hell, high water nor commercial agreements, therefore (this argument runs), will stop the Americans from getting such a head start in world markets that the British can never catch up. The Americans won't import enough to cover the bills owed them for exports; therefore, they will issue loans to their customers so they can buy. But pretty soon the customers will default on the loans. This will puncture full employment in the United States, causing another depression and turning the world right back to the bleak days of 1929; which, incidentally, is exactly what happened after the last war.

All this is inevitable because it follows the established laws of human nature and economics, and the only thing for the British to do is to prepare to meet the crash as stoutly as they can by continuing their Spartan existence, or lamming off to Scotland to live in a cave, preferably near some trout stream. End of argument.

Two Kinds of Hopefulness

There are two classes of superoptimists: the professional planners who fancy that fitting the world to one big economic scheme is the only way the world can be saved, and those intrepid traders who know that pure unadulterated "free enterprise" could solve everything, if only governments would let them alone.

Between these extremes stands a hardy band of realists determined to make the best of an appallingly difficult situation. They are the ones who will count most in this economic Battle of Britain. They include some of the best brains in government, industry, labor and the press. They don't all belong to the same lodge or all think alike, but they are moderate and full of common sense.

They would like to see broader understandings with the United States on tariffs and the directional flow of goods, perhaps even international control of basic raw materials but, lacking solid assurances, they don't expect very much at first and they are prepared to proceed accordingly. They will probably be willing, with certain reservations, to give Bretton Woods a whirl, but although this may be one important answer to the world's economic ailments, they are still from Missouri. They know that British industry, in many vital respects, is scandalously out of date. But they have infinite faith and a fine, stubborn pride in the resilience of the British people and they believe that, once they get going, they will be able to do something more than just muddle through.

Sir Raymond Streat, a Manchester man and head of the Cotton Board, wartime coordinating body of the textile trade, sums up pungently the thinking British industrialist's outlook.

"Tactically you Americans are brilliant," he told a Yankee friend recently, discussing trade competition. "But strategically you may not be so sound. I believe an independent American policy is going to hurt you more than it will hurt us—even though it may not seem so at first. You will overdo things and you are likely to find yourselves in the midst of a serious inflation."

Sir Raymond, who knows Americans well, is not so sure that after a fireman's start, we won't become bored and befuddled with the extreme complexities of export trade. After we discover that the Arab or the Indian has little inclination to do business as it's done in Des Moines or Detroit, we may decide there's no place like the home market.

Meanwhile, Streat holds, the British, sliding neither up nor down the standard-of-living scale during the early postwar years, will go quietly about rehabilitating their establishments and get ready to roll.

Last October, a cotton textile mission headed by Sir Frank Platt, an eagle-eyed gentleman with a talent for perfection and profanity, issued a report on its visit to U.S. mills. It revealed, among other things, that in the cotton industry, the average American worker produces from 1¼ to 10 times as much per hour as the average English worker. Reason? More modern machinery, scientific methods in utilization of labor, standardization of product, multiple work shifts, etc.

Sir Raymond Streat is philosophical about the Platt report. "The suggestions which are practicable, the British cotton industry will adopt," he says, "but the report tells only part of the story. American mass production methods are not the whole answer to our problems." American costs are sometimes higher; and the British rely on the efficacy of their reputation for quality goods.

A coupon-starved British civil servant went into a smart New York haberdasher's in the middle of the war determined to gorge himself on some unrationed new clothes. He looked at suits but couldn't find any material he quite liked. He asked the salesman if they didn't have something a little more like his own.

Nothing Like Imported Goods

The salesman examined the customer's coat and then shook his head in reverence and regret. "The best English worsted," he said. "We'll get nothing like that again until after the war."

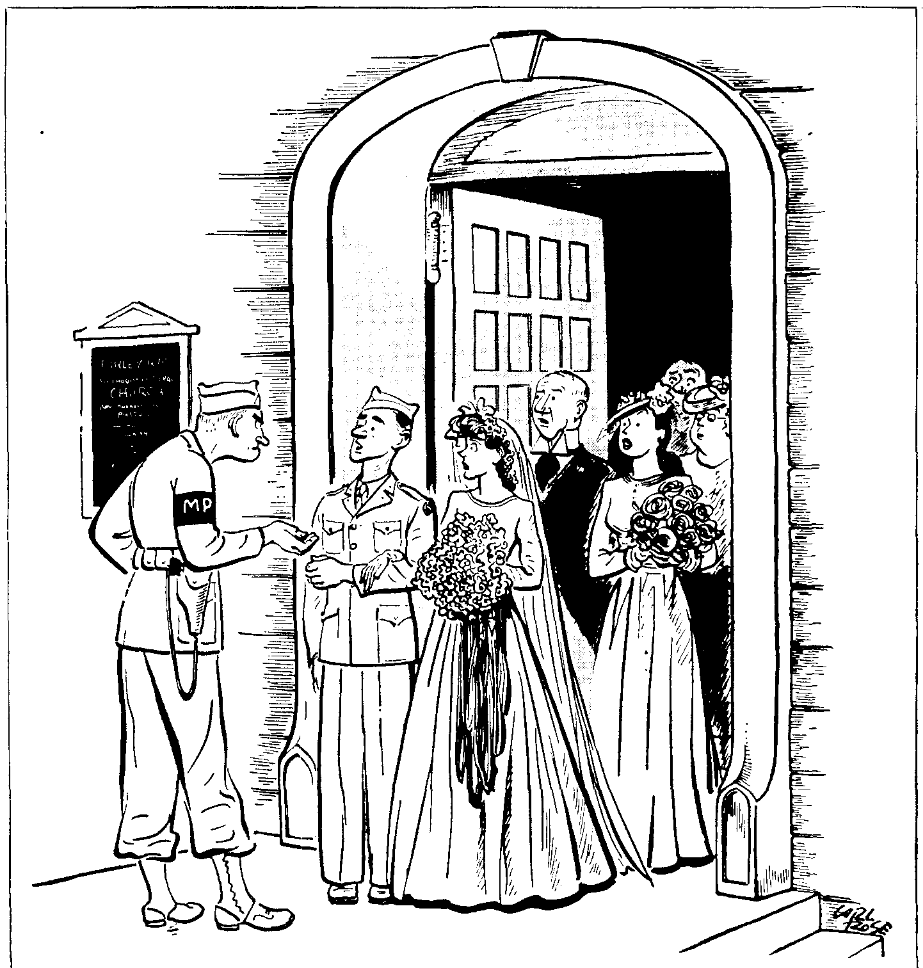
The same thing happened with shirts. "That shirt of yours, sir," he was told, "the finest British broadcloth. We haven't had it for months."

The traveler reserved the rest of his shopping for London. It happened that both his suit and his shirt, so much admired, were regular wartime "utility" issues in England.

Geoffrey Crowther, 38-year-old American-educated editor of the influential weekly, The Economist, takes a little different, more dynamic view. In a series of eight brilliant articles, Crowther and his staff lay some hard facts and harsh criticisms on the line:

1. In 1943, output of wealth per person in the United States was from one and two thirds to two and one half times as much as in Britain, in spite of shorter American working hours and a much higher proportion of American labor in agriculture.

2. Wholesale reorganization should be applied not only to coal mining and the cotton industry but to iron and steel and electric power. "A government that was really conscious of its responsibility would survey each of the major industries in turn, and wherever it found that, on strictly technical grounds, some degree of rationalization (increased efficiency) would open the way to more rapid



COLLIER'S "Let's see your pass, soldier" CARL ROSE

MORAL: *When your radio goes on strike ...son smashes his bike...wife drives over a spike...look in your Classified.*

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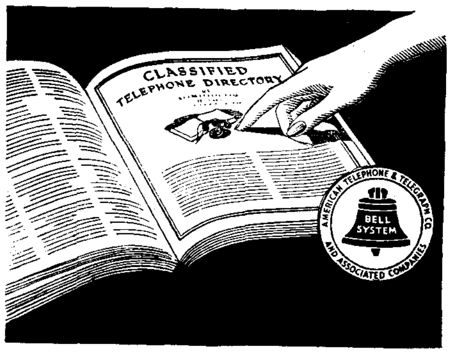
There you'll see the trade marks of well-known branded products and the dealers who carry and service them.

Industrial buyers, too, know the Classified is a valuable timesaver in helping them find local agents for many types of equipment.


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
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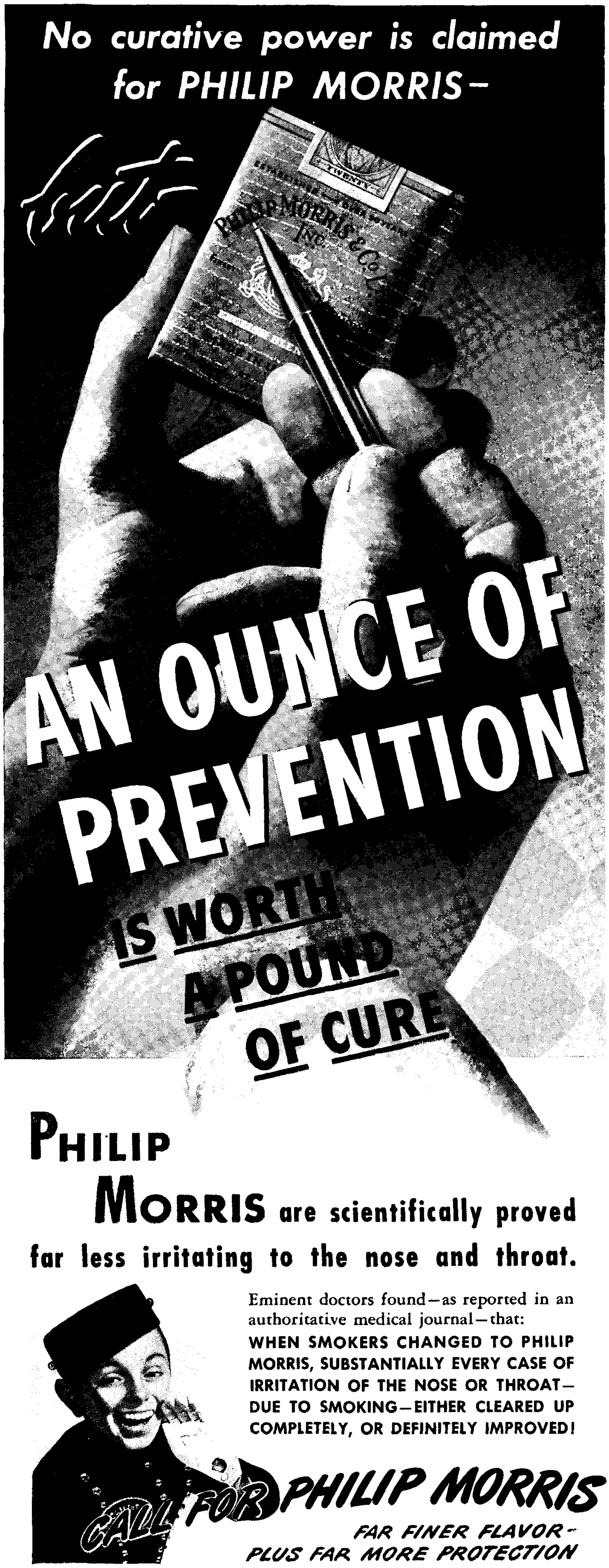
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FAR FINER FLAVOR—
PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

progress, it would insist on its being carried through—under private ownership if desirable or under public ownership if necessary. Output per man-hour is the foundation of all wealth and should be the objective of policy."

3. Slump-mindedness has victimized industry. "The entrepreneur used to be a venturer, but in too many cases he has become, in sad literalness, an undertaker, an embalmer of corpses."

4. Labor is obstructing its own interests by shortsightedly opposing rapid introduction of more efficient (labor-saving) machinery.

5. "British business management is still dominated by the amateur" and "British education is not at present producing good businessmen."

6. Britain lags shockingly in technical progress. "The new products, the new processes, the technical revolutions, nowadays begin elsewhere and are somewhat belatedly copied in Britain." Extensive research is desperately needed in rubber, coal and petroleum.

Businessmen, on the other hand, are sensitive about the fact that American industry has been able to manage, besides its colossal war effort, the manufacture of an impressive amount of nonwar goods, while Britain's factories have been allowed to make practically none. This has made them all the more restive under rigid government controls. In addition, nobody knows how much will be owed to whom when the Lend-Lease ledger is finally closed; in dollars and cents the British would wind up as big debtors.

Still, wouldn't they be entitled to submit a bill marked "To exclusive services rendered mankind, A.D. 1940. . . . 1 (one) Battle of Britain"? But since the bookkeepers would be hard pressed to assess the value of one RAF gunner, deadweight, in terms of, say, one jeep, Lend-Lease in the end will probably be settled as a sort of giant mutual insurance fund with the contributions of participants considered as premiums toward the final pay-off which is, of course, victory.

Recent relaxations of Lend-Lease restrictions—to allow British industry more latitude in making items for civilian and export use—caused general if modest rejoicing in England. The stipulation that no Lend-Lease supplies could be used for anything but war materials has been a sore point; industry comes back to the argument of the need for export goods to help finance the war.

As a debtor nation, Britain finds foreign exchange (that is to say, foreign money or credits owned by Britons) hard to come by and harder to husband. Because of that, many Britons are afraid the suspension of the use of foreign exchange restrictions (as the Bretton Woods monetary agreements propose) would be a dangerous thing for England. Remembering the dizzy deflationary spiral of 1925, they are leery of any plan that would tie them to the gold standard again.

Awaiting Action by Congress

The feeling is strong that British ratification of Bretton Woods should, in any case, await Congress' action. The reasoning is this: To function properly, the monetary fund needs a world where the major powers avoid mass unemployment, where tariffs are trimmed short, where creditors are patient and debtors don't default, to paraphrase The Economist.

Such a world depends largely on the United States, because, whether we like it or not, we wield a decisive influence on world economy. Can we evolve an effective employment policy? Can we agree to buy as much as we want to sell, so as to nudge the international balance of payments toward equilibrium? Anything but positive answers will only sharpen the point of Economist Crowther's charge that although America is "far and away the most powerful country in the world it is also the country that is least persuaded of the necessity of taking positive action to control the economic environment of human activities."

Doctor Hugh Dalton, president of the Board of Trade, believes Britain would welcome multilateral trade agreements as a major measure to stabilize world economy.

"But," he likes to tell Americans, "it's no earthly good to talk of multilateral agreements unless other countries, particularly the United States, will accept hard reductions of tariffs. We may have to continue to make bilateral agreements in self-defense. It doesn't work for you to preach to us against discrimination, imperial preference and all the rest, and then refuse to let British goods have fair access to your country. What about your duties on woolens and engineering equipment, for example? Are you willing to scale them down?"

Nor do the British intend to let South American trade go by default. Lord Riverdale of Sheffield, one of the nation's biggest steel magnates, reflects general opinion when he says, "One thing we cannot admit is that South America should be exclusively a U.S. market. That's the most important ready market left. We need it; there is room for us both. It is unfair for Americans to moralize about cartels and at the same time try to monopolize that trade."

The word "cartel" may not sound so sinister to an Englishman as to an American, though the British pretty uniformly agree that monopolies, on the whole, stifle instead of stimulate trade. But, they argue, monopolies may be necessary as a defensive measure.

Financing the Restoration

Where is the money going to come from to rebuild Britain's battle-scarred industry? The coal mines, it is estimated, could use 400 million dollars as a starter toward tidying up; the cotton trade and the iron and steel industry each need similar kitties to get modernization going—not to mention the pin money small operators will need. On top of that, the Conservative party has just announced that the nation should build 750,000 houses within two years after the war ends in Europe, at a cost of some $3,000,000,000.

One answer is thrift. At the latest count, National War Savings had reached a total of more than 34½ billion dollars. Bank deposits are in good shape, and Lord Catto, the new industrial-minded governor of the Bank of England, appears to be behind a plan to establish a sort of Anglicized Reconstruction Finance Corporation to finance postwar industrial requirements of big business. This institution may have a capital of 100 million dollars and borrowing powers above 400 million dollars. Still another "junior RFC" may be set up for small businesses. Apparently the government, the banks, insurance companies and investment trusts would share in furnishing the capital for both.

Industry has been frozen to wartime production for sixty-six months. But the coming victory over Germany is blowing warm like a south wind in spring, and the ice jam of controls is fast beginning to melt. Parliament shortly may raise the limit on government guarantees to exporters to more than 800 million dollars, nearly treble the prewar figure. This money will be used to underwrite the exporter against losses, but rather than give it the common label of subsidy, Lord Woolton, Minister of Reconstruction, chooses to call it part of Britain's "expansionist economic policy" which is full of "practical business and social common sense."

Since last July, 1,512 businessmen have received exit permits to travel abroad—to put substance, no doubt, into that familiar slogan that "Britain delivers the goods."

The goods won't be hand-me-downs, either. The government reveals it has approved nearly 800 applications from manufacturers to make designs and prototypes for postwar models, from cars to kitchenware.

There is another resource the British hope they can tap—the tourist trade. It brought in about 100 million dollars a year before the war. It may be a very welcome windfall again, when peace has been restored and travel becomes easy once more.

Perhaps by then, the British will have installed central heating and plumbing that doesn't gargle or need to be primed, and other aids to comfort neglected hitherto. But maybe we'd do well not to underestimate our cousins. The British never work better than when they are behind the eight ball, and in this little matter of trade they are behind it now.

THE END

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THE Heroes

XXIV

WHEN the Germans advanced on Stalingrad in the summer of 1942, Alexandra Cherkasova put her two little children in the care of an aged relative and offered her services as a nurse. Not in the hospitals of the city, but out on the firing line where shells never stopped screaming, and men fought hand to hand. A deadly business, but she knew it was what Ion, her soldier husband, would have wanted.

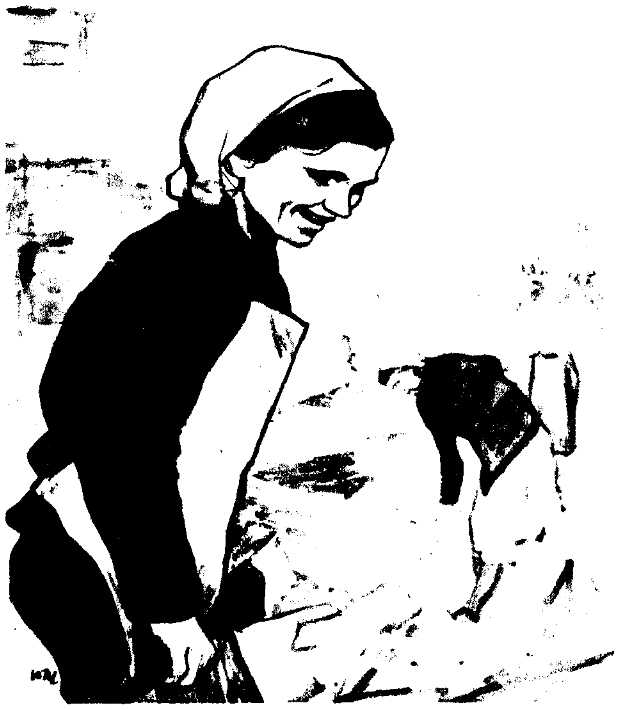
With death all about her, Alexandra's sharp eyes searched for the best spot to set up a dressing station, and then with her own hands, she raised a bunker or dug a trench. After that, came the crawling hunt for shattered, helpless men. Strong as a horse, for her youth had been spent as a farm worker, she carried the lightweights on her back, and used a ground sheet to drag the heavy ones.

Beaten back into the city, the defenders fought from street to street, from house to house, from room to room. Now it was Alexandra's job to move from one pocket of resistance to the other, her sole hope of safety the rolling clouds of smoke and dust that turned midday into twilight. With her first-aid kit and a small hatchet with which to chop up boards for splints, she was often the only doctor.

At last the siege lifted and, with her children, she waded through miles of rubble to the suburb that had been her home. The house itself was gone, like every other, but there was still the cellar, and with the hatchet, she made windows and built three bunks from fallen timber. Up to this moment, she was one of thousands, for many had served as nurses no less heroically, but as Alexandra Cherkasova surveyed the shelter that was her handiwork, the thought came that was to make her famous throughout all Russia. "Why not a Women's Reconstruction Brigade?" she said to herself.

Scurrying here and there that very day, she rounded up nineteen housewives and explained the idea. With all able-bodied men either in the army or the factories and fields, rebuilding Stalingrad seemed a slow and even hopeless task. "But not if we help," Alexandra urged, "giving every hour of our spare time. We can certainly clean up the ruins and stack bricks and boards, so as to have them ready for use."

All agreed, and when others saw the women at work, the number swelled to hundreds. A Treasure Hunt was Alexandra's second inspiration, and as the women drudged with stones and lumber, boys and girls grubbed for knives, spoons, tin cups and pieces of furniture that could be mended. She organized kindergarten schools and nurseries, presided over by the old and infirm.



ALEXANDRA CHERKASOVA

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

A touch of drama was Alexandra's third contribution to the movement. In the heart of Stalingrad stood the house where Sergeant Yakov Pavlov and a small platoon had held out for two months, refusing to fly the white flag even when crushed under falling stones and rafters.

"We will rebuild it as a shrine," she announced. "A monument to the spirit of Stalingrad."

Here was a call that went to every heart, and soon each district had its Women's Reconstruction Brigade. Forty thousand women at work, giving time that ranged from two to six hours a day—in the morning, before going on some regular job, or else far into the night.

"Good," murmured Alexandra Cherkasova, "but not good enough. Let's learn crafts that will make us useful."

At her call, bricklayers, carpenters, masons and other skilled journeymen gave their spare time to teaching select groups, and then these pupils became teachers in their turn. Women were soon rebuilding homes, schools, hospitals and stores, wielding saw and hammer with expert hands.

The dynamo in slacks then went out into the country and preached the gospel of reconstruction to the farmers. "Stalingrad," she said, "is just as much your city as ours. Help us women with the hauling. Now we have to pack everything on our backs."

Straightway, horses, oxen and camels poured in from the rural districts, and rebuilding took a mighty leap. More than that, seeds and trees were contributed, and under the drive of Alexandra Cherkasova's furious energy, gardens were planted, and the city was given its promise of shade.

Out over all Russia went the news of what Stalingrad's women were doing, and from the civilian population, and even the army, gushed a stream of gifts in cash and kind. A railroad engineer bought a train of coal with his life's savings, soldiers sent their pay, and children mailed their meager store of kopecks. And as Alexandra Cherkasova stopped her work to wipe away the happy tears, a message came from Moscow, along with one of Russia's most prized decorations. In the message, Joseph Stalin said:

"The victories of peace are no less than the victories of war. It is not only a city you have rebuilt, but also a people's faith, hope and courage."...

GEORGE CREEL

I'll Wear My Yellow Dress

Continued from page 15

her chin, and tilted up her head and the next moment his eyes were blazing into hers, and he was kissing her full on the mouth.

Eventually Mr. Ruggles released her, beamed, then abruptly took his departure. Wilma not only misspelled *polyvinyl* for the third time but put two *e's* in adhesive and had to tear the letter up and start all over again.

But when Mr. Cartwright returned, Wilma gathered up her courage and gave him Mr. Ruggles' message. Mr. Cartwright received it in grim silence.

"Is," said Wilma timidly, "there anything wrong with Mr. Ruggles?"

"Insane," said Mr. Cartwright.

Well, Wilma thought sadly, she might have known it. In the movies or in a book, this kind of thing could happen and Mr. Ruggles would turn out to be the son of the president of the company, and he had fallen in love at first sight, but when it happened to Wilma it turned out the man was just a lunatic.

Still, it gave her a cosy warm feeling inside. The glow evaporated, though, when she left the office at five o'clock. Mr. Ruggles was out in the corridor kissing one of the elevator girls. There were lipstick marks here and there on his face which didn't match. It made Wilma quite cross and she thought they ought to put him away somewhere. *Just let him try again,* she thought, *just let him.*

But, still, he did look like a movie star, and there was no point in telling Alice that he was crazy. So when she told her all about it, on the ferry ride to Hoboken, and on the train ride out to Pleasant Valley, she left out the lunatic part of it, and the fact that he had apparently kissed every other girl in the building as well.

"He was probably struck dumb," said Alice. "Maybe he's THE MAN."

Alice was not a cynic, like Wilma. Wilma said good night to her at Alice's corner, and walked home through the almost deserted streets of Pleasant Valley where the draft board was absolutely heartless and had taken practically every man except grandfathers.

She didn't tell her folks anything because they hadn't wanted her to work in New York, and the next day she wore an old dress that she had never liked, but what was the sense of dressing up, anyway, because Charley Morse never noticed how she dressed, and if she wore sackcloth and ashes, Charley wouldn't know the difference, but would go right on telling her all about the revolting inside details of the plumbing supply business and how much money they were going to make in the reconversion era.

Besides, she was sure she would never see Mr. Ruggles again.

SHE had only been working half an hour the next morning when she heard the strangest noise out in the hall. Then the door of Mr. Cartwright's office flew wide open and in came Mr. Ruggles on roller skates.

Mr. Cartwright had a large office, and Mr. Ruggles came gliding in, skating on one foot with his other leg lifted high in the air and his arms outstretched, and very graceful he was, too. He had on gray trousers and a tan sports coat and white shoes—all frowned upon by the company because it was a very old and reactionary organization addicted to blue serge.

Mr. Ruggles smiled at her, skated across the room and around back of Mr. Cartwright's desk and thumped him on the back. Mr. Cartwright sat there glumly. Then Mr. Ruggles skated over to Wilma, tossed a Dictaphone cylinder into her lap and without stopping, said, "Type these for me, please." With a final flourish, he skated out and Wilma could hear the skates going on down the hall, and above their clatter Mr. Ruggles singing slightly off key, "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la."

Mr. Cartwright didn't say anything.

Somewhat shakily Wilma went to work. There were three letters on the cylinder and they were very peculiar, too. The first was to one of the firm's oldest and best customers.

It went, "Dear Sirs: Thank you very much for your order number 43716. At the present moment we are not in the mood to fill this order. We respectfully suggest, therefore, that you go to hell.

"(Signed) PETER RUGGLES."

The second letter was even shorter and was addressed to the president of the company, a very austere figure prominent in the National Association of Manufacturers whom Wilma had never even seen.

It said simply, "Dear Mr. Simpson: You are a fathead.

"(Signed) PETER RUGGLES."

The third letter, to Wilma's amazement, was addressed to her. It said, "Dear Miss Morrison: Please burn that piece of burlap you are wearing to work today.

"(Signed) PETER RUGGLES."

Wilma finished typing the letters, then asked Mr. Cartwright where she could find Mr. Ruggles.

"Next floor down, room 707," said Mr. Cartwright.

Somewhat gingerly, Wilma started on her errand. She walked along the corridor on the floor below and finally opened the door of 707. Mr. Ruggles was sitting behind a huge desk, drinking beer from a quart bottle and playing solitaire.

He smiled at her. "Have some beer."

"No, thank you," said Wilma. "Here are your letters."

She approached the desk, reached as far as she could, tossed the letters on his desk, and then jumped back in case he made a grab for her. He did not but she saw him stealthily cheat by putting a red seven on a red eight.

Wilma smoothed her dress with nervous fingers and said, "I hope there aren't any mistakes in the letters. Don't you want to look them over?"

"I have the utmost confidence in your ability," said Mr. Ruggles, putting a black queen on a red king.

Wilma backed out of the room. And out of the corner of her eyes she was positive she saw him toss the letters in the wastebasket without even looking at them.

On the ferry that night Wilma broke down completely. She told Alice everything, including the roller skating, and was in a breathless recital of that day's curious events when she half turned her head and saw Mr. Ruggles not ten feet away from her. He was peering benevolently at her over his newspaper which he was holding upside down.

Wilma broke off at once. Mr. Ruggles' eyes dropped. Wilma nudged Alice and furtively pointed him out.

"He's cute," Alice said, after going into a contortionist twist to get a look at him. "He looks like any normal person."

"He does not," said Wilma. Mr. Ruggles might be, and undoubtedly was, crazy, but she was not going to have him resemble any humdrum commuter on his way home.

Her astonishment at seeing Mr. Ruggles on the ferry was increased when some twenty minutes later she spotted him seated two rows behind her in the train. Still, she whispered to Alice, there was no reason Mr. Ruggles shouldn't live in New Jersey, even if he were crazy.

PLEASANT VALLEY was the last stop on the line, and there were only eight people left in the car when Pleasant Valley was reached. Going down the steps with Alice, Wilma was nervously aware that Mr. Ruggles was just three passengers behind them.

Alice whispered hoarsely, "I'll walk you home, Wilma. He's probably one of these fiends in human form."

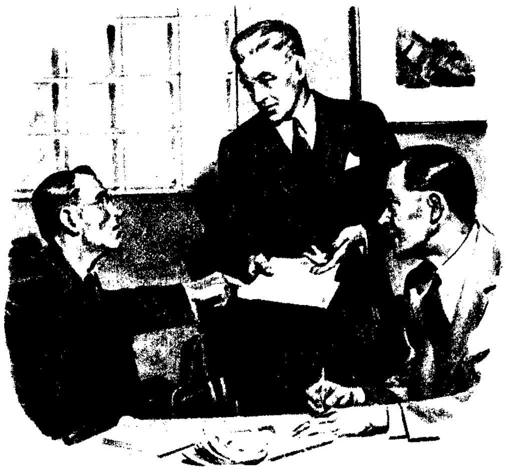
"No," said Wilma. "Thank you just the same. I can take care of myself."

For some reason she was reluctant to share Mr. Ruggles with Alice. Accordingly, they parted at the next corner and went their separate ways.

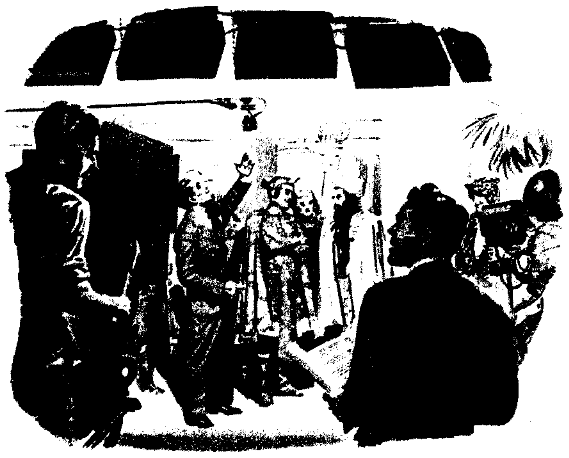
Wilma heard Mr. Ruggles' footsteps behind her, then he was at her side, taking her

Opera Brought into Your Home by Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow

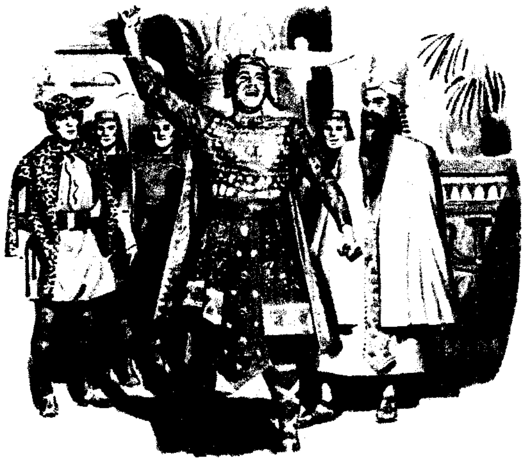
PERFECTION takes time, whether you are preparing a whisky as glorious as Seagram's V.O. Canadian or building a television program. Everything depends upon the skill, the infinite capacity for detail, the patient planning of many men.



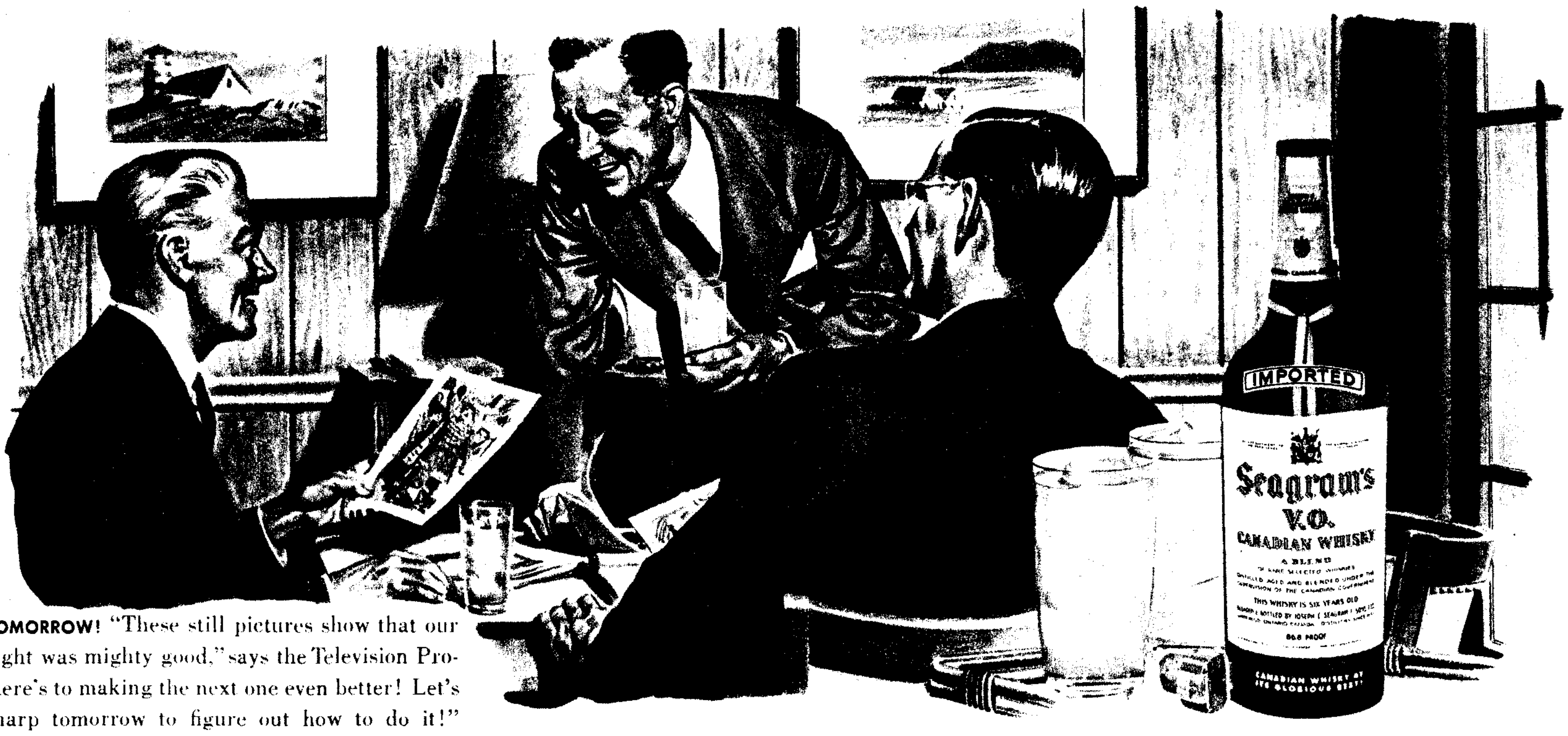
1. **A TELEVISION** version of grand opera calls for special adapting. It must be an intimate production to fit your home set—yet worthy of great music. That means endless hours of planning, revising, cutting, creating, polishing.



2. **IN LONG** rehearsals, angles must be decided, lighting tested, positions rehearsed, cast and orchestra properly balanced, new close-up techniques developed for television interest.



3. **THEN A** great star flashes into your home in full color—tomorrow! The glorious music comes to your ears as the celebrated singer appears before your eyes in your own living room!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V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

4. **A TOAST TO TOMORROW!** "These still pictures show that our program tonight was mighty good," says the Television Producer. "But here's to making the next one even better! Let's meet at 9 sharp tomorrow to figure out how to do it!"

For Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow

You are our Seagram audience. For your pleasure, tonight, tomorrow or beyond tomorrow, all of Seagram's skill and foresight are blended with the magic touch of time—not months, but years—to bring you perfection. Six years ago Seagram's laid away the choicest Canadian whiskies, each notable for some superior quality. Today you enjoy these rare whiskies in one glorious blend—superlatively light. Canadian whisky at its glorious best. Seagram's V.O. Canadian.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND.... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York arm. He said nothing but he beamed at her and they strolled along, Wilma stealing glances at his profile, and saying nothing because she could think of nothing to say.

Wilma admitted that she was nervous. She kept a tight grip on her handbag, ready to smash it over his head at the first fiendish move but nothing happened. And a few minutes later, rather fearfully, Wilma led him up the steps of the small shingled house where she lived. They went inside and the thing she had been dreading happened. Her father was reading the evening paper, with his shoes off, one big toe poked through a sock and gleaming nakedly in the light.

At sight of Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Morrison rose hastily to his feet. Wilma's mother had come in from the kitchen and now stood embarrassedly across the room, drying her hands on her apron and giving Wilma a sharp glance of protest.

"You didn't tell me you were bringing company home for dinner, Wilma," she said.

"Mother and Daddy," Wilma said helplessly, "this is Mr. Ruggles."

They shook hands all around. Mr. Morrison apologized for not having shoes on, explaining that he was a mailman and had trouble with his feet. Mr. Ruggles assured him that he didn't mind at all, but that if it would make Mr. Morrison feel better, he would gladly remove his own shoes. Mr. Morrison, after recovering his composure, thanked him and said it wasn't necessary.

Meanwhile, Wilma could see her mother silently calculating the amount of meat loaf left over from the preceding night.

Mr. Ruggles at this moment, with a conjurer's air, produced a package from beneath his coat. Unwrapped, the parcel proved to contain a large, thick and succulent-looking steak. Wilma and her mother went out to supervise its preparation.

"So distinguished-looking," Mrs. Morrison whispered. "Where did you meet him?"

"In the office," said Wilma, giving no details.

Supper went better than Wilma had expected. Mr. Ruggles chatted with them all impersonally until the meal was finished, then he rose to his feet. "Wilma and I will do the dishes," he announced in tones admitting of no protest.

In the kitchen Wilma began scraping plates and Mr. Ruggles thoughtfully selected a dish towel and stood waiting.

"Mr. Ruggles—" Wilma began hesitantly.

"Yes?"

Wilma drew a long breath. "Did you kiss every girl in the building the other day?"

"All but one," said Mr. Ruggles. "I missed one of the cleaning women. She doesn't come on duty until ten o'clock at night. I daresay I shall catch up with her one of these days."

Wilma gave up and began washing dishes with chill efficiency. Mr. Ruggles, however, proved talkative, and so genial was his manner that presently Wilma found she was telling him the story of her life, even down to the time she had been captain of the girls' field hockey team in high school.

Finishing the dishes, they returned to the living room. Mrs. Morrison, with a meaning look at her husband, said something about having him help her defrost the refrigerator but Mr. Ruggles would have none of it. He and Mr. Morrison played cribbage until ten when Mr. Ruggles rose, thanked them all for a delightful evening, kissed Wilma on the tip of her nose, and departed.

"The nicest, most intelligent young man you ever brought home," declared Mr. Morrison enthusiastically. Mrs. Morrison agreed, and neither of them even looked cross-eyed about that kiss.

WILMA wore a blue dress the next day. It had a white lace collar and cuffs and made her look about fourteen. Mr. Ruggles seemed to approve.

At any rate in the middle of the morning he brought in a Dictaphone cylinder on which was a note to her.

"Better, much better," it said. "In fact, delightful."

Dutifully, Wilma typed it up. Then a little later she went down the hall with it, tingling pleasantly at the thought of the approaching interview. Outside the door of 707 she checked her make-up, tucked back a stray wisp of hair, and opened the door.

Mr. Ruggles was sitting back of his desk, a girl was on his lap and he was kissing her with ardor. It wasn't the cleaning woman, either. Wilma recognized the girl.

A short time before the company had run a full-page advertisement in which the eye-catcher was a drawing of a scantily draped blonde. The girl Mr. Ruggles was kissing was either the model for that picture or a facsimile thereof. The only consolation was that this time the blonde was fully clad.

Wilma shut the door and returned to Mr. Cartwright's office. At noon she went out for lunch and came back fifteen minutes early, to sit huddled forlornly at her desk.

A few minutes later a strange girl walked in. She wore a plain, practical-looking business suit and had a face and hair-do to match.

"Miss Morrison?" she said crisply. "I'm replacing you. You're to report at Room 707."

That's what you think, Toots, Wilma said to herself. What Wilma was going to do was get a job back in Pleasant Valley. Beginning the very next day she would start that collection of antique glassware.

She put on her coat and hat and replenished her lipstick. She got in the elevator and it started down and stopped at the floor below to let some people in. Wilma got out, not because she wanted to but because her legs just walked her out, and carried her right down the hall into room 707.

She stood defiantly in the open doorway. Mr. Ruggles was scowling at something on his desk and didn't look up until Wilma coughed.

Mr. Ruggles nodded unsmilingly. "There's a good deal of work to be done, Miss Morrison. Start right in, please."

Startled, Wilma sat down and went to work. There were a lot of letters—all written by Mr. Ruggles but they all made sense for a wonder. In the meantime, Mr. Ruggles saw several visitors, talked at length over the telephone and altogether was a model of business efficiency.

At five o'clock when Wilma looked up inquiringly, Mr. Ruggles said impersonally, "I'd like all those letters to go out tonight. If you don't mind."

"Not at all, Mr. Ruggles," Wilma said twice as impersonally.

Angrily she went back to work. Mr. Ruggles pounded at a typewriter with two fingers, now and then swearing under his breath. At seven o'clock Wilma had addressed and stamped the last of the outgoing mail. Her back ached and there were weights attached to her eyelids.

Mr. Ruggles swung around in his chair and stared at her. "That's enough, Miss Morrison," he said. "Let's go out to dinner."

"No," said Wilma.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Ruggles.

Wilma thought of the blonde in Mr. Ruggles' arms. "I dislike your manner," she said.

"Be specific," said Mr. Ruggles.

"I don't like your kissing every girl in sight," Wilma said. "I mean, it's nothing to me," she added hastily, perceiving where this was leading her. "You can kiss any girl you want to for all I care."

"I see," said Mr. Ruggles thoughtfully. "Does it make any difference if I tell you that I enjoyed kissing you the most? Even more than that blonde I kissed today? She's very good-looking, you know."

Wilma didn't answer. She got her coat and hat in righteous wrath and started running for the elevators, but when she stepped in one, Mr. Ruggles was right behind her.

"You know," he said, "you're behaving very oddly."

"I'm behaving oddly!" Wilma gasped.

"Unpredictable," said Mr. Ruggles. "Flighty. It makes me nervous."

The situation was beyond control. Wilma didn't know whether to laugh or cry and compromised by doing a little of both.

ON THE ground floor Mr. Ruggles gave her his handkerchief and peered anxiously at her. "I'm sorry," he said worriedly. "I did think you rather liked me."

Wilma sobbed afresh. "I did like you. Even if you—even if you were—"

"Crazy?" Mr. Ruggles suggested hopefully.

"Eccentric," said Wilma, who was incapable of being unkind.

"Well, you see," Mr. Ruggles said, "they just let me go about a month ago. And I did want to cut loose for a day or two before settling down to the old routine."

Wilma nodded understandingly. "Was it—was it very bad in the"—she brought the word out with difficulty—"asylum?"

"In what?" Mr. Ruggles stared at her in bewilderment. "I've just been telling you. I was in the Army. A pilot. I'd flown a batch of missions and been shot up twice and they decided I'd had enough war. So they put me back in civilian clothes. The company wanted me to come back to my old job but I told them I'd have to have my little fling. This is a very dignified organization and sometimes it used to get me down. Now, after a couple of days of being completely uninhibited, I'm ready to go back to the grind. The first thing I did as a matter of course was to kiss every girl in the place. Only when I kissed you—" Mr. Ruggles hesitated.

"Yes?" said Wilma with just a faint trace of hauteur.

Mr. Ruggles had steered her out into the evening traffic. "The memory lingered on," he said reminiscently. "Do you suppose we could try it again sometime?"

Wilma took a firmer grip on his arm and thought privately that she'd wear the yellow dress again the next day.

"I'll think it over," she promised Mr. Ruggles.

THE END

The Welsh Are Like That

Continued from page 20

my mother's shoulder. "Haven't I won every eisteddfod in ten years?"

"You don't need to be telling me stale news," my mother said.

My father drew himself up triumphantly. "Did you ever see me taking lessons for *my* voice?"

"I never did, unfortunately," my mother said.

"Well, then, let people who know nothing about music say no more on the subject," he said. "Let foolish talk cease. Let there be no further words on anti-Welsh questions."

My mother was grim. "Emlyn," she said.

"What?"

"The time has come to call a halt to boasting, devilishness and pride."

"Do be telling me," my father scoffed.

"I do be telling you," she said. "For ten years we've suffered in silence your eisteddfod madness. But now the boy's future is at stake. I'm a Welsh mother and I shall call a halt."

My father set his jaw. "And how, my lovely, would you be calling a halt?"

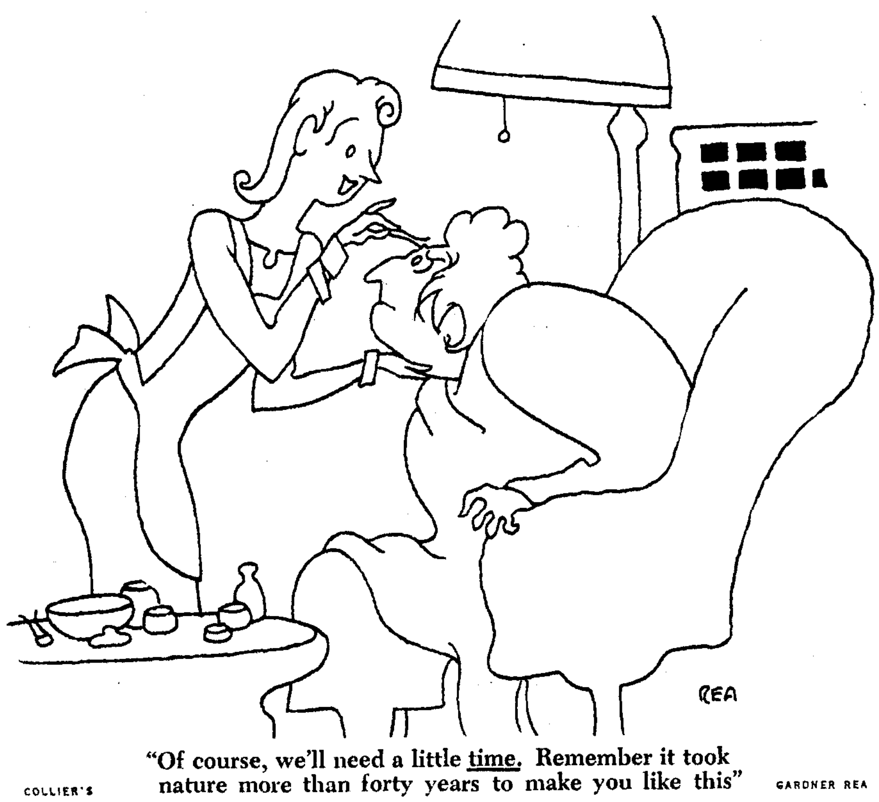
"Only one way," my mother said. "The time has come at last for you to be losing the eisteddfod."

A terrible silence fell over the house.

"Me lose the eisteddfod?" my father said. "You mean it?"

"I mean nothing more."

"I'll be a stick of dynamite," my father said.



"Of course, we'll need a little *time*. Remember it took nature more than forty years to make you like this"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"What's more," my mother went on, "I'm the one who'll see to it that you do."

"I'll be a double stick," my father said. "I suppose you'll find some great canary in this region to outsing me?"

"I shall."

"You would be willing to make a little wager, of course."

"I would."

My father gloated. "I'm listening, lovely."

My mother was as hard as a rock. "Then listen well, for if you lose the prize this year, Davy gets his teacher, and you'll never sing in an eisteddfod for the rest of your life."

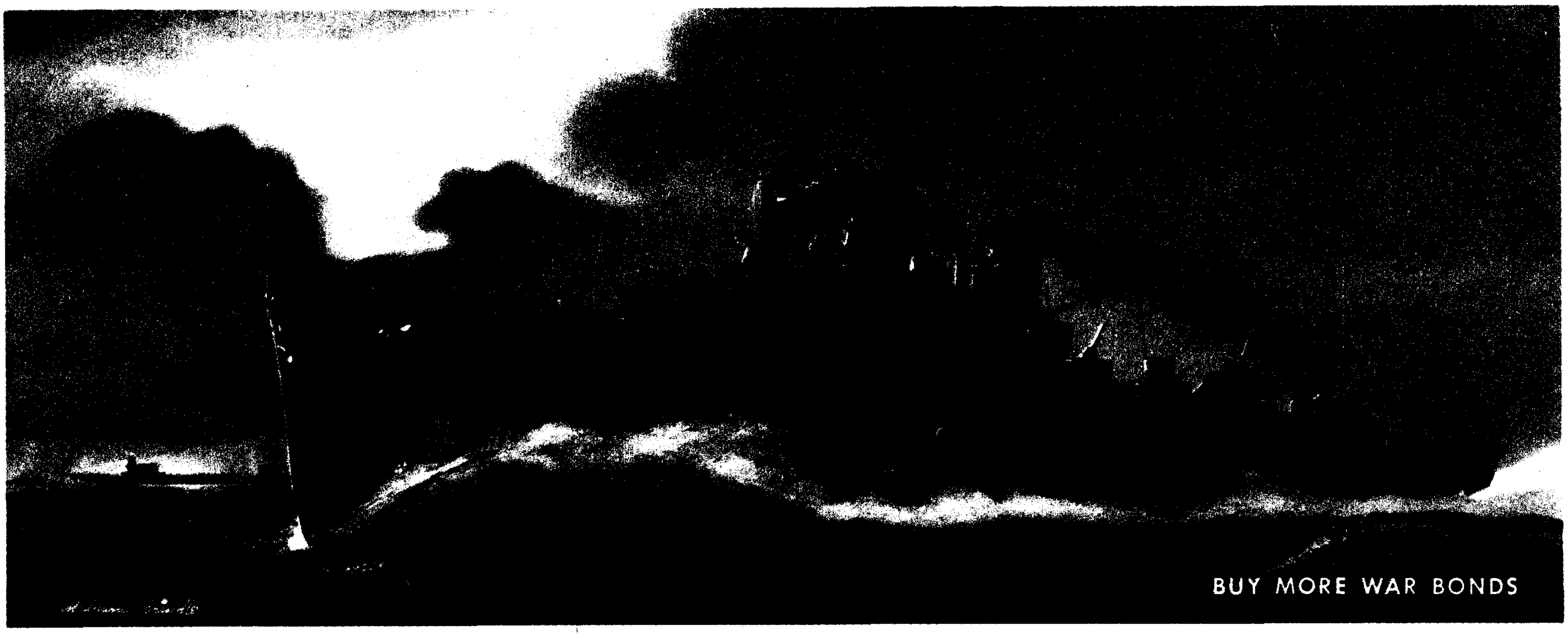
"The Lord preserve us!" my father said. "You're a strange and terrible woman, Sara."

"I'm waiting for my answer," my mother said.

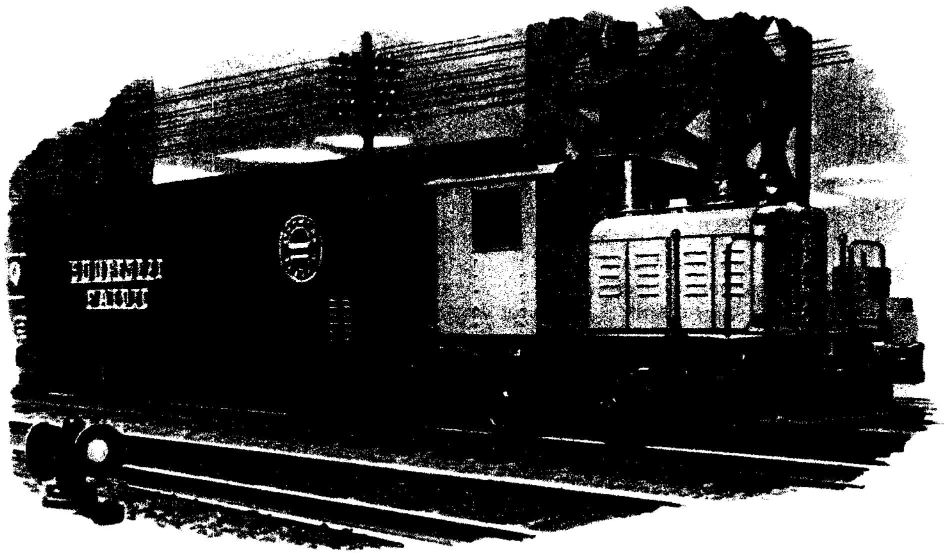
"Well, by heaven, you've got it!" my father shouted. "I'll take that wager and show you, once and for all, who's master in this house."

"That," my mother said, "is just what you will show."

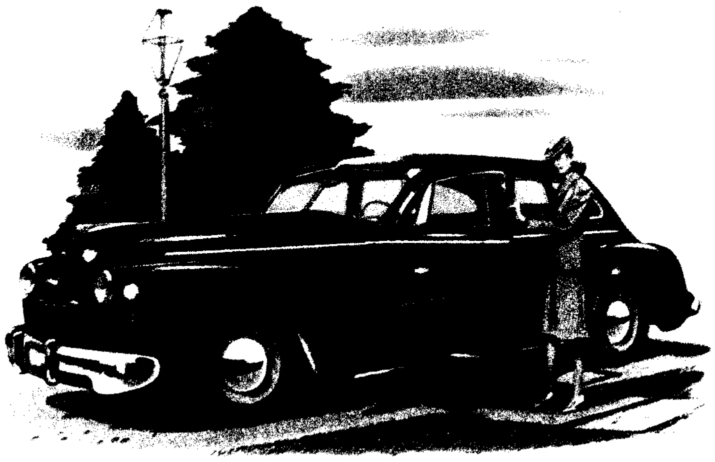
Well, at that moment I was madly in love with my fourth-grade teacher and, regardless of what my mother and father felt about singing, the chief problem of *my* mind was how I could make her realize my superiority to every other pupil in the public-school system. Of course, being Welsh, I knew that I could outsing anyone, anytime, with or without training. But that was beside the point. I was wondering whether I ought to prove my manhood by getting a job in the



1. This is a destroyer escort . . . it runs with less engine strain, thanks to Fluid Drive!

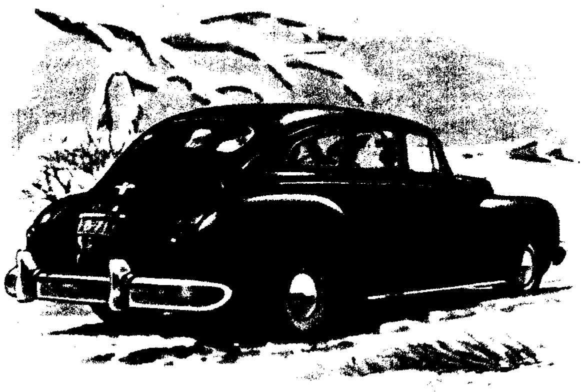


2. This is a Diesel Switching Locomotive. It moves heavy freight cars with Fluid Drive.



3. This is a Chrysler Car . . . it is the first passenger car that has adopted and developed Fluid Drive.

4. It can start and stop without shifting gears! The Fluid Drive principle eliminates mechanical jerks, lengthens the life of the car.



5. And the smooth application of power greatly improves wheel traction, especially on slippery surfaces . . .

6. It's the greatest driving improvement since automobiles were invented . . . yet it's been proved by 8 billion miles on the road!

See your Chrysler Dealer for Fluid Drive facts

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

You will enjoy Major Bowes Program Thursdays, C. B. S., 9 P. M., E. W. T.

Shame On You, Sergeant!
SORRY, KID. BUT THAT WAS ONE BATTLE NO GUY COULD OF WON!
I GO FOR YOUR SISTER SEE? SO WHEN SHE SLAPPED ME DOWN LIKE THAT_ WHAT COULD I DO?
WELL, YOU COULD GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH, SERGEANT! SIS SAYS THAT'D FIX EVERYTHING!
THE SERGEANT SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH_HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES _STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS _REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER_THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
C'MON, COOKIE! CLOSE UP THE RANKS!
ATTABOY, SERGEANT! I KNEW WE'D PUT IT OVER!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night — NBC Network

breaker *right away*, or wait a decent time until after the eighth grade.

However, when in the course of a day or two I mentioned that upon the outcome of a wager I might soon be taking voice lessons, my teacher solved the problem. She herself started paying special attention to me and never stopped. *Her* name was Miss Myfawnwy Jones. *She* sang contralto. She said, "You realize, of course, the rarity and historical importance of a trained Welsh voice."

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"You also realize, of course, that there are *no* limits to the number of duets a natural-born contralto and a trained boy soprano can sing."

"No, ma'am."

"As soon as you've taken a few lessons, we'll start right in."

"You and me, ma'am?" I said.

"You and *I*, Davy. You and *I*."

"Yes, ma'am, that's what I said, ma'am," I said. "You and me, you and me."

This was a wholly unexpected turn of events. It caused me to take a profound interest in my parents' wager, after all, although, by this time, taking an interest wasn't hard, even without the matter of Miss Jones. For three weeks my mother left the house every afternoon, disappearing for hours at a time. Every evening she returned, looking tired, but grim and unextinguishable.

My father had never expected her search for a singer to be so thorough. "Why don't you give up this foolishness?" he said. "You'll *never* find anyone to beat me."

"Indeed?" my mother said. That was practically all she said for three weeks. . . .

When the day of the competition finally arrived, my father, my mother and myself found ourselves in the great hall together with hundreds of other contestants and spectators. My father and I were as close to nervous wrecks as any two Welshmen have a right to be. My mother had still not told us *if* she'd found anyone.

We listened carefully to every contestant and by the time the adjudicator came to my father's name on the list, no one's singing had even come close to what he could do.

"Emlyn Williams, champion of ten eisteddfods," the adjudicator announced. "Kindly come forward and sing."

My father walked down the aisle, climbed up on the stage and sang. It was Open the Gates of the Temple. You could hear them opening. Ladies wept, and men listened with bowed heads.

"I'm afraid that there singing will be mighty hard to beat, Ma," I said.

"Just wait till the real competition starts, Davy," she said.

WHEN he'd finished singing, my father came back and sat down. He grinned triumphantly at my mother.

"Well, where is your high and mighty canary?" he asked. My mother didn't pay attention. She was watching the adjudicator.

"E. Amardyce," the adjudicator announced. "Next on the program is E. Amardyce, who will sing the same song."

My mother stood up.

"What in the name of time are you doing, Sara?" my father protested.

"I'm going to sing," my mother said.

"Are you daft?" my father whispered. "*You've* never sung a note in your life."

"No, Emlyn lad?" my mother said.

"But they're calling an E. Amardyce," he protested.

My mother smiled grimly. "That, my lovely, is the name I *gave*."

She went up to the stage. She signaled the accompanist. She clasped her hands to her breast. She sang. Sweeter singing was never heard before or after on either side of the Atlantic Ocean. It was clearer than a bell and twice as lovely as a thrush and a canary put together.

"God in heaven!" my father said. He didn't stop saying it. He was still saying it when the judges awarded my mother the championship. *He* came in second.

AT SUPPER that night, my father was the meekest man alive. He didn't know which way to turn because my mother's smile was waiting for him everywhere. Around dessert he took himself in hand.

"Well, don't you think it's time to be explaining?" he said.

"Explain what?" my mother said innocently.

"Everything," my father said. "How did you learn to sing like Lily Pons in three weeks?"

"I was only rehearsing with my accompanist those three weeks," my mother said.

"Well, how, where and when did you learn?"

My mother smiled. "Did you ever hear of a man named Wencil Davies?" she said.

"The champion baritone of the national eisteddfod in Wales?"

"He was my great-grandfather," my mother said.

"Holy saints!" my father said.

"Did you ever hear of Dorothy Llewellyn?" my mother went on.

"The soprano champion?"

"She was my grandmother."

"What else?" my father said, in a small voice. "What other surprises do you have in store after fifteen years of married life?"

"Well, there was me, too," my mother said.

"What about you?"

"Before I came to America and married you, I was on the way to being the national soprano champion. Another year or two would have done it."

My father was as red as a beet. "You could have given me a hint," he said.

"There's a good reason, Emlyn lad. It was my father and brother."

"What about your father and brother?"

"They were trapped in the pits in the Great Disaster. My mother and I—*she* was contralto champion—went to church and got down on our knees. All night I prayed God to spare them. I vowed if they came out alive, I'd give up the thing most dear to me—my singing. I vowed it would be a forgotten thing with me. I'd never even boast about it."

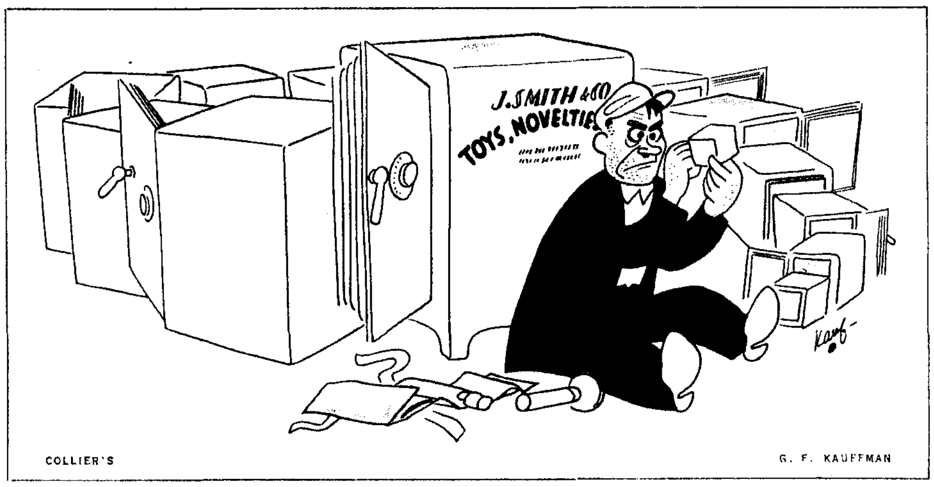
"They *got* them out alive!" my father said.

"Yes, they got them out alive," my mother said.

My father thought for a long time. "But you did sing, finally," he said.

My mother came around the table and ruffled my father's hair. "I know," she said. Her smile was very merry. It was also very tender. "It was either that, or breaking up this family *and* your stubborn head—and God knows a good Welsh husband and the sanctity of the home are the one thing worth more than a vow, I'm thinking."

THE END


J. SMITH & CO
TOYS, NOVELTIES
Kauf
COLLIER'S
G. F. KAUFFMAN

Any Week

Continued from page 4

the citizens of Prineville. Mr. Lynch avers that it had a very rocky time for several years and nearly exhausted the patience of General Manager Charley Woodruff who was engineer, car repairer, section hand and general handy man. This put Charley behind in his bookkeeping and eventually a government official appeared on the scene and threatened to tie up the railroad until proper reports had been rendered. "Mister," Charley replied with relief, "I've been looking for you for five long years." But no amount of pleading on Charley's part could bring the government man around to make good his threat.

WITH mixed emotions, a fellow commuter named Eric Hartell reports one of the results of our having used his name some time ago in connection with a cartoon caption. From France he received a V-Mail letter written by the Air Corps' Major E. J. Bullard, a friend Mr. Hartell hasn't seen for some years. "I was walking down a road this morning," wrote Major Bullard in part, "and came upon a group of Frenchmen laughing fit to kill. They were, of course, looking at that cartoon in Collier's. So what could I do but tell you that five of 50,000,000 Frenchmen were amused. I didn't get the names of any of them but I found upon inquiry that they were all from an institution called *La Maison Mentale Déficiente*."

FOR what you may get out of it, we give you an anecdote donated by Mr. David C. Cooke, of Valley Stream, New York, who recently returned from London. One black night he found himself in the vicinity of Piccadilly Circus, alone and doing his best to mind his own business, when a G.I. who had obviously been patronizing a pub stopped Mr. Cooke and asked for a match. Mr. Cooke looked through his pockets in vain. No matches, no lighter. He apologized. "S'all right, pal," said the G.I. "I don't smoke anyhow."

ON a trip to the West Coast, Editor Henry La Cossitt paused long enough in his home town of Hannibal, Missouri, to send us a newspaper clipping. It bears a Chicago date line and concerns a Mr. Hugh Greer Carruthers, "the high priest of the Kum Bum Lamasery on the mystic blue Lake of Tibet." It appears the Kum Bum was being tried on charges of using the mails to defraud. One witness testified that Mr. Carruthers had some advice to sell on the art of breathing. According to him, the left nostril is the negative and the right is the positive. You got to breathe through the former by day and the latter by night "to offset the solar polarity of the universe." Mr. La Cossitt asked us to try it. Well, the solar polarity of the universe seems to be the same. But our nose never will be again. . . . G. W.

Repelled at Miami Beachhead

Continued from page 13

bodily harm and been repeatedly damned in public.

While I was interviewing them at Goodman's business establishment, a woman whose husband is an invalid came in to thank them, with copious tears of gratitude, for having forced her landlord to refund $600 in rental overcharges. Both Gold and Goodman refuse to accept donations to carry on their work, although they have paid many lawyers' fees and other expenses out of their own pockets. Instead, they ask anyone who wishes to share his savings in rent to make donations to a War Heroes Telephone Fund sponsored by a Miami newspaper. Both admit they undoubtedly have lost considerable business because of their stand on local rents, but declare they feel it an obligation to the city and the war effort to carry on.

Their success undoubtedly stems from the secrecy with which they work, and the plan of organization—the only thing about the committee known to the general public. Although only ten men—five merchants, two sales representatives, one wholesaler, one real-estate operator and large property owner, and one professional man—compose the actual committee, they have formed an intricate network of co-workers, unknown even to one another, who report vacancies in their own apartment buildings that could be used for service personnel, or injustices being suffered by other tenants. A former OPA attorney is acting as the committee's legal adviser.

"All the good that citizens and hotels at Miami Beach have done for service men and women—and that has been a great contribution—is being undone by a certain group of apartment-house owners who are more interested in building profits than in winning the war," both Gold and Goodman declare. "We feel that Greater Miami will suffer for a long time to come for the sins of a relatively few residents and the attitude of absentee property owners."

Incidentally, their work for tenants was not inspired by injustices suffered themselves, for both declare they are on good terms with their own landlords.

Recently OPA has won more effective control. Tenants, gaining confidence, have registered complaints with OPA. Many more landlords have complied voluntarily with regulations; two, in fact, have refunded overcharges amounting to $17,000. Not long ago, for the first time in Miami's history, in the trial of two criminal rent cases, juries found the landlords guilty of the charges made.

The charge against absentee owners might well be pointed out as a major root of Gold Coast evil today. There has been a substantial turnover in apartment and hotel property in all Florida coastal resorts during the past year, some apartments and hotels having changed hands as many as three times in ten months, with an appreciable profit on each transaction. Consequently, such inflationary sales have resulted in many "hot money" properties, with each new owner trying to squeeze more and more from luckless tenants forced by war necessity to rent from them. The truth is that real estate in that area is largely on a marginal basis, with all the consequent forcing of profits that usually goes hand in hand with such operations.

Ads Reveal Profit Under OPA Ceilings

That legal rents are fairly set seems indicated by frequent newspaper ads offering to sell renting property which owners claim is realizing 25 per cent profit at OPA ceilings. Inability to keep unusual numbers of employees and the impossibility of keeping repairs up to peacetime standards, although taxes have not been increased for some time, should be an additional factor in keeping rents well within ceilings and still showing fair returns.

Much criticism has been aimed at Miami Beach hotels because of continued advertising urging tourists to come down, despite pleas of the Office of Defense Transportation to stop unnecessary travel. Military authorities stand by and curse as train after train arriving in Miami disgorges hundreds of tourists headed for the beach with fists full of bills and powerful thirsts. Army and Navy personnel traveling south from New York or Washington, almost always on short notice, frequently are forced to leave families behind out of sheer inability to crowd them onto trains in competition with nonessential travelers.

Jewish organizations were first to become alarmed about conditions and to attempt to do something about them. Before the current season got under way, Washington headquarters of B'nai B'rith, under leadership of

Life of the party

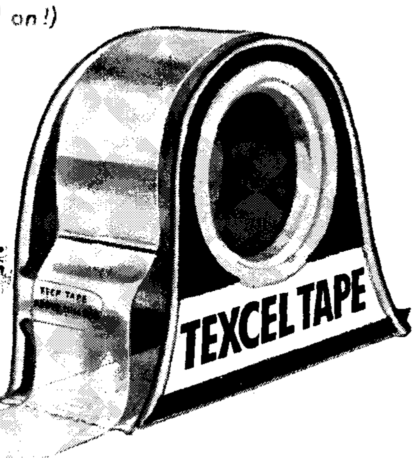
TEXCEL TAPE

When next you have a party and
Some streamers call for hanging,
Use Texcel Tape – no nails, no holes,
No thumbs made sore from banging.
(Texcel won't mar wall paint – the "stickum's" bonded on!)

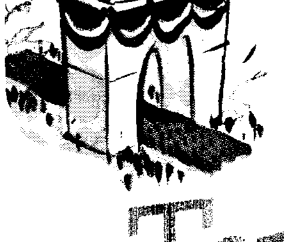
Your favorite sheet of music torn?
No need to sue your friends.
You'll find that handy Texcel Tape
Makes neat, transparent mends.

(Texcel mends securely – the "stickum's" bonded on!)

And when, the party over,
You're putting food away,
Use Texcel Tape to seal it up –
The flavor's in to stay!
(Texcel holds and holds – the "stickum's" bonded on!)



Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on,
It won't dry out, it won't come off
Before the judgment dawn.



Today most Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war.
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CELLOPHANE TAPE – STICKS WITH A TOUCH
INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION
A Subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

Sigmund Livingston, sent out a letter to 44 adult and 21 youth organizations, describing the congestion and asking that the letter be read in all Jewish synagogues. It read, in part:

"It is being urged that no one visit Miami during coming winter months unless it is absolutely necessary for health or other reasons. To stay away would be giving more opportunity to disabled veterans and their families to obtain accommodations, thus eliminating an acute situation which is now creating contempt throughout the nation." That letter and its senders were bitterly condemned in Miami by the press and at public meetings; but it was not withdrawn.

You might well ask: Haven't landlords anything on their side, and are they entirely to blame for the situation existing down in that corner of Florida?

In all fairness, apartment owners have legitimate complaints. They point, first of all, to damages careless and thoughtless military occupants have caused to properties, and those damages have been considerable. These "military men," for the most part, are merely youths transferred overnight, and by no fault of their own, from the status of college students, farm lads and small-town jitterbugs into that of grim fighters, taught by their government to fight hard and play hard—and they are doing both. In too many cases they left apartments in sad states and major redecoration was necessary. Operators contend, too, that military personnel is on such a transitory basis that they are hardly settled before they are on the move again.

Transients Not on Preferred List

To this objection, housing officers immediately reply that if owners would permit it, another Army or Navy family would be on the doorstep waiting for the first family to turn over the keys, and they wouldn't be particular about prints of baby hands on wallpaper. Owners further say that so many changes cause too many inconveniences, what with OPA notices to be filed and utilities to be adjusted. But far too many of them seem to forget that this is war and that some inconveniences, even in such a well-regulated community as Miami Beach, are inevitable.

Members of Miami Beach's city council, with whom I talked, blamed Washington and Army and Navy high commands for the military housing situation, and with considerable justification. They insisted that the Army and Navy should condemn enough apartment houses to shelter the present combined total of more than 2,000 service families needing quarters, and take some of the burden and blame off local residents.

The catch is that apartment and hotel owners are not always willing to let the government follow this so-freely-given advice. On February 21st, for instance, a member of Congress from Florida blocked House Naval Affairs Committee approval for acquisition of eight badly needed apartments and apartment hotels. His plea to the committee was that, by putting present occupants out, scores of Miamians—for the winter only—would be inconvenienced. And the attitude of naval officers in Miami, after hearing of this decision, was voiced by one of them to this writer: "Never again do I want a hotel or apartment man to say to me, 'Why don't you get the Navy Department to do something about it?' "

One has only to visit the Navy's Flamingo Hotel, major Beach housing unit, to realize the need for official action. There 900 persons—officers and their families—are packed into quarters hardly adequate for 300. Although the lobby presents a luxurious front, 92 Navy families are living in what were hotel servants' rooms, with some officers, their wives and children occupying a cubicle barely 10 by 12 feet, with no private bath—not even a washbowl in some rooms—and drinking as well as bathing facilities only on a public basis.

Military commanders in the Miami area, both Army and Navy, have tried to get action out of Washington, but Florida interests have blocked some moves and presumably the War and Navy departments recall with shudders the headaches accompanying condemnation proceedings in the past. Meanwhile, as both Army and Navy authorities admit, the situation is becoming more acute each passing week, and the past three months have been the most hectic, from the housing standpoint, of any period during the war.

And still Miami is expecting a total turnover of at least 650,000 tourists this season.

How many of these tourists reach Miami is a mystery the OPA currently is engaged in solving. Before race tracks were closed, out-of-state licensees as well as B and C coupon holders found at the tracks were summoned before OPA commissioners, and some mighty amusing tales were unfolded there.

A man from Lynn, Massachusetts, for instance, declared that he started south with 20 gallons of gas in cans, a full tank, and three A coupons, and that after he used this up, he was pushed for the last 700 miles by no less than 30 people. His driving privileges were suspended for the duration. A masseur from Mount Clemens, Michigan, used occupational gas to come to Miami for a short rest, explaining that it was too expensive to come by train because he was bringing an 11-year-old son, his wife's sister, a parrot, two canaries and a German police dog. He got off with three months.

Members of volunteer ration boards at least get occasional laughs out of their work. A gypsy was asked to appear to explain how he got down from Michigan. He brought a family of ten to the hearings, including his 105-year-old mother, whom he claimed he came to see. He couldn't be penalized because (as he explained and the board substantiated) a Pontiac local board had given him enough gas for the trip with the tip that Miami just now was in need of a lot of fortunetellers.

Gasoline at this writing is extremely scarce in the Miami area, but local residents say supplies have opened up since race tracks closed.

Military authorities and those concerned with strategic industries in Florida audibly are wondering why, if the Office of Defense Transportation believes tourist travel is cluttering needed rail facilities, something besides verbal spanking of the public is not done about it. Whatever is done almost inevitably is going to require more enforcement or rationing workers, but Miami hotel operators agree that they would prefer restrictions, where all hotels would be operating under equal handicaps, and know what to expect from one season to the next.

The Army Expresses an Opinion

Military officials on the spot would be more drastic if decisions rested with them. "It's too late to do anything about it this season," one Army man expressed it, "but the government should set a date—say April 1st—for all tourists to clear out of this area, and should provide trains to get them away. And anyone would be foolish to try to operate a redistribution and rehabilitation center along with a wide-open, no-holds-barred resort again. If Miami and Miami Beach won't co-operate, let's move the Army and Navy to other regions where training programs have been completed and housing facilities already exist—and where the people are as interested in curing the boys as they are in getting their cash each payday."

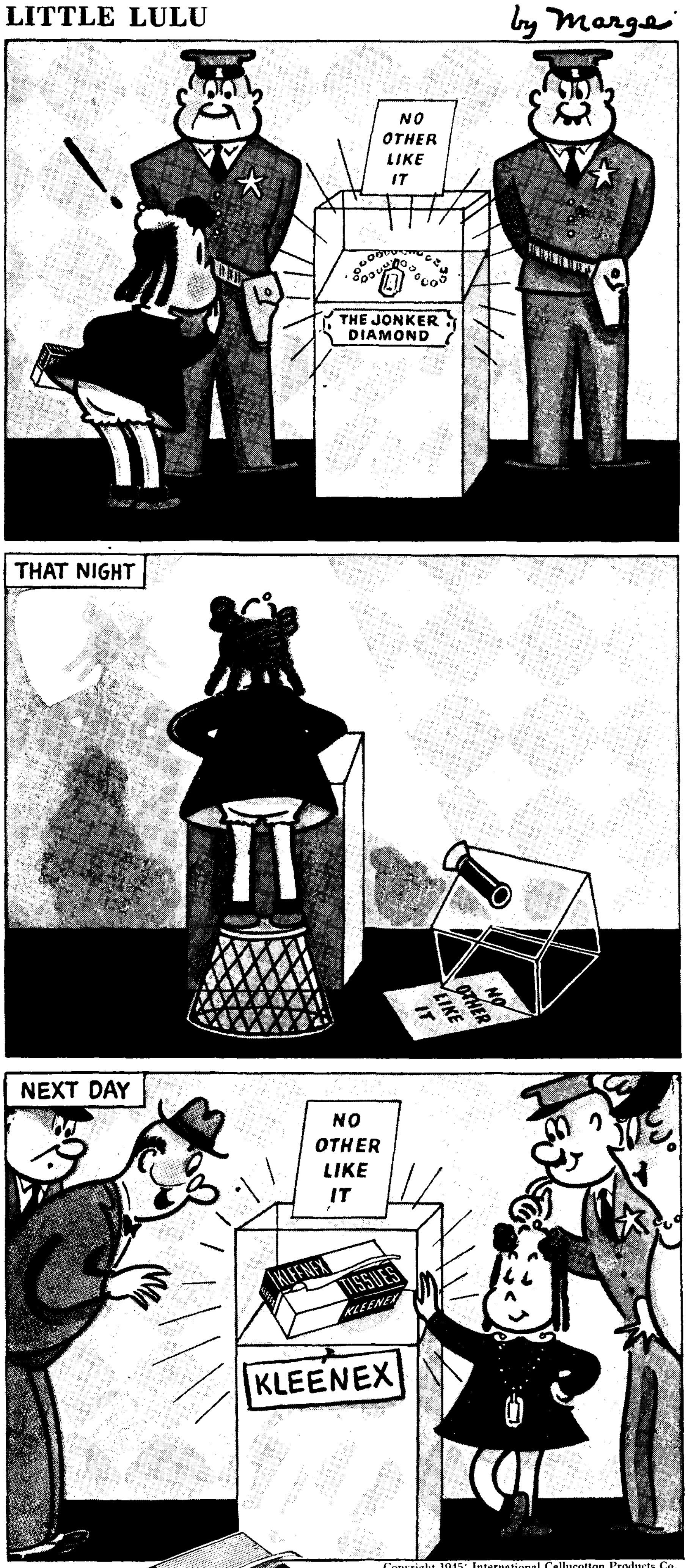
Regardless of where the fault lies—and this report was not written as an indictment but as a factual summary of what is going on there—the simple truth is that Florida's Gold Coast is nothing of which the state is proud, and that it is a sore spot urgently needing some specialized treatment.

Hundreds of soldiers already have joined a "Blacklist Miami" movement, and are making it a practice to write as many damning letters to friends and newspapers as their time permits. And servicemen's wives are still carrying on the fight against apartment owners who refuse to admit them, even if, in every other way, they express willingness to die for their country.

In the words of Philip Wylie, writer and columnist who has tried hard for three years to get his home town to see the light: "What God did to Miami was wonderful, but what the people have done to it shouldn't even be done to a place like Chicago."

THE END

LITTLE LULU by Marge



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LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
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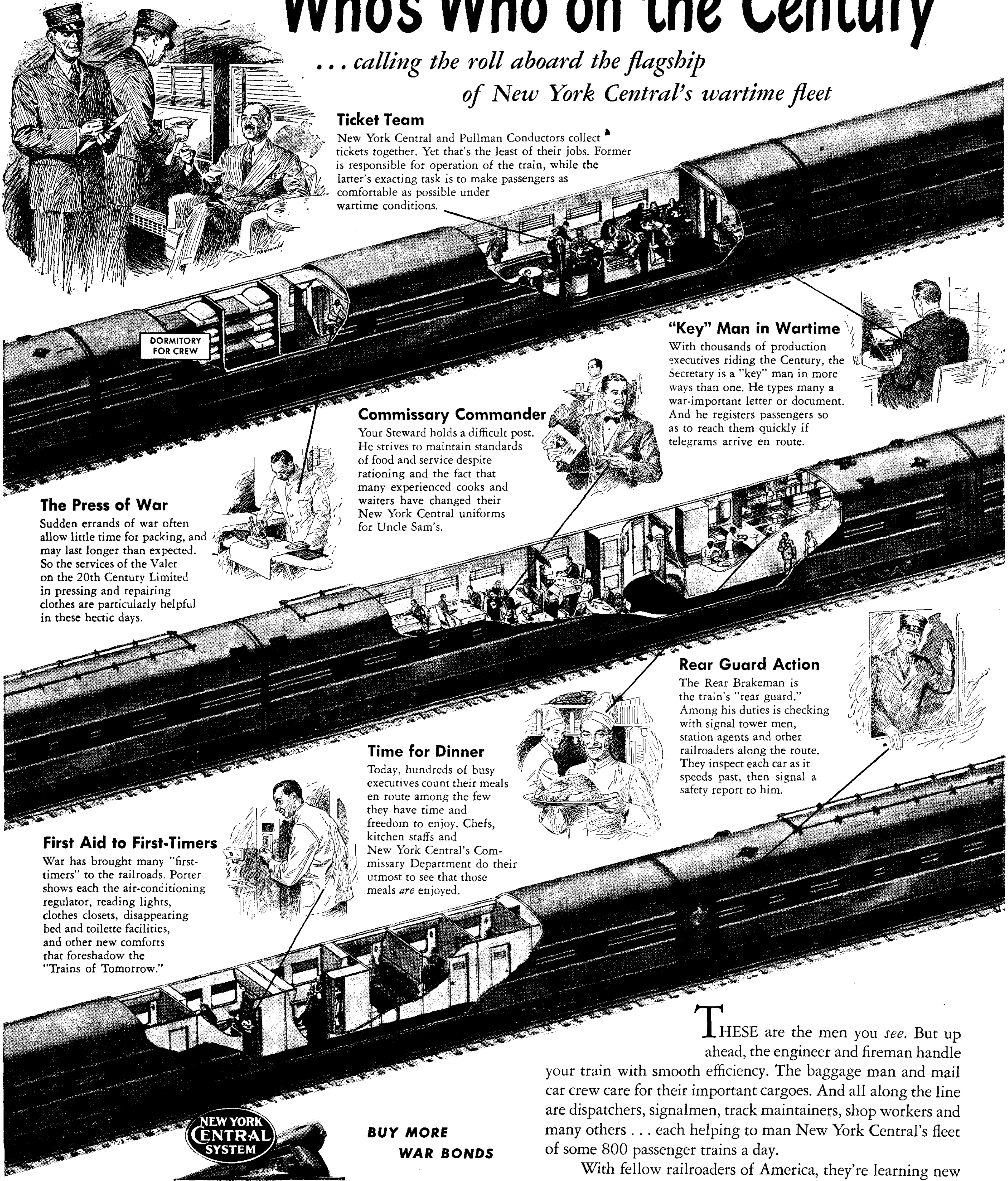
Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in technicolor at your favorite theatre

Who's Who on the "Century"

. . . calling the roll aboard the flagship of New York Central's wartime fleet



Ticket Team

New York Central and Pullman Conductors collect tickets together. Yet that's the least of their jobs. Former is responsible for operation of the train, while the latter's exacting task is to make passengers as comfortable as possible under wartime conditions.

"Key" Man in Wartime

With thousands of production executives riding the Century, the Secretary is a "key" man in more ways than one. He types many a war-important letter or document. And he registers passengers so as to reach them quickly if telegrams arrive en route.

Commissary Commander

Your Steward holds a difficult post. He strives to maintain standards of food and service despite rationing and the fact that many experienced cooks and waiters have changed their New York Central uniforms for Uncle Sam's.

The Press of War

Sudden errands of war often allow little time for packing, and may last longer than expected. So the services of the Valet on the 20th Century Limited in pressing and repairing clothes are particularly helpful in these hectic days.

Rear Guard Action

The Rear Brakeman is the train's "rear guard." Among his duties is checking with signal tower men, station agents and other railroaders along the route. They inspect each car as it speeds past, then signal a safety report to him.

Time for Dinner

Today, hundreds of busy executives count their meals en route among the few they have time and freedom to enjoy. Chefs, kitchen staffs and New York Central's Commissary Department do their utmost to see that those meals *are* enjoyed.

First Aid to First-Timers

War has brought many "first-timers" to the railroads. Porter shows each the air-conditioning regulator, reading lights, clothes closets, disappearing bed and toilette facilities, and other new comforts that foreshadow the "Trains of Tomorrow."

THESE are the men you *see.* But up ahead, the engineer and fireman handle your train with smooth efficiency. The baggage man and mail car crew care for their important cargoes. And all along the line are dispatchers, signalmen, track maintainers, shop workers and many others . . . each helping to man New York Central's fleet of some 800 passenger trains a day.

With fellow railroaders of America, they're learning new efficiencies from the wartime task of moving the greatest traffic in history. And tomorrow, they'll apply those lessons to bring you still finer travel aboard America's post-war trains.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

New York Central

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

:0. 1861.
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
349
EXPRESS
HOWITZER CHARGE

This picture from Leslie's Weekly depicts an 1861 Express van being loaded with war materials. In those days this vehicle was considered a mammoth advance in efficiency.

READY

When The Nation Calls

Throughout American history when a real need arose, a man or an organization has been ready to cope with it. Express shipping is an organized service originated 106 years ago to meet the demands of those times. Since then, through peace and war, Express has promptly adopted every scientific advance so as to be ready for the nation's changing shipping needs.

Today the major part of the unprecedented volume of Express, both by rail and air, is connected with the war effort. This wartime transportation experience and new handling techniques will aid in the nation's postwar commercial shipping needs.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

Push-Button Heat

Continued from page 24

system, which uses a pump to force the water around, smaller radiators are possible. You can even use copper tubing—a boon to remodelers—since the tubing can be bent and snaked around through the existing structure with a minimum of wall cutting.

Hot water gives a steadier, more even heat than steam—valuable for a climate having long, steady cold stretches. But steam can be got up quicker, and it is usually cheaper to install. With either, if radiators are painted a dark color instead of the popular gilt or silver, you'll get more heat for less fuel.

Warm-air heat operates on an entirely different principle. Air, blown over heating surfaces, is delivered to your rooms through ducts. It's quick; you can get up heat in no time. Because there's no water to be drained, or to freeze in the pipes if you go away for a few days, it's a favorite for week-end houses. It's easy to filter the air in such a system, and to humidify it at the furnace after it has been warmed. It's simple to use the system for summer air-cooling, too. If an air-cooled house figures in your ambitions, just let your architect know when you build. He will be able to plan your duct arrangements so that they can be used for cool air as well as warm, even using the same fan for forced air circulation. All you will have to install later is the cooling unit.

When it comes to fuel, and the operation of any of these systems, the push buttons take over. Automatic stokers, clock-set thermostats that click your heat on so that you stumble out of bed into a warm house, are already necessary luxuries in many households. Oil burners that operate at the flick of a switch, and no waste to cart away. Gas heat that doesn't even bother you with fuel deliveries. These benefits the oil and gas suppliers brag about. But the coal people aren't sitting back, though they have the advantage of the most available fuel.

The Anthracite Industries this past winter tried out a new 75-pound cylindrical heating unit, about a tenth the size of your present furnace, that produces a concentrated, more intense heat with less coal, and without your having to lift a finger. Coal is automatically fed in one end, ashes taken out the other. Combustion is so complete there are fewer ashes than usual, and less coal is required for a season's heating. They've even fixed it so that clinkers won't form.

The bituminous coal people have been working with twenty-seven stove manufacturers, in behalf of the 17,500,000 householders who now heat their houses with stoves. They've developed a stove that they tried out under actual home conditions last winter. They say that it will hold a fire all week end, and it will give you more heat, less tending and fewer ashes for the same amount of coal than any stove you've met yet.

Thermostats are now pretty much standard equipment in houses. But you also can have a thermostat outdoors, to forewarn your furnace when the temperature starts dipping. You can have one in every room, or set of similar rooms. Then Aunt Susie can be as hot as she likes in her own room, while yours stays pleasantly cool, and the garage is an even fifty. You might even borrow a trick from a man in the heating business, and rub the numbers off your thermostats.

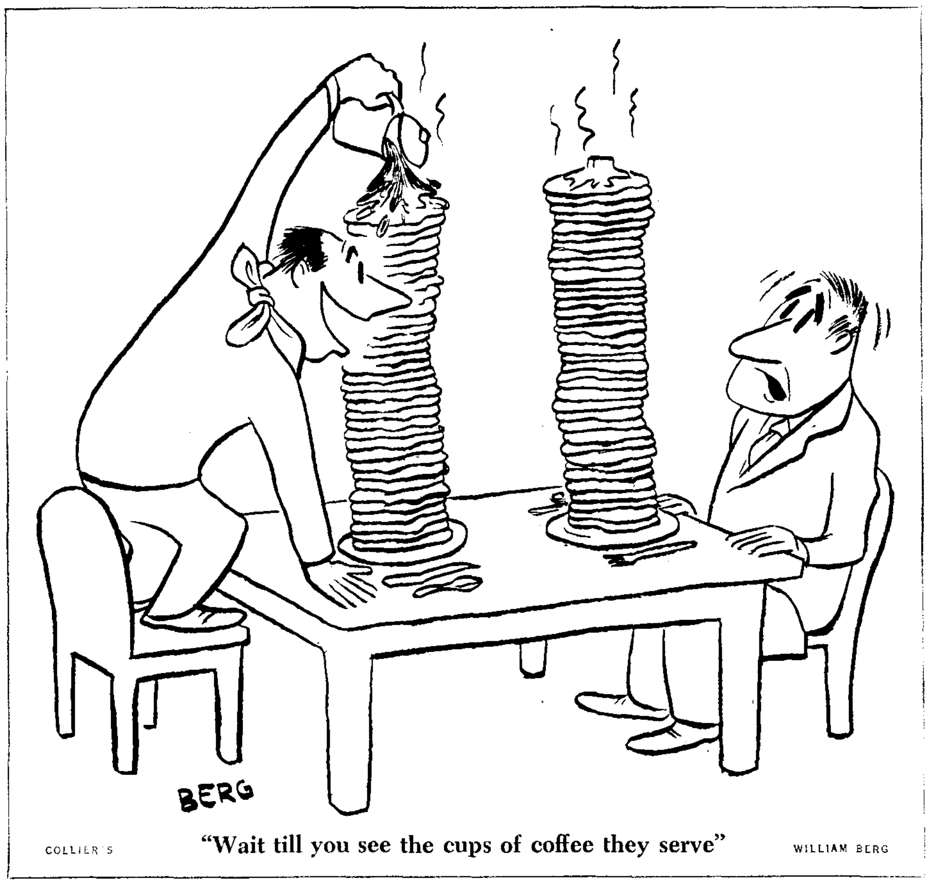
"A lot of people," he says, "don't know whether they are hot or cold until they look at the thermometer. My wife looks at the thermometer, and if it says 65 degrees, she says, 'My, it's cold in here,' and jogs up the thermostat. So I rubbed off the numerals. Now we go by comfort and save fuel."

Cold Can Be Turned On, Too

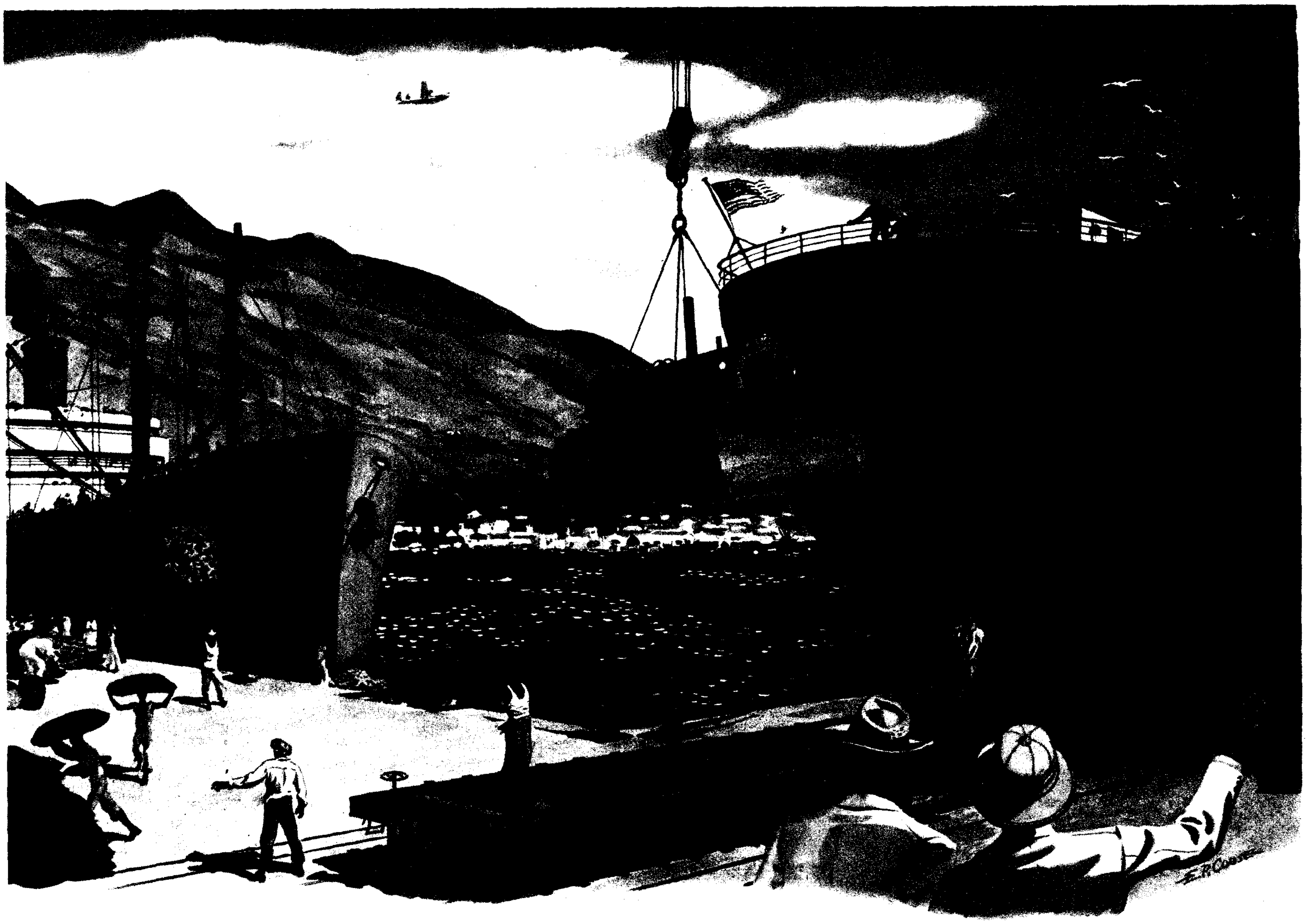
Someday, when it's possible to get a hotel room or an apartment again, you may be able to switch on the cold as well as the heat in the individual unit in your room and adjust it to exactly the temperature you like. The Hotel Statler in Washington is the most recent building to supply such luxury, by a method that its engineers promise is one day going to bring comfort to many of us who work or live in big, multiroom buildings. As yet, they say, it isn't adaptable to house-size buildings.

None of the other manufacturers of air-cooling equipment will make you any promises, either, unless you're willing to pay the price. Their equipment is expensive, and they see no prospects of getting prices down quickly after the war, much as they'd like to make a sale. They make individual room-cooling units that are some consolation. And the same insulation that helps to keep your house warm in winter will help to keep it cool in summer. Add a good summer breeze (there's a prevailing one in your country that you should figure on when you place your windows), and an attic fan that will draw in the cool night air. Then think happily of January and the winter comfort you'll have, just by pushing buttons.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Wait till you see the cups of coffee they serve" WILLIAM BERG



Porto Alegre goes "shopping" in Peoria

Porto Alegre, Brazil, is some 6,000 miles from Peoria, Illinois. Probably few people in either city ever heard of the other. Yet economically, they live close together.

For example, a firm in Porto Alegre needs tractors, bulldozers and other construction machinery. It goes "shopping" for them in the U. S.; Peoria workers build them. Thus, although 1200 miles from the sea, these workers directly benefit from foreign trade.

The more of this trade we can develop in peacetime, the more jobs there will be for American workers.

But foreign trade can't be all one-way traffic. To have good customers we, too, must be a good customer. American housewives need coffee, cocoa, vegetable oils—which Brazil produces in quantity. Through such imports, we further increase Brazil's ability to buy from us. That means *more* orders for farm implements, machine tools, electrical equipment, chemicals—all products of American industry.

It is estimated that by expanding this flow of foreign trade we can create 5,000,000 *new* peacetime jobs. But we can't do it without *ships*. Only through an efficient, American-operated shipping service can we insure dependable delivery of our goods to foreign customers—have ready access to the raw materials we need at home.

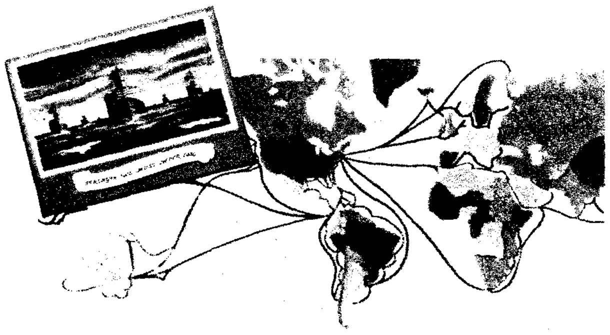
This alone would be reason enough to maintain the fine merchant fleet we have built at such enormous cost. But even more important, two wars have taught us that a powerful Merchant Marine is a safeguard we *must* keep to help maintain lasting peace.

That is why the future of America's Merchant Marine—and the use we make of it—is important to you, important to your children.

J-90557

Westinghouse is proud to be a partner in building America's new Merchant Marine. Westinghouse turbine drives power the new Victory Ships. You'll find Westinghouse electrical and steam equipment on every type of ship on war duty.

Yes, as leading suppliers to the Marine industry, we are directly interested in its future. But beyond that, we consider it the responsibility of every citizen to see that America builds and keeps the finest and strongest Merchant Marine in the world.



THE MERCHANT MARINE NEEDS MEN to serve in our wartime merchant fleet, now carrying vital supplies to battlefronts throughout the world. Apply nearest U. S. Maritime Service enrolling office, or local U. S. Employment Service.

If you would like a copy of the above map, showing world-wide trade routes and including interesting facts about our Merchant Marine, write to Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Dept. 1-NB, P. O. Box 868, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

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The Burning of Manila

Continued from page 21

The plane whipped over the downtown area, only to be driven off by Jap machine-gun fire from the barricaded streets. Lieutenant Gene Gravis, of Cedar Rapids, my pilot, said, "Gosh! The town's deader than Cedar Rapids on a Sunday morning!" It was. But the quiet, ghostlike city was waiting to go up in a gargantuan explosion of destruction—thousands of tons of dynamite and thousands of bombs and thousands of mines.

Two mornings later, downtown Manila was a mass of smoking rubble and twisted steel. Our men were evacuating thousands of screaming, burning civilians and passing hundreds and hundreds of burned and bayoneted and still burning civilians. They reached the Pasig River only to have the bridges explode in their faces.

As one who had lived in old Manila, it was heartbreaking to inch along with one of the fighting outfits into buildings, hotels, offices, banks and homes in which you had stood freely and happily, meeting your friends, dining under slowly revolving fans. Today these places are either razed to the ground or they are so gutted by fire and so completely looted by the Japs that nothing but shattered memories and desolation remain. We saw Japanese reprint books (one by John Dos Passos, who was at my elbow, as we found it, charred around the fringes) torn dinner jackets, family portraits slashed by knives, bottles of Scotch, cans of coffee and beans strewn across the apartment house. While G.I.s searched for a hidden automatic-weapon position, I pushed open a door, only to be frightened flat on my face on the floor. There, propped up in bed, on second glance, I saw a Jap soldier, dead—an automatic weapon across his lap, a hot-water bottle behind his head. A shell had burst against his window an hour or so before and had taken care of him.

In the midst of the holocaust came the news of the American carrier strike on Tokyo—"Twelve Hundred Planes Over Tokyo!" The words spread around Manila faster than sniper fire. People who a few moments before had been weeping over the bayonet-torn bodies of friends or relatives, were on their feet cheering—waving clenched fists in the direction of the Jap lines. And the cry went up in burning Manila: "Burn Tokyo! Burn Tokyo!"

As the Filipinos began to understand the incredible inhumanity of the Jap, they retaliated. Weeping, hysterical, raging-mad Filipinos would find a lone Jap soldier hiding, or would spot Japs dressed in Chinese clothes trying to mingle with the crowds, and soon nothing much was left of these Japs.

Major General Basilio Valdes, Philippine Army Chief of Staff, put into words what other Filipinos want the world to know: "The Japanese in this fanatical destruction of a civilized city and their merciless and obviously joyful elimination of helpless civilians have forfeited any right to exist as a nation."

Shocked to Speechlessness

The highest-ranking American officers, including General MacArthur himself, have been moved to tears at what they have seen. MacArthur was speechless after his first visit across the river into the devastated, bayoneted region of Manila. He returned to his headquarters and spent several hours alone.

President Osmeña said: "The human side of the Battle for Manila will be written into Filipino and American tradition and taught to the children of our nations for generations—the terrible story of the first suicide defense for a city in the Orient. They would do the same to the American cities back in the United States if only they could reach that far."

In the battle for Manila, it is clearer than in any previous jungle warfare that we are fighting a people with medieval superstitions, hopped-up racial peculiarities that express themselves in moods and methods and mental reactions to modern fighting machines and operations, that puzzle our best generals. Some of our officers have said that: "Actually, there is nothing so puzzling about the Jap except that he is fighting from an Oriental pre-Christian mental base. He is medieval in his fighting. He is no soldier. We moderns don't understand."

From the end of the first week of fighting on the north bank of the Pasig River after the burned-out buildings cooled down, our men climbed broken stairs, hoisted themselves up on twisted girders to the height of seven to ten stories in these shell-blasted office buildings directly across from the old walled city—the once beautiful post office, the municipal building, and the majestic legislative building, all set in a great park, something like a miniature Washington, D. C.

The low-lying city spread out below. On the right, out in Manila Bay, you could see the hump of Corregidor where paratroops were fighting, the radio towers at Cavite Naval Yard and on across to the blue inner harbor where at least 35 Jap ships are sunk in shallow water, their hulls and masts at crazy angles. One is a heavy cruiser, another is a destroyer, doubtless hit on the Halsey carrier strikes.

Demolition of a City

Directly in front and only 200 yards away is the historic walled city of Intramuros, built by the Spanish Conquistadores in the sixteenth century, attacked by the wild Mohammedan Moro tribes, fought for, breached, looted and burned by General Draper, the British officer in charge of the British East India Company's expanding force in 1762, and finally taken by Dewey's forces toward the end of the nineteenth century. But it is no longer the Walled City around which ran the park and the filled-in moat that was a golf course. It is no longer the Walled City of dirty, narrow, smelly streets with their thousands of shops and back alleys where everything Oriental and everything Occidental could be found.

Thieves and pirates sold their wares here for hundreds of years. The old Spanish patios with their dainty marble fountains, the ancient Saint Augustine church, the foundation for which was laid in 1571—all of this we saw being plastered 200 yards away by Jap demolition and American 8-inch artillery explosions. The golf course was a pillboxed, mine-strewn, trench-cut ribbon of green which we saw over a period of five days burned brown by fire and plowed up by artillery.

There was no other way but to complete the wreckage the Japs had begun. They held the thousands of residents of the Walled City as hostages. Perhaps our commanders should have realized earlier that total destruction was the only way, but every effort was made to save the city and its people. The climax came one day as war correspondents watched from the top of one of these buildings and could see the Japs ten stories below crouching behind walls—blue-uniformed marines shifting machine guns and 20-millimeter guns and mortars. The reporters could see the American positions and G.I.s behind the buildings back of the post office in the botanical gardens. They were being hit by the Japs in front of us, and the Japs were being hit, too.

Battle Rages in Close Quarters

The war field lay in an area a mile long by three quarters of a mile wide. Our own shells whirred over the top of the building from which the reporters watched, and whistled close past the windows on their way down to the Japs. These shells burst with shattering concussions, spreading flame and debris that reached up into the side of the building. The correspondents could see groups of ten to twenty Japs disappear in small pieces under a direct hit. The heavy stone Spanish wall, twenty feet wide at the top and forty feet broad at the base, took six days of constant shelling before it was first breached, and then the rubble was stacked up so high that to cross it in a tank was impossible.

When the British East India fleet attacked this same walled city 183 years ago, it took 30 men-of-war more than a week of close-up cannonading to force an entry. It took MacArthur sixty rounds of eight-inch shells to punch an opening twenty feet wide through the same wall.

Those of us who had lived in Manila before the war winced when Lieutenant Colonel Wilbur Fricke of Indianapolis ordered his 136th Artillery to shell the Manila Hotel, a Far East landmark for forty years. It was like smashing the Waldorf-Astoria in New York or the St. Francis in San Francisco. There it stood, its two red cupola towers across the river, half a mile away. There was MacArthur's old penthouse apartment. Beneath was the palm lobby and the once air-conditioned dining room where presidential parties and visiting American and Oriental dignitaries had dined for years.

The Japs were throwing furniture out of the windows. It looked as though they were hoisting boxes of ammunition up. Colonel Fricke could take no chances that the upper stories of the Manila Hotel might be used as gun emplacements—as had been done in the Bay View and the Army and Navy Club only

(Continued on page 44)

Booby Prizes or Virtue Is Its Own Reward

THE FINDER	THE FIND	THE REWARD
Janitor, North Wilbraham, Mass.	$14,000	Handshake
Workman, New York	$3,300	Kiss
Messenger boy, Santa Rosa, Calif.	$2,000	A nickel
Two boys, Antioch, Calif.	$6,000	A dime
Clerk, Chicago	$1,438	$1.25
Postal clerk, Washington	$600,000	$5.00

—**W. E. Farbstein**

Finish the Fight—with War Bonds

Wing strength for a Superfortress

That gleaming mass of metal, rugged and thick as a railroad rail, is a lower rear spar chord, one of the vital structural members of a Boeing Superfortress wing. When the photograph was taken it was being shaped on a huge milling machine in Boeing's Wichita plant. Today it's flying over Tokyo.

The design and construction of the wing – utilizing the Boeing "117" airfoil – is one of the factors that make B-29 performance possible. Without it, those long-range missions, at fighter-plane speed, with immense bomb-loads, would still be in the realm of wishful thinking.

Engineers of the Boeing Aerodynamics Unit developed the wing and proved the remarkable qualities of its airfoil in wind tunnel tests. Building the necessary tremendous strength into the wing structure was the next step, and heavy chords were designed for the main spars. Weighing 255 pounds when machined, this chord of aluminum alloy, pictured above, is the largest extruded part ever used in a production airplane.

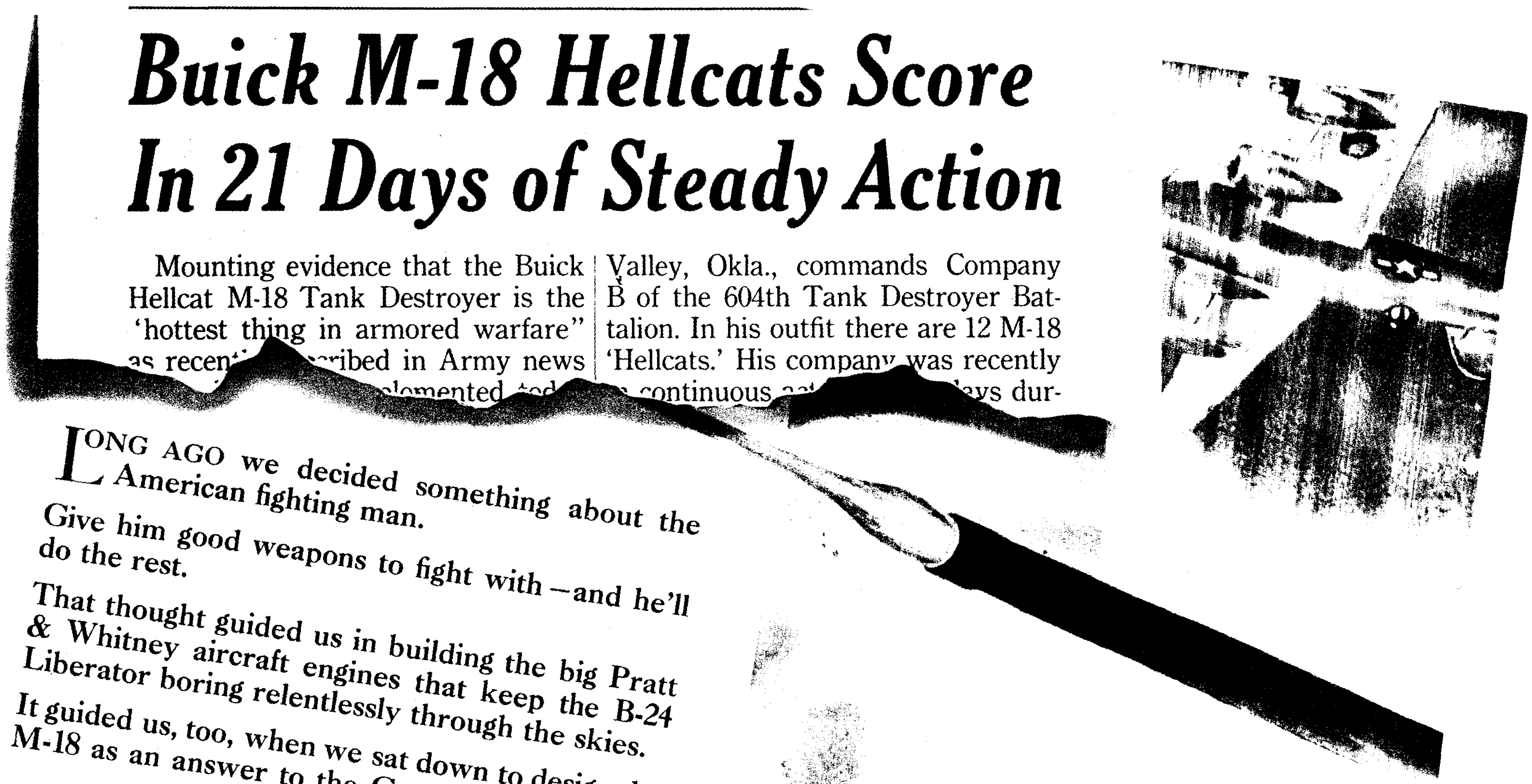
In the systematic bombing of Japan, the B-29's superior aerodynamic design and sturdy construction have helped the stout-hearted men of the 20th Air Force to bring many a crippled Superfortress back to base, even though severely damaged over the target by flak or fighter opposition.

To the task of building warplanes worthy of the skill and high courage of American airmen, all Boeing's abilities are dedicated today.

In a future time of peace, Boeing products will continue to be soundly and honestly designed, engineered and manufactured. Tomorrow, as today, you can know of any airplane . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's built to lead.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



Buick M-18 Hellcats Score In 21 Days of Steady Action

Mounting evidence that the Buick Hellcat M-18 Tank Destroyer is the 'hottest thing in armored warfare'' as recen ribed in Army news plemented ted

Valley, Okla., commands Company B of the 604th Tank Destroyer Battalion. In his outfit there are 12 M-18 'Hellcats.' His company was recently continuous a ays dur-

LONG AGO we decided something about the American fighting man.

Give him good weapons to fight with—and he'll do the rest.

That thought guided us in building the big Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines that keep the B-24 Liberator boring relentlessly through the skies.

It guided us, too, when we sat down to design the M-18 as an answer to the German Tiger Tank.

Shortly after the break-through out of Normandy, stories began to trickle back about what the Tank Destroyer Battalions were doing with this lightning-paced slugger.

Typical of these exploits is the tale of a single battalion—12 Hellcats—that spent 21 days in continuous action. Score: four Tigers, two Mark IV's, four armored vehicles knocked out—and hundreds of enemy troops killed, wounded or captured!

It seems that the men like to keep busy—especially with the Hellcat. For in all this action only two M-18's were damaged—neither beyond repair—and the crews suffered only minor injuries.

That's what Buick men and Ordnance officers were after when they joined hands to perfect the M-18.

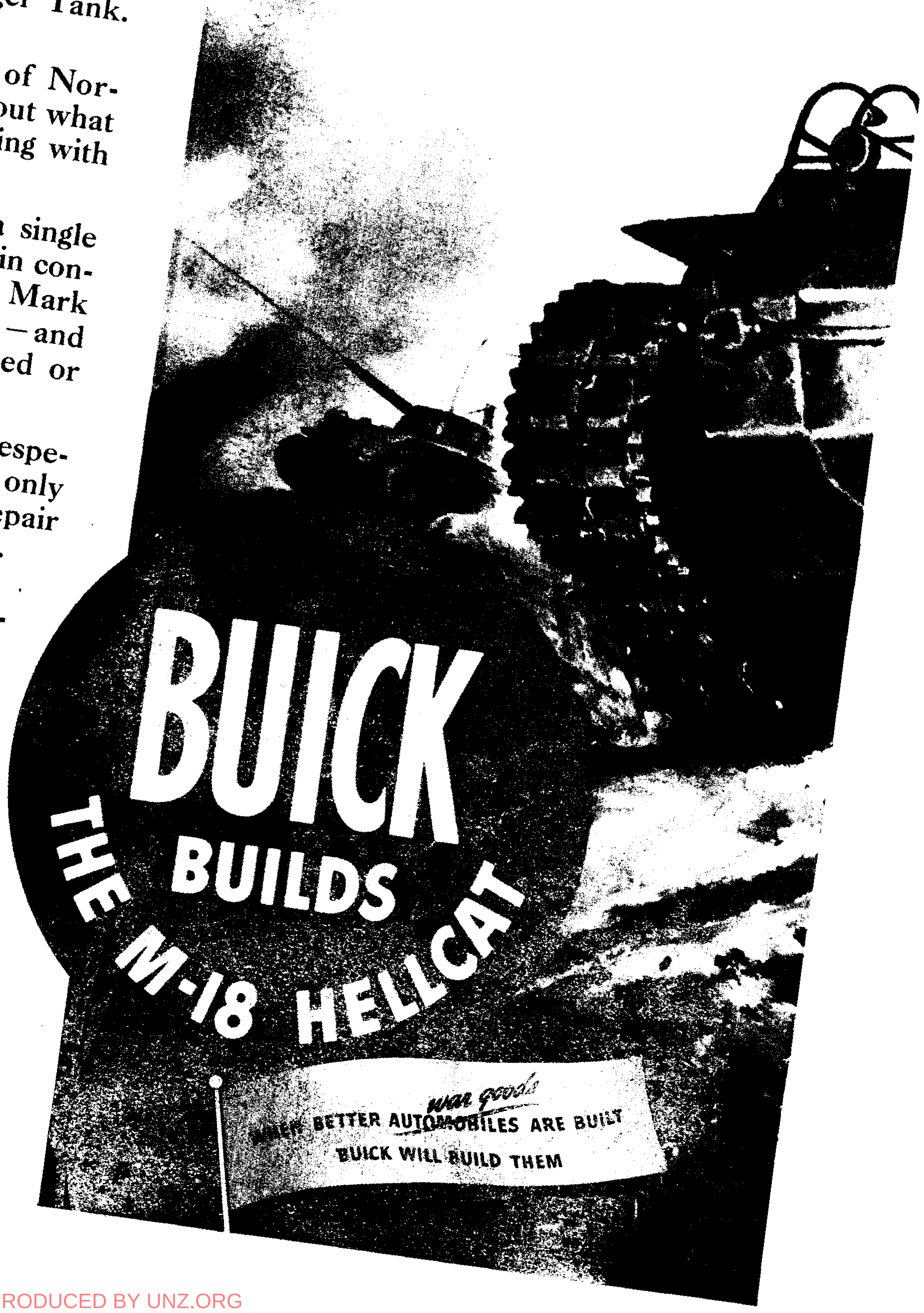
They gave it hitting power—in a high-velocity 76 mm. cannon. They gave it traction to go anywhere and speed to outrace any other land vehicle.

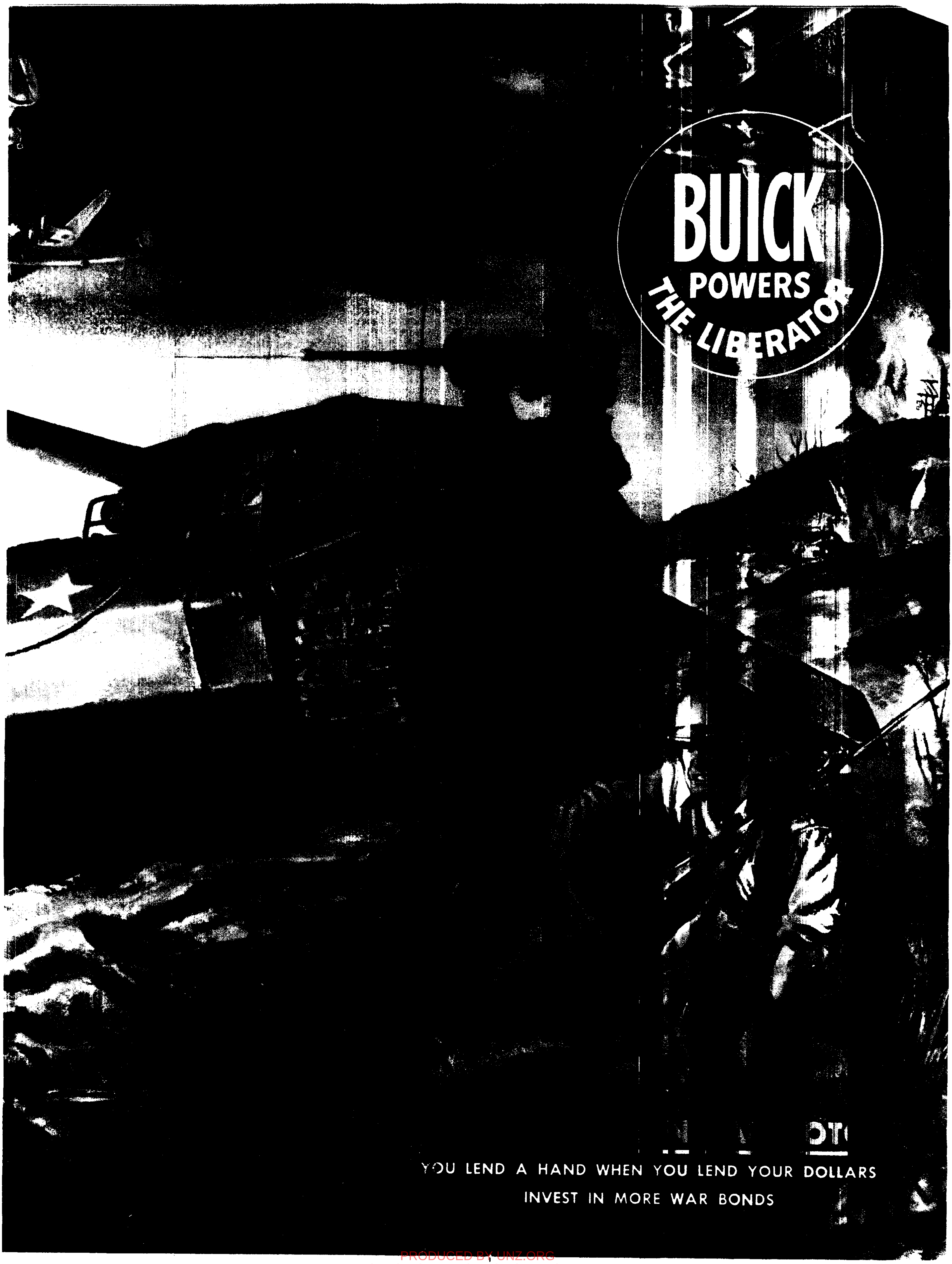
It now appears they also gave it ability to take care of itself.

And given tools like that, you can count on the boys who use them to do the job!

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC *Network*

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants.




BUICK
POWERS
THE LIBERATOR
YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS
INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS

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EBERHARD FABER MADE IN U.S.A.

Brilliant Color with a MONGOL Point to it

Yes . . . your pencil-sharpener puts sharp, firm points on your MONGOL Colored Pencils every time. Your Stationer will tell you why, and give you facts on the time and effort you can save.

Singly, or in quantity, in any of 24 brilliant colors —or sets of 12 or 24 colors.

The only colored pencil made in two shapes and three degrees of hardness

EBERHARD FABER USA 6580

EBERHARD FABER
Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

The Burning of Manila

Continued from page 40

a few blocks away. As the shelling began, a fire burst out of the opposite side of the hotel. Then ninety rounds of 155-millimeter shells went into the old Manila Hotel. It blazed for hours and is now gutted and ruined, although the shell still stands. Shortly after this, the First Cavalry forces fought their way into the old palm lobby and up to the MacArthur apartment, or what was left of it, floor by floor and room by room.

The taking of the old Walled City was just as agonizingly slow and just as heartbreaking as the taking of the hotel. There were thousands of Filipino civilians inside when the fighting began. Many escaped, but perhaps seven to ten thousand remained. After the Japs holed up, they herded men, women and children into the churches and larger buildings to "give them protection" and then threw gasoline and torches into the men's sections, burning several thousand of them alive.

One man escaped by jumping out of a window after climbing on the backs of his burning companions. He was shot at by the Jap guards as he fell from the window but managed to wriggle through the debris and tall grass to the river. He fell unconscious, but late at night woke up and paddled across the river on a board, where American soldiers patched his wounds and sent him to the home of a friend.

The barbarous story this man told angered Major General Griswold, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, and Griswold sent an ultimatum to the Jap commander inside the Walled City. It was sent "in the clear" in the Jap equivalent of Morse code. That the Jap received it appeared substantiated when a Jap operator told another Jap that he was busy and to get off the air, he would call him back.

The ultimatum read: "Your situation is hopeless. Defeat is inevitable. I offer you an honorable surrender. If you accept, raise a large Filipino flag over the Red Cross flag you are now flying and send an unarmed emissary with a white flag to our lines. This must be done within four hours or I am coming in. In the event you don't accept, I exhort you, that, in the spirit of Japanese Bushido and in the spirit of the samurai sword, you permit all civilians to evacuate Intramuros by the Victoria Gate without delay."

There was no answer. The only result was the running up of a larger Red Cross flag.

Civilians Used as Screen

In the evening, as the shelling and attack continued, we could see Filipino and Chinese civilians walking through the ruins. We saw one group of three Chinese women and a child who wore a Jap helmet. It was clear that these people were forced to walk within sight of the Americans to prevent drawing fire while the Japs slipped to water points or moved their weapons. The decision not to dive-bomb Intramuros came after a long Marine, Army and Navy discussion over saving Filipino lives as contrasted with Army expendables.

Military men point out that the Japs pulled off one of the most tenacious demolition defenses of any war in an area of twenty city blocks. For example, at the Manila Power Plant on Provisor Island, we watched a three-day battle between ninety Japs and sixty Americans. The doughboys fought from panel to panel, from door to door, from inside and outside boilers, around turbines and from the rafters. It was a nerve-shattering battle, with the enemy ten or twenty feet away.

It began at dawn. Our men were a few hundred yards along the muddy Pasig River, which cuts Manila in two. The Japs were three hundred feet across the river. You could hear them shout orders between bursts of machine-gun fire.

Suddenly, smokepots began to burble their vapor, and G.I. engineers appeared from a broken warehouse behind us, carrying small wooden rowboats—the lightweight but heavy-duty pontoon-bridge boats over which the engineers lay tracks strong enough to carry heavy trucks and troops. They weren't trying to build a bridge, however.

The 129th Regiment was sending a small patrol in these boats to Provisor Island, in midstream, to see what could be salvaged of the city power plant. When the smoke was thick enough, the first wave shoved off and paddled into the mist. They waited breathlessly for the Jap firing to begin. Nothing happened for five minutes. They should be across. The second wave of six boats filled up.

"Okay," called the green-suited lieutenant in the lead boat. "I'll fire three bursts when we get across."

Not many of his men got over. The Japs on the little power-plant island were surprised the first time but were ready for the second wave. A change in the breeze blew the smoke away, and Jap shore fire from above and below the island sank most of the second wave.

For three days the Yanks who got there in the first wave fought it out with the Japs inside the thick walls of the power plant. There was no escape for either outfit, and any man who put his head outside the power plant was shot at by both Americans and Japs from either side of the river. This was kill or be killed. Food was short and there was no water. There was no outlasting the enemy. He had to be dug out.

Pairing Off for the Finish

The Americans paired off. They wriggled between great pieces of dynamited and shell-blasted walls and machinery. The Japs, instead of holing up in one section of the power plant, dispersed. They set up their .50-caliber machine guns inside boilers and tied them to twisted rafters in the dark corners of the battered roof. They planted mines at night or strung wire with electric hand detonators. They sniped and they were accurate. The Americans could hear them shifting position at night. There would be a few red bursts of fire. Before the Nips could return the fire, the G.I.s would change their positions. Eyes pierced the darkness for the flash of Jap guns. Since much of the fighting was done at night, no one got any sleep.

During the day an American trick that constantly worked was the old one of holding up a helmet outside an office or dynamo-room door. The Japs were getting jittery. They fired at anything. The Yanks tossed grenades and used bazookas.

The Japs called out, "Hey, Joe, I'm over here," hoping the echo would fool the Americans to move into the open. Actually, inch by inch, foot by foot, these Americans combed every hole, every fallen timber, and lifted and searched under every strip of galvanized-iron roofing, ducking, dodging, throwing back unexploded Jap grenades, patching wounds, swearing softly—since conversation would draw fire from the Japs five, ten, twenty feet away.

Nightmare Among Termites

"It was the damnedest three-day nightmare I ever had," one G.I. told me afterward. "We had to take the chances. We had to come out in the open. The Nips were like termites in the woodwork. They'd have sat in those culverts and those boilers and behind those dynamos till they starved. We couldn't wait for that. So we just went in after 'em." And that's what they did.

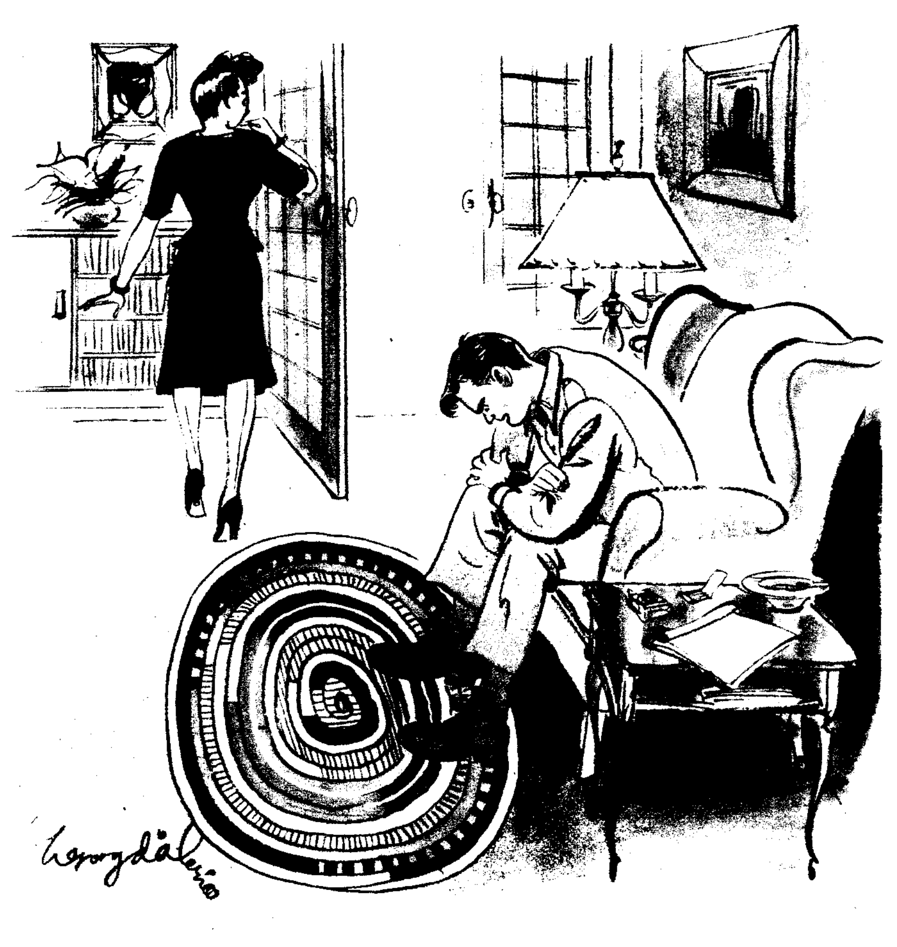
Most of our men sustained some kind of wound, and I saw plenty of helmets—including a number of American ones—with holes clear through them. But at the end of three days there wasn't a Jap left alive on Provisor Island—except a few the boys thought perhaps they might have sealed up some in a storage vault with a dynamite blast.

And while these sixty G.I.s were taking the power plant, other sixties and fifties and twenties were wriggling up mined streets, into burning Filipino homes or dropping hot grenades into deep Jap street-corner pillboxes. It was like this every minute of every day.

The battle for Manila broke the back of Jap resistance in the Philippines but at heavy cost. The city will have to be rebuilt with American money, either private or on loans backed by the U.S. government. Engineers say it will take more than a year of heavy work to do it.

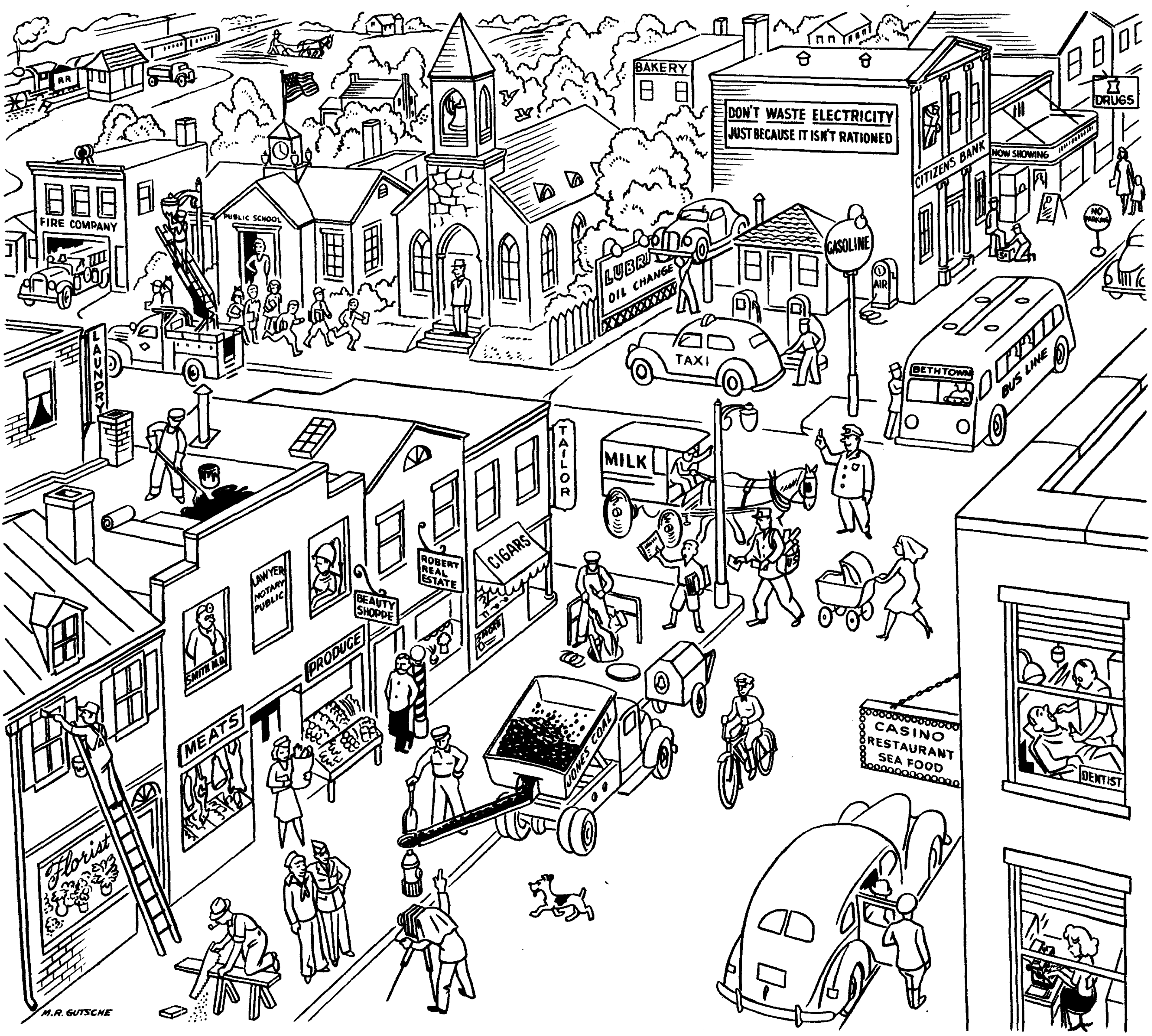
THE END

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Hmm—I can make out four of my ties, two sport shirts, and a pair of pajamas . . ."

COLLIER'S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DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY
JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED
CITIZENS BANK
NOW SHOWING
DRUGS
NO PARKING
GASOLINE
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TAILOR
MILK
CIGARS
ROBERT REAL ESTATE
BEAUTY SHOPPE
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PRODUCE
MEATS
Florist
JONES COAL
CASINO
RESTAURANT
SEA FOOD
DENTIST
M.R. GUTSCHE

How many occupations in this picture?

There are no tricks—no hidden faces. Just see how many ordinary, every-day occupations you can find. Count 'em before you check the answer in the tiny type below.*

Whatever the number, it's a pretty safe bet that *all* these occupations—and many more—are represented among the folks who own your local electric light and power company.

Housewives and farmers lead the stockholder lists of most such companies. But there are plenty of nurses and doctors, teachers and mechanics, secretaries and salesmen, too.

There are several million of these *direct* owners—and you may be among them.

Certainly you are included among the *indirect* owners, if you have a savings account or life insurance policy. When you make a deposit or pay a premium, the money isn't just stuffed in a strong-box and left there. It's put to work earning a profit for *you*—a profit called "interest."

Banks and insurance companies invest your money carefully. They put a large proportion of it into electric light and power securities—because these companies have proved their basic soundness over the years by dependable service and good *business* management.

So the electric industry is probably the most widely owned industry in America. Almost every American has a stake in it. *And what helps the industry helps you.*

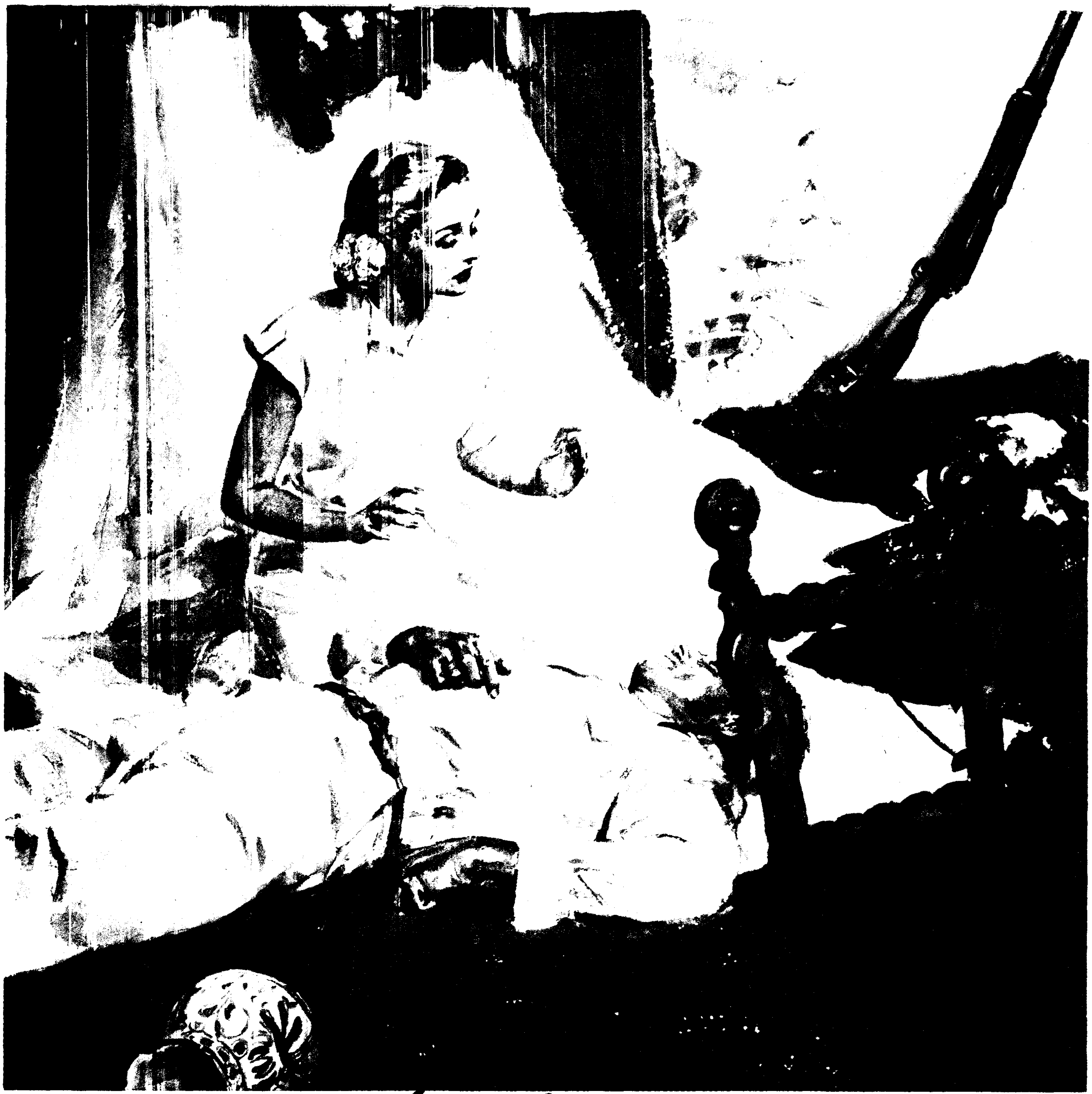
167 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★Names on request from this magazine.

**The artist—who ought to know—says there are 45.*

• HEAR *NELSON EDDY* IN *"THE ELECTRIC HOUR,"* WITH ROBERT ARMBRUSTER'S ORCHESTRA. EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 4:30, EWT, CBS NETWORK



Mathilda sat down on the floor beside her husband. She leaned over and looked fearfully into his drawn face. "Miguel," she whispered. "Miguel, why do you doubt me?" And tears fell down her face

ONLY *yesterday*

BY NANCY POPE

He was a Latin, and she was a Yankee. A clash of temperaments was inevitable—until they were forced to fight a conflict far greater than their own

HIS family had come to apologize. Not in so many words, of course, for they were a proud, stiff-backed lot, not given to admitting that they made mistakes. Roberto, his older brother, was responsible for their being there. From his mother, never reconciled, from Victoria, his older sister, scornful and aristocratic, from Arturo, his younger brother, who admired Victoria and copied her faithfully, Miguel would never have expected any voluntary overture of friendliness.

Nor, as a matter of fact, would he expect anything more from them than this visit. But it was enough. He was satisfied, realizing as he did what a concession it was on their part.

The conversation had been lively enough and friendly; and until Mathilda, his wife, had gone inside, had been in English. With her leaving, they dropped back with a sigh into Spanish, and there was a change in the atmosphere, more than just a change of tongue. Miguel was not surprised. Nevertheless, it must have touched his feelings, for such a pain shot through his still bandaged head that he leaned back against the wheelchair, faint and sick.

It was almost as if he had called her, Mathilda reappeared so quickly, and, looking anxiously into his white face, said to the others in her atrocious Spanish, which none of them could ever forgive her, "You will excuse us, please. Miguel is tired."

She wheeled him away.

Through his white lips Miguel chuckled, thinking of his outraged family left outside in the *corridor*. "Tildita," he said, "always so right and so uncompromising."

"You know my ways," she said crisply.

Miguel still smiled. Yes, indeed he knew her ways. For three years he had been learning her cold, unbending, Yankee ways. They had almost discouraged him, her ways and his family. But yesterday, only yesterday, he knew her heart. He had found it—warm

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

"No wonder I'm a Best Seller!"
G-E LAMP RESEARCH
GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

1923

Here's what you got back in 1923 . . . *one* 60-watt G-E Mazda lamp for 40¢. Good value, too!

1945

Now see what G-E lamp research gives you! *Four* G-E 60-watt bulbs (not one) for 40¢*! And each is 56% brighter!

**plus taxes, of course*

NO wonder, indeed! For General Electric Lamp Research has helped reduce the cost of a G-E 60-watt bulb to 10c—*one-fourth its cost in 1923!* And has increased the light it gives you by 56%! That's six times more value for you! What's more, during this same period, electric service companies have sharply reduced the cost of electric current to give you still more for your money. But this is only part of the story. This improvement in the 60-watt lamp is typical of the developments which G-E lamp research has been making for over sixty years, to bring you more and more light for less and less cost. And always it is guided by this aim: To make G-E lamps . . . *Stay Brighter Longer*

G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD THEM

Hear the G-E radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10:00 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS; "The G-E Houseparty," Monday through Friday 4:00 p. m. EWT, CBS.

SOUND YOUR Z

...and Expect Something Special

with PENNZOIL

Even after all these war years, you can still expect Pennzoil motor oil to do something special for your car. Perhaps keep it going until that postwar car finally takes its place. Or stretch those gas coupons. Or even delay or prevent an impending breakdown due to oil failure.

Pennzoil is the Pennsylvania oil especially refined to resist sludge and varnish. It helps keep vital parts clean so your engine runs freer, smoother.

To be sure you are not misunderstood when you ask for Pennzoil, just sound the Z plain where you see the yellow oval sign.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Safe Lubrication

Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign

KEEP YOUR BONDS NOW—THEY'LL KEEP YOU LATER!

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PENNZOIL* GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

ditching. One of the best of such transoceanic devices is accessibility to engines in flight. The Boeing flying boats have such accessibility and there have been many cases where engine repairs were made in the air, which enabled the big ships to keep flying. In tomorrow's land-plane airliners, provision will be made for the mechanics to crawl into the wing, thence into the engine nacelles and make repairs; and to get at the landing gear in flight, should it refuse to come down at landing time. This innovation will spare many a belly landing and its resultant damage to the engines and propellers.

In postwar transoceanic flying, you shouldn't be afraid of ditching when you realize that more than 6,000 members of the Royal Air Force have been saved from a watery grave and that 3,000 Americans are alive today as the result of the rubber life raft and the thoroughly proved procedure of escaping from a forced landing on the water. In Great Britain they have a Goldfish Club, sponsored by Messrs. P. B. Cow, Ltd., makers of the standard RAF life rafts, and over here we have the Sea Squatters Club, just formed by Walter Kidde & Company of New York, and Belleville, New Jersey, manufacturers of the carbon dioxide inflation equipment of the life rafts and Mae Wests.

Most famous member of the American club is Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Air Lines, who floated for twenty-one days in the Pacific in 1942 when his Army plane had to be ditched. Many Americans are members of the British Goldfish Club and the American Sea Squatters, too, so the exact total of lives saved is not known. But the fact that it is in the thousands is sufficiently convincing that the refinements made in the equipment and technique will enable the cross section of future world air travelers to come back should disaster ever overtake their aircraft.

MEMO to naval aviators, plane-identification students and healthy twelve-year-old boys who have written in or are preparing to do so: Yes, we *do* know the difference between a Hellcat and an Avenger. The picture used at the top of Mr. Quentin Reynolds' fine story in the February 24th issue was an Avenger, not a Hellcat, as the caption stated. Our picture experts now know the difference, too.

THE END

Only Yesterday

Continued from page 46

and small and closed in tightly like the New England farmhouse where she had spent the snowy winters of her childhood—but he had found it. That discovery had been worth three years of hoping, not only for itself, a little bit of life pushing through the snow, but mostly for the promise of spring it gave.

Her background was schoolteaching. There had been a Kenney teaching school in Maine ever since Pemaquid Point colony, and Mathilda had the stern, fine features that reflect the purity of the Kenney family. At the same time she was pretty. Her hair was the color of sunlight and curled softly about her face. Her eyes were large and very blue and shy. But they could flash on occasion with the righteous anger of a Puritan, and on those occasions her little nose would be pinched and her lips drawn into a line so thin as to be barely perceptible. There was no fear in her, certainly not the fear of evil. It seemed there was no compromise, either.

OH, ONE can well imagine how Miguel Castillo was fascinated by her—her fine, light hair; her cool, slightly distant manner; her fragile little body, which was not fragile at all, but of finest steel. She was a new experience to this dark and hot young Spaniard from the tropics.

They met at the University of Southern California in early summer. It was one of their classmates who, with the eager, heedless cruelty of the sportsman, introduced them—the quiet, controlled little New Englander with her brittle sense of right and wrong, and Miguel Castillo, handsome, debonair, Latin free-thinker. And there they stood, face to face, bearing the beautiful bright shields of their affections as yet unscratched.

Miguel wooed her desperately, convinced, and with reason, that if he once let her go back to her native Maine, he had lost her forever. His selling point was that it was all preordained.

"For why else did you come way out here, Tildita?"

To study under Dr. Bannermark, whose books she had read, she told him with prim matter-of-factness. He laughed, delighted. Everything she said delighted him.

"No, no! Dr. Bannermark! That was only the immediate excuse. Listen, Tildita,"—his dark eyes were compelling—"in the beginning God threw a handful of oranges in the air and cleft them with his sword. Since then men and women have wandered the earth over searching for the other halves of their oranges. Not all are as lucky as we."

She smiled frostily, but a light flush stained her throat and cheeks as he lifted her hand to his ardent lips. And be the reason what it may, orange or Dr. Bannermark, the fact remained that she married him, much to the surprise of all their friends. And he took her home to a town, with the odd, throaty name of Matagalpa, much to the astonishment of the Castillo family—a hidebound, colonial family like her own. . . .

The rains were late that year when they disembarked at the port of Corinto, the fields brown and thirsty. They rode the greater part of that first day inland to the old city of Leon on a hard day-coach seat through the hottest, driest, most tired country Mathilda had ever seen. Poor Miguel, who knew both the vividness of California and the gentle greenness of New England, suffered for her.

"Tomorrow, *amor,*" he tried to reassure her, "tomorrow it will be different. When we start up into the hills."

"I don't mind it," she answered, and smiled her cool little smile.

Indeed, when they came into the shaded patio of their hotel in Leon where hissing sprinklers were keeping everything wet and cool, she was less tired than he.

The Castillo family owned a house in Leon, but since they were going on immediately to their hacienda in Matagalpa, it had not seemed worth while to bring servants to town to open it for them. Miguel was eager to get home with his bride, eager also to get her out of the hot lowlands into the cool, green hills, to dissipate with their coolness and their greenness her first dismayed impression.

WHAT Miguel did not realize was that the burnt bleakness of the region did not dismay Mathilda. The country's oddness, smoking volcanoes, brown, barefoot Indians who stepped humbly off the roads for them to pass, great-wheeled, slow oxcarts, all this she was prepared for. There was a stern dryness in her soul that sympathized. It was the savage beauty which she saw on the morrow that gave her her first secret misgivings. When they began their trip to Matagalpa in a hired automobile, when they started to climb, the country changed. There was vegetation so green and live and thick as to be frightening; and bright birds with loud, insistent voices—a shouting, uncontrolled vigor. Life had no right to be so indecently alive, she thought indignantly, and for the first time she felt her New England roots torn from their rocky soil.

Miguel vaguely sensed the doubt in her,

WANTED by your dog...The Food that nourishes *EVERY INCH* of him!

EYES
Bright
JAWS
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Thick and tough
CHEST
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JUST ADD WATER AND FEED
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For his Happiness and Health, feed him GAINES

● Don't think for one single minute that a little fence will hold your dog back when he gets a sniff of GAINES DOG MEAL! There's MEAT MEAL in it—plenty of it—the meat meal that dogs just love. And there are vegetables, milk nutrients, cereals, minerals, vitamins—every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need.

All you need do is to mix GAINES MEAL with water. Or you, who know your own dog's particular likes and dislikes so well, may wish to mix GAINES MEAL with gravy, milk, or soup. That's perfectly fine if you want to—but GAINES mixed with water alone gives your dog a tasty dinner that nourishes him completely.

GAINES is the dog food that for over 15 years has been the trusted stand-by of big kennels whose *business* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well. It's a meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.

Lucky Dog!

...all this nourishment in EVERY POUND OF GAINES

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As much energy-making *carbohydrates* as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

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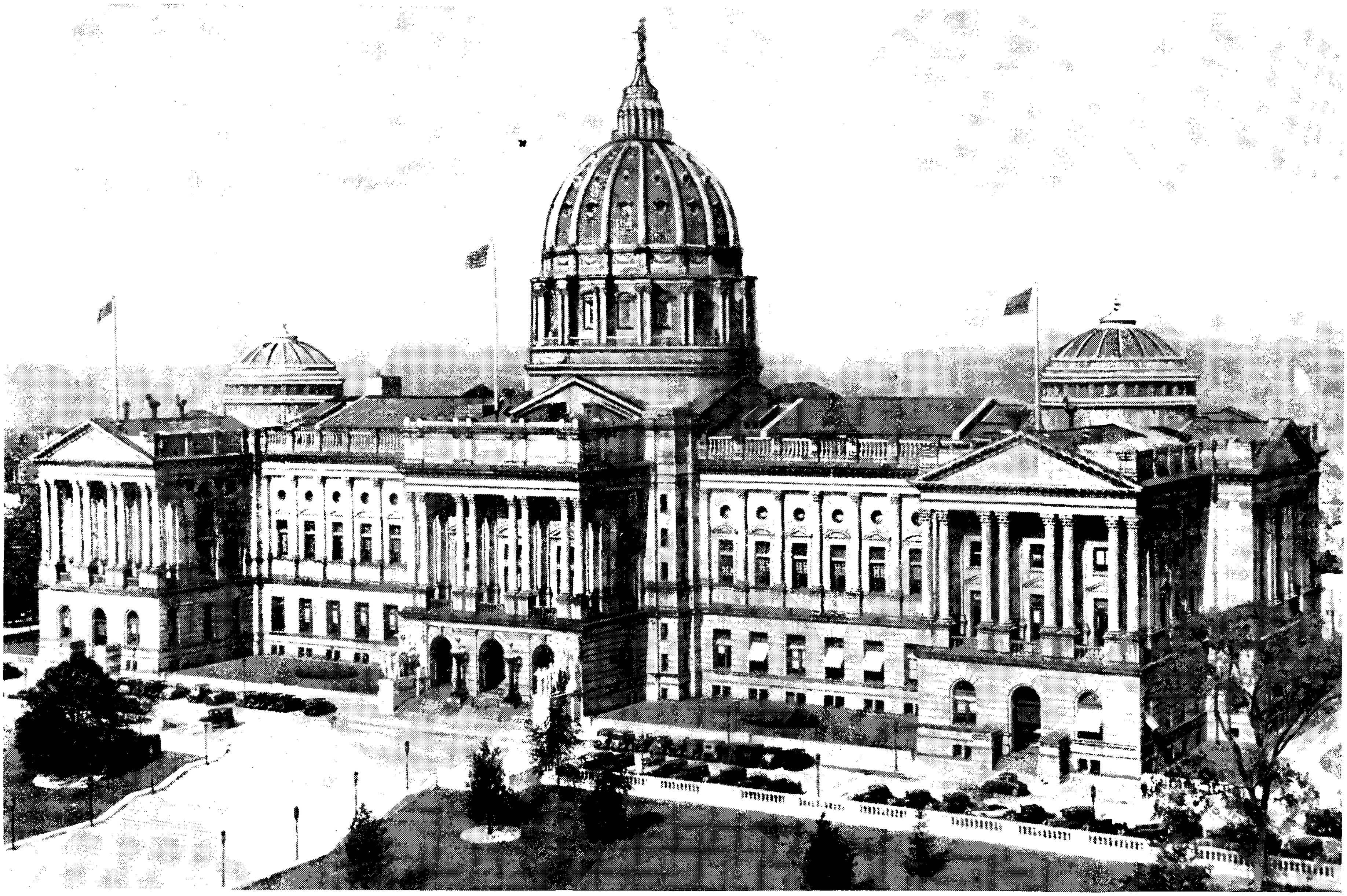

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and, putting his arm around her shoulders, drew her close.

"You will like my family, Tildita. And they, when they know you, will love you."

"I'll be pleased to meet them, too," she said crisply.

But, of course, he was wrong about his family. They neither understood nor liked Mathilda. And with her arrival in Matagalpa began a subtle, undercover conflict which was to go on for many months, which came very near to wrecking this marriage anticipated by God when he threw his handful of oranges into the air.

"Do you suppose she's a Christian?" Miguel's mother asked the other members of the family, pretending to be horrified.

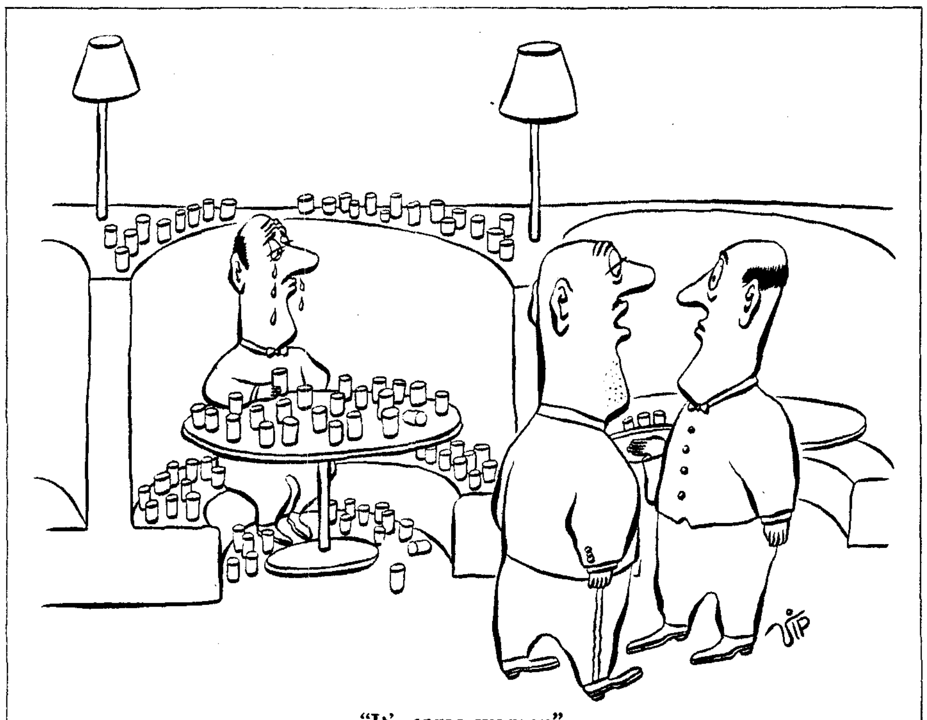
Victoria's mobile, aristocratic mouth curled into a scornful smile. "Do you suppose she's human? Flesh and blood?"

"Or just New England ice?" asked Arturo laughing.

Roberto would not join them in their fun-poking. He loved Miguel too dearly. He had known many Yankee girls who were human, he said, but this one— He shook his head sadly.

Mathilda's concession to the tropics was a cool white costume, somewhat severe, but which nevertheless set off her delicate blondness charmingly. From early morning till nightfall, she moved conscientiously about her house, overseeing. The old Spanish house, which once boasted a ghost in its musty rooms, began to smell faintly of camphor, and lavender used in the sheets and blankets, and of the lilac talcum she used. There were no dark, neglected corners any more where a poor ghost might make himself comfortable.

She was teaching her "hired girls" to speak English, and never failed to be slightly annoyed when almost every lesson broke up in gales of Spanish laughter. We should not be frivolous about learning, she told them. She studied Spanish assiduously. Her grammar was correct, her pronunciation atrocious. Never, never was she able to put aside the incisiveness of her native speech long enough to roll an R.



COLLIER'S "It's some woman" VIRGIL PARTCH

BUT what Miguel's family did not take into account was that Miguel loved her and saw no fault in her. His own passion made him feel sure of hers, at least during the first of it. She was not demonstrative, but that was her way, he argued. She loved him. Why else would a woman give up country and friends and her own language to follow a man? And by tender and constant thinking of her comfort, his hot infatuation grew into steadfast love.

Their son was born early the next summer, and, at Miguel's request, named after his brother. Robertito, they called him, little Robert.

Mathilda didn't take much time out for having a baby. After all, the women of her family had rocked the cradle with one hand and done the churning with the other. And she refused to be deterred from the many household tasks she had created for herself.

Miguel was amused at her ceaseless activity, and proud at the same time. But once in a while, perhaps when one of the Indian girls answered "Yes, Madam" to Mathilda, perhaps when the baby, toddling after his mother, jabbered something in his baby English, perhaps when Mathilda herself came toward him down the tiled corridor with her purposeful little step, he felt sweep over him a wave of astonishment, doubt, nostalgia. She was not homesick in her transplanted New England. He was. He himself might have been that forlorn ghost, searching futilely for some familiar dusty corner in which to feel at home.

BUT all that was incidental to something deeper, a question which grew so imperative that even the gentle Roberto dared to ask it. Once, when their spirits were close, Roberto had said, "Do you think she loves you, Miguel?"

And Miguel had answered with unexpected irritation, "What a question!"

But then the brothers had looked at each other silently, appalled, Roberto at his temerity, Miguel at his unwitting self-revelation.

That night the tender-hearted Roberto had wept into his pillow. And Miguel, in a torment of indecision, stood outside his wife's door, uncertain of his welcome.

That was the way things stood when the revolution broke.

They were in Leon at the time, Miguel, Mathilda, the child and his *niñera.* Trouble had been brewing for some time and Miguel cursed himself for having landed them all in the midst of it. They were awakened in their town house at six in the morning by the sound of machine-gun fire in the outskirts of the city.

Miguel dressed, went out to inquire and came back looking worried.

The members of the Liberal army had surrounded the city. At the Plaza, a block away, Conservative troops held the Cathedral as a fortress bristling with machine guns. The stupid Conservative commander had taken up defense positions in the lowest sections of the city. It could not last long. In the meantime the danger was not too great if they stayed within the thick-walled house. Miguel was a well-known Liberal.

Mathilda was annoyed, not afraid. Miguel examined his revolvers. They might be needed against looters. He barred the doors and windows and settled down to wait. Curious fact, Miguel noted mentally, that since they had been married and in Nicaragua, this was the first time that he and Mathilda had sat down together alone, face to face, hands and minds idle. It wasn't his fault that they hadn't. He had often dreamed of such a moment as this, with important questions to ask and answers to make. But now that the opportunity was here, he forgot what he was going to say, or he was afraid to remember, afraid of some biting answer she might make, or, worse yet, some indifferent answer.

Once he wouldn't have minded spending the whole day with her in silence. So completely had he loved her, so at ease had he been, that it would have been enough to sit quietly, feeling her presence, but now there was a compelling question in his heart that had to be settled. Now he must know if she loved him or not, and must hear it from her own lips. But it's a hard thing, after three years of married life, to ask your wife if she loves you, if you suspect she doesn't. He took a roundabout way.

"Tildita, do you sometimes wish you were back in the United States?"

"This is my home," she answered. "There's no point in wishing foolishness."

"Ay, Tildita," Miguel said, "you're so hard on yourself." He sighed and then added, "You could go back if you wanted to, you know."

"Do you want me to?" she asked in a frozen little voice.

But for once Miguel was as hard as she. "I'm doing the questioning," he said. "Do you want to?"

Mathilda's thin nostrils widened and her lips drew into a line almost imperceptible. She was angry with a cold, controlled anger.

"Your family is fond of you, I suppose," she answered crisply. "But they don't always take the right way to show it. I've known all along what they're up to."

Miguel's anger came then, hot and sudden. He stood over her and gripped her thin shoulders with his hands.

"This is between you and me!" he said.

She faced him unflinching. "So are they."

MIGUEL took a deep breath to speak. But fortunately, before he could say anything he might later regret, the child's nurse came running into the room, pale and frightened.

"Señor, señor, come quickly! A cannon ball has made a big hole in the wall of the salon!"

"A cannon ball?" said Miguel incredulously, and ran with her into the big room.

He found that the Liberal troops, to escape the machine-gun fire that swept the streets from the cathedral, were advancing through the block, literally through the block from house to house, knocking holes in the adobe walls wherever two houses stood together with a common wall. The first soldier was just sticking his head through the wall. He recognized Miguel.

"Amigo Castillo," he greeted him. *"Se puede?"*

"Come in, come in," answered Miguel. He pushed a heavy table up to the hole and a chair close to the table to form steps, because the floor of the house next door was high. Soldiers began jumping through. They ran across the room, out into the patio and scaled the wall to the patio next door.

The Indian girl, frightened at the sight of them, ran back to the bedroom where the child was playing. She found her mistress there.

"Say or do nothing to frighten him," Mathilda commanded the girl firmly. "Do you understand? I'll be out in the salon with Don Miguel if you want me."

She found Miguel walking up and down, his revolver ostentatiously displayed. He was a well-known Liberal, but these soldiers were poor Indians with the vaguest of political persuasions, most of them looking for a chance to loot, and looters don't care for party or politics.

There were lulls in the fighting, and during one of these Mathilda got some food for them. She fed the nurse and the child. Then she and Miguel ate, right there on the long table close to the wall, with Miguel's revolver lying in front of his plate. They ate in silence, an unasked, unanswered question like a wall between them.

When finally, about six o'clock, the cathedral was surrendered, it seemed that at last

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BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

they would be able to start for Matagalpa. Miguel went out into the streets to see how matters stood. He came back shrugging his shoulders in exasperation. A bunch of Indians had broken into the government liquor warehouse and had opened great vats of rum. The word had spread. The victorious revolutionary army was completely out of control. Armed Indians, crazy drunk, ran wild in the streets, breaking into shops, threatening everyone with their guns, firing into the air when there was no one to threaten.

Miguel inspected all the doors and windows once again, and began to barricade the hole in the wall by piling up heavy pieces of furniture. But he could not close it entirely. Even Mathilda felt a chill of apprehension. A Central American revolution, disorderly as it was, was one thing; an army of Indians, drunk, armed, and on the loose, was quite another. Miguel gave her one of the revolvers.

Their hope that the soldiers might miss their house was futile. Too many would remember having been through there on their way to the Plaza. The first man to appear at the barricade went away at Miguel's command and the flourish of his gun. But immediately two others came and began firing at Miguel through the piled-up furniture. Almost the first shot hit him and he fell like a stone, blood streaming from his scalp.

Mathilda, who had been standing at one side of the opening, fired at the man point-blank. He fell backward on the floor of the other house. Two more men were shaking the barricade, trying to push it over. Mathilda suddenly lost her head. She came out into view, firing her revolver and screaming loudly.

"*Vayan—vayan—váyanse!* Thieves, bandits, murderers! Get out!"

One of the men ran away. The other stayed in the opening, dead. His body was wedged in between the furniture and the wall. His rifle fell across the hole against the opposite side of the broken wall.

Mathilda stood tensely, waiting by the wall for more men to come. But it must have been that the dead man, wedged into the hole, looked from the other side like a guard, for no one else came into the room next door. Finally she dared to go to Miguel.

"Rafaela," she called.

The Indian girl came to the door, sobbing with fear.

"*Tráeme—tráeme—*" Mathilda broke off in exasperation, unable to think of the word for sheet or cloth or bandage.

But the girl understood, and ran for the linen closet.

The bleeding had stopped somewhat, but the hole in Miguel's scalp was an ugly one. Mathilda felt her teeth chattering in spite of herself.

"Ay, Miguelito," she whispered, not realizing that the sounds she made were Spanish ones.

When the girl brought a sheet and a pair of scissors, she tore off a strip of linen and bandaged his head tightly.

"*Ve te a donde el nene,*" she said. "Go to the child."

"Señora," said Rafaela, and her dark eyes were full of tears of compassion.

"*Ve te! Ve te!*" repeated Mathilda sharply, and the girl went.

MATHILDA sat down on the floor beside her husband, the revolver in her lap. She leaned over and looked fearfully into his white, drawn face.

"Miguel!" she whispered. "Miguel!"

Now, when she was sure he wasn't hearing her, she could speak her heart. Many times she had rehearsed the words; in the warmth of her own imagination she had spoken them to him often, but always before she could bring herself to voice them, they had frozen inside of her. Fear of being caught off guard, fear of revealing too much, fear of being at the mercy, not of him whom she trusted with her soul, but of her own emotions which generations of New Englanders had taught her to mistrust, this fear had always kept her silent.

"Miguel," she whispered, "why do you doubt me?"

And then she added in an intense but almost inaudible tone, "I love you. I love you. Miguel. Do you hear?" And the tears fell down her face.

After a few minutes her attention was attracted by a movement behind the barricade. Slowly she leveled the revolver. Her mouth opened in a soundless scream. Then she recognized Miguel's brother.

"Don't shoot, Mathilda!" he called. He had pulled the dead man away from the opening and was climbing over the furniture. Her mouth snapped shut with relief and she put the gun carefully on the floor.

Roberto jumped down and stood regarding her with astonishment. Her light hair fell about her face in disorder. There were tear streaks on her cheeks and blood on her hands. He saw that she was near to hysterics, and he spoke quickly:

"Don't worry. Everything's all right now."

"All right?" she repeated with a half sob, half laugh. "I've killed two men and Miguel may be dying."

He crossed the floor and, kneeling, took Miguel's wrist.

"You killed only one man," he contradicted sharply. "And Miguel is far from dying. His pulse is good."

HER teeth began to chatter again. She felt humiliated, betrayed by her weakness. Roberto, looking up, suddenly felt sorry for her. He admired her; and, yes, he liked her, too, for the first time. He stood up, pulled her to her feet and put a brotherly arm around her shoulders.

"Tildita," he said laughing at the chattering of her teeth. "What you need is a drink."

She nodded and smiled a tremulous smile, for she was shaking all over now, and could not control the trembling of her lips. He hurried to get it for her.

"The city is a madhouse," he told her when he returned. "I left the car on the outskirts and came through the houses the way the army did. I had thought we could all go back that way; it would be safer. But now, of course—" He looked at Miguel and bit his lip, worried. "Do you think that you and Rafaela and the child could get through the way I came? I left the car near the river, just over the Puente de Guadalupe. You can find it easily. Pedro is there to watch it, and to drive you home."

She looked at him incredulously. "You think I would leave Miguel?"

He misunderstood her. "It would not be safe to take him right now. I'll stay with him. We'll be all right. They have sent for the American Marines at Corinto. As soon as they arrive, they will take things in hand. But I would feel better if you and the boy were out of the city tonight."

"What is there to do for Miguel?" she asked crisply. The little drink had given her back her composure.

"You've done everything, Mathilda. A doctor could not have done more."

"Then you will please take the boy home to Matagalpa, Roberto, and come back to us when you can."

"Mathilda, how can you think that I could leave you here? What would Miguel say?"

She faced him with indignant eyes in which there was a trace of accusation.

"What makes you think that I would leave him—ever? He is my husband. I—" The words were stuck. Impossible to say what she felt.

Roberto impulsively took up her hand and kissed it.

"Go get the child ready," he said. "Perhaps it would be wise for Rafaela to stay with you."

She shook her head firmly. "She'll be more help to you than she would be to me. It's a long ride for a child, at night."

"You never were one to compromise, Mathilda," said Roberto ruefully.

She smiled her cool little smile and went out.

They carried Miguel into the bedroom. Then, when the Indian girl had climbed through the hole in the wall, they passed the boy to her. Roberto looked at Mathilda. He would have liked to embrace her, but she was unapproachable once more. He climbed through. She piled the furniture back against the wall as best she could. Roberto propped the dead man and his rifle again in the opening as he had been before.

"From here," he called, "he really looks very much like a guard. Mathilda, I'll be back just as soon as I can make it."

"We'll be all right," she called back in her cool, clear little voice.

He stood for a minute at the opening, his throat tight with emotion. "My brother," he was thinking, "guarded by a dead man and a woman, a very small woman." But then he added, "A *yanqui* woman!" And he had to smile.

He took the sleeping child from the girl and hurried her ahead of him.

A FEW days later Miguel, at home once more, leaned back gratefully in his deep chair and looked about him with satisfaction. He realized that he had grown used to the painful order of his house and even liked it. He felt refreshed when his eyes rested on Mathilda, so blond and cool, sitting across from him. She wore a neat, all-white dress, magnificently embroidered for her by one of her servants. Idly he wondered why they all loved their exacting mistress. Idly, because his mind was too tired to be active, he wondered why he loved her so. Perhaps it was because she managed to make life seem substantial and sure.

"Tildita, why do you mend socks?" he asked. "When a sock has to be mended, it's no good. Throw it away. Buy new."

She looked up with a slight, humoring smile, such as he had seen her give to the child, Robertito. "That would be wicked waste," she said. But her tone was not sharp, Miguel noticed. He leaned forward carefully so as not to disturb his head.

"Naranjita, little orange—" he began. He thought he detected a light flush on her throat. "Roberto told me what you did. He is your slave for eternity. He thinks you are magnificent."

Mathilda did not look up from her mending.

"You shot a man for me," Miguel went on softly. "You shot a man for me. You sent your baby away and stayed with me."

She took a deep breath. "I did what I had to do," she answered quickly. "What I—oh, let's not *talk* about it, Miguel."

Miguel was shocked, and deeply disappointed, but then he noticed her thin hands trembling, trembling so that she had to let her work drop in her lap. She sat with head averted. And as he looked, the bright sunshine which was caressing her fair hair caught with a flash a falling tear.

So great was the surge of triumph in him that it sent a stab of sharp pain through his head. He winced and lay back gingerly along the cushions. From there he regarded her, smiling with half-shut eyes.

"At last," he said. "At last I have betrayed my wife into confessing that she loves me."

She laughed then, her pretty laugh like tinkling ice.

"Don't be ridiculous!" She took up her work again.

He had a sudden impulse to try his power. "Kiss me, Mathilda," he said.

"Miguel," she frowned. "The servants—"

"Kiss me, Mathilda. Here! Right now!"

She leaned forward to give him an embarrassed peck on the cheek, but, half-turning in his chair, he caught her face between his hands and gave her a long, hard kiss on the lips. When he released her, she was flushed; and with a shamefaced laugh, half gasp, she exclaimed:

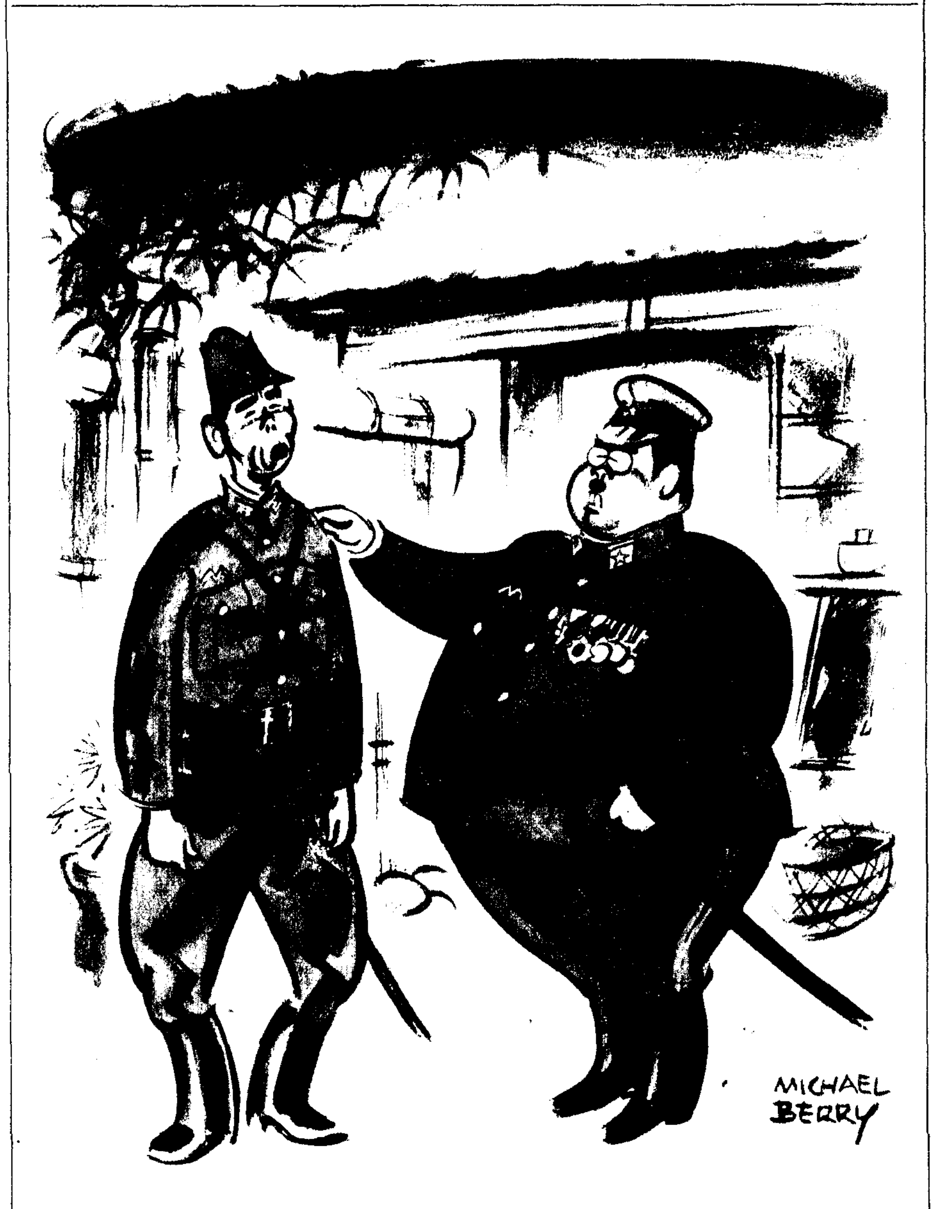
"Well, I never, Miguel! It hardly seems proper!"

Such a little thing—to kiss one's wife. Miguel sat back again, white-faced but triumphant. His freed heart mocked the stabbing pain in his head.

THE END

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



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No Hook, Line or Sinker

Continued from page 19

The center of this soon becomes agitated, however, and powerful wings emerge to beat both water and air into a foamy froth as the bird struggles to free itself from the liquid medium. The osprey's body pulls slowly into the air and in its talons is a golden carp of fair size. It climbs to gain altitude, its mate joins it and they fly to their concealed nest and young, their mission complete.

One of the pleasures of going fishing or just walking in the outdoors is the chance to observe such things. Last summer two of us were camping along the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania, and one afternoon, while casting for trout, something made us look up simultaneously to see the one avian fisherman that even the osprey fears when both fish the same waters. There, within fifty feet of us, was a bald eagle flying leisurely across the stream, lackadaisically on the lookout for fish.

If necessary, the eagle will catch his own; but he much prefers letting the osprey do the hard work. If an eagle, from some aerial lookout station, sees an osprey catch a fish, he will swoop down on the fish hawk in a dive-bombing attack. The frightened osprey will drop its prey, the eagle will catch it in mid-air and eat it in his robber baron aerie.

Some of these nonhuman anglers use as much patience and skill as their counterparts among men in waiting and trying to catch fish from above the water. Others meet the fish in the fish's own element and defeat it.

Among these latter is the loon. Did you ever see one of these mad birds at work angling? They are among the most persistent fishermen on the lakes and ponds of northeastern United States and Canada. It doesn't seem to matter how remote the lake you are fishing in the backwoods, you will find loons there ahead of you, doing a much better job than you will. They make a living at it.

I sometimes feel that their maniacal laughter is an expression of unholy joy over the prospect of good fishing. Certainly, it is uttered most when they are engaged in their diving pursuit of food. You look up, startled by the weird laugh of a lunatic in the wilderness, to see a pair of beautiful dark birds on the water. Then one disappears. It upends itself and goes under from the surface so swiftly that it seems to vanish. They say that, in the days of black powder, a loon could see the smoking flash of a discharged shotgun and dive under water to safety before the shot hit the spot where it had been.

The loon really comes into its own under the water. To you, the watcher, there is a long wait. You know very well that the poor bird has drowned. You are quite convinced no air-breathing animal could stay under so long.

A Swift Underwater Raider

Just as you are about to turn away, certain it is dead, the loon comes up in an entirely unexpected place, rods from where it submerged.

The part of the performance that you can't see occurs under water. The webbed feet and the wings of the loon drive it rapidly through the water, its neck is outstretched; it is a submarine greyhound coursing after its game, which is the smaller fishes and some other forms of aquatic life.

Whereas the loon swims after the fish, and the osprey dives from the air upon them, the belted kingfisher of the Eastern states sits in a tree like a cat, watching and waiting. When this fisherman sees a chub swimming within reach, it dives headlong into the water, seizes the fish in its long pointed bill and flies with it to a comfortable dining room. Occasionally it will gulp down small fish on the spot as a sort of smörgasbord: at other times it will take larger fish and beat them against rocks or branches until they are sufficiently subdued to form a main course.

It is both a noisy and quiet bird. If undisturbed it waits patiently on some limb without a sound, much like the sedentary bait fisherman among men. If you walk along, however, it will fly upstream ahead of you with a noisy clatter like that noise made with children's wooden rattles at Halloween.

Some men resent such anglers, feeling that they eat too many of the fish stocked in streams and lakes by fish commissions; but there are those who feel that the presence of these fishing birds (and beasts) is a part of angling. I'd miss the loons, the kingfishers and the ospreys as much as I would miss the occasional great blue heron, the little blue heron with its color phases of white when young and slaty blue when adult, and even the bitterns—including the least bittern, the one known expressively, in some sections, as the "fly-up-the-creek."

These gangling wading birds fish in a different manner from the others. Either they stand still, usually on one long leg in the shallows, until a fish comes near them, when they spear it with their sharp and slender bills, or else they stalk through the water, leaning to the right, leaning to the left, suddenly stabbing down to get a fish, a snake or a frog. They are slow and gawky taking to wing, getting into the air as though it were with great effort when you come along and scare them.

Less frequently encountered are some other avian anglers. There are the ducklike hooded and American mergansers, birds which swim after their prey like the loons and seize it in saw-tooth bills. Their flesh is fishy as the result of their diet and has disappointed more than one hunter who thought he had killed a duck when he brought down a merganser. There are cormorants, also diving birds, which have been trained by the Japanese and Chinese to catch fish for them, although it is necessary to put a cord around their necks to keep them from swallowing their catches.

The Pelican is a Glutton

Along the Carolina coast the big brown pelicans gorge on fish, usually diving down to seize their prey, and sometimes they eat so much they can neither swim nor fly. I have seen brown pelicans so stuffed that when I approached, all they could do was to make harsh noises and futile threatening gestures with their floppy wings and big bills. This brown pelican does not carry fish in its bill pouch. Instead, when it feeds its young it regurgitates semidigested particles into the pouch, from which the young help themselves.

Strange, indeed, are some of the other anglers of the wilds that do not depend upon hook and line to make their catches. There are water beetles, savage little tigers in hard shells, that kill small fish with their pincers and devour them. It's always shocking to me to see a minnow wriggling helplessly in the clutches of one of these attackers, because you don't associate carnivorous habits with beetles.

Even bullfrogs, when they become large as a fair-sized plate, gulp down pretty big fish, and the snapping turtle is a voracious enemy of all fish. If you ever see a large bass or other big fish floating dead on a lake with a hole torn in its side, you can know that a snapper lives and feeds there. These turtles grow large, and sometimes you can see them float to the surface where they look like inverted washtubs with a reptilian, iron-jawed head on a stocky neck. They can come up under a big fish, like a noiseless submarine, and gouge a great slash in the unsuspecting victim's underside. They may take just one bite or eat it all.

Walk along almost any stream and you will see many water snakes draped casually over the branches of a bush, swimming across the water or raising a commotion along the shore line. Here is an angler with few equals.

The fishermen among animals range in size from the common rat to the monstrous Alaskan brown or Kodiak bears. The latter is the largest land carnivore in the world reaching a weight of 1,500 pounds.

Rats are among the strangest animal anglers and, in fishing, show extraordinary ingenuity. They are almost human. They are drawn to fish hatcheries, and in the early days of fish culture, when the rearing ponds often were just natural pools enclosed as hatcheries, rats were quite a problem. One fish culturist, forced to watch his young trout disappear without knowing what was killing them, saw a commotion one morning by the bank of a pool and, investigating, discovered a wounded trout with blood issuing from four punctures, two on each side of its body, obviously the marks of a rodent. He dug up the sod where the fish had been struggling and found a tunnel containing the bones of a hundred trout and clear evidence that rats had constructed it right down to the water where they could fish comfortably.

Their method of catching the trout, he learned through careful watching thereafter, was the same as that of the mink: They would dive into the water and swim after the fish. If you know how wary and swift even young trout are, you can imagine how incredibly quick and clever rats must be to catch them.

In another case, rats were eating salmon fry, and the hatchery officials planted traps in the water and spread poison about. The rats turned up their sharp noses at the poison and neatly avoided the traps in the water. When the troughs became so full of traps that the rats couldn't wade or swim any longer, the clever animals took up their stand on a block of wood projecting over the water and from it caught the small salmon as the fish swam past.

The mink, the marten, the fisher and the otter are the best of all the animal fishermen. The last three, because of their scarcity, do not destroy many fish, but the numerous and widespread mink is a slender scourge that slips along the stream bank like a serpent and glides into the water after its victims. It moves almost like a reptile, its sleek dark body rippling, its pointed head with bristling whiskers ever alert, and its eyes gleaming ravenously.

Two mink were observed fishing below our camp last summer. They looked as if they were playing, but theirs was a deadly game in which they would slip into the water, there would be a brief disturbance, and the mink would emerge with a fish.

One of the sharpest-witted members of the weasel family, the mink will get along no matter how much it is trapped or how valuable its fur. It shows no especial fear of man. I have even found mink tracks along a stream within ten miles of the outskirts of Philadelphia. When fishing they do not frighten easily; in fact, mink have stolen fish right under the eyes of human anglers who incautiously left a creel unguarded on the bank.

Rapacious killers of almost anything in the woods or streams are the martens, or the American sable; but their beautiful brown coats make such an attractive fur for women that these animal fishermen are becoming scarce and cause little damage to fishing streams even though they can catch fish with ease. Unlike the mink (which it resembles somewhat in appearance and fishing habits) the marten doesn't slay wantonly, but kills only what it needs for food. The mink is more likely to slaughter just for the fun of killing.

The marten is a flashing streak in the woods, swift in the trees, on the ground or in the water; but the fisher, or pekan, is even faster and deadlier. The fisher can chase a marten, overtake it and kill it in the trees, a rather remarkable feat. Savage, fearless and valuable as fur-bearers, the few fishers left are sought persistently by trappers, so that they are of minor importance as fish killers.

The same is true of the otter. Although in the woods frequently, I have seen only one otter in a wild state. Few remain untrapped, although they once were numerous, as many an Otter Creek place name will attest.

I was sitting on some rocks beside the lower Susquehanna River one afternoon when a dark form, gliding downstream through the water, attracted my attention. It came straight toward me, saw me and dipped under out of sight as it passed. It reappeared on the surface and continued its effortless, rapid swimming until it reached a projecting split of land, where it emerged, rippling out of the water, and disappeared into the brush. It reminded me of a seal, its wet fur dark and gleaming, and there was something infinitely lonely about it, as though it were the last representative of a dying race.

Otters are amazingly at home in the water, and I would hate to be a fish pursued by one, because I would tire long before it did. They are easily tamed and make good pets—in fact, some few have been trained by men to fish for them, bringing their catches to their masters like retrievers among dogs.

Raccoons Sometimes Get Fooled

Many animals are only occasional fishermen. The clever raccoon haunts the stream banks, eating crawfish, sometimes catching a small fish for variety's sake. A bit of bright tin, placed in the water so that it looks like a gleaming fish in the night light, often will lure it into a trap. The wildcat will pounce on a fish if it gets an opportunity, and the muskrat has been accused of eating fish once in a while, although I have watched muskrats feeding many times and have never seen any evidence that they pursue or bother fish. When small streams are glutted with freshwater spawning fish running up from the ocean, all meat eaters take part in the feast.

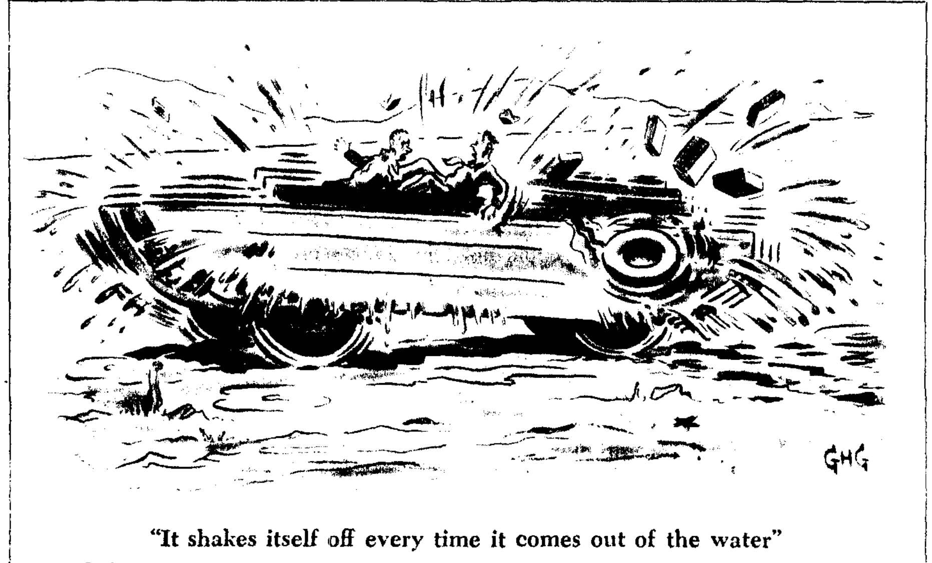
Even foxes and wolves will wade into the water and catch salmon, smelt, herring or any of the fish which lay eggs in fresh water. The salmon runs account for the big Alaska bear as an angler. This omnivorous animal will take his huge bulk right into the stream, where he will stand on his hind legs and grab a big salmon with his paws.

The animals and birds discussed, with the exception of the rare and remote Alaskan and Kodiak bears, might be seen at work fishing, by anyone who ventures off the highways. Many of them live surprisingly close to the cities. Others, such as the seals, are good fishermen but are seldom seen by the average person. Still others, such as the sperm whale and the porpoise, have lived on fishes and aquatic food so many countless ages that they have become like fishes.

The fishlike shape of the sperm whale and the porpoise is no accident because the best fishermen among animals are fishes. It takes a fish to catch a fish.

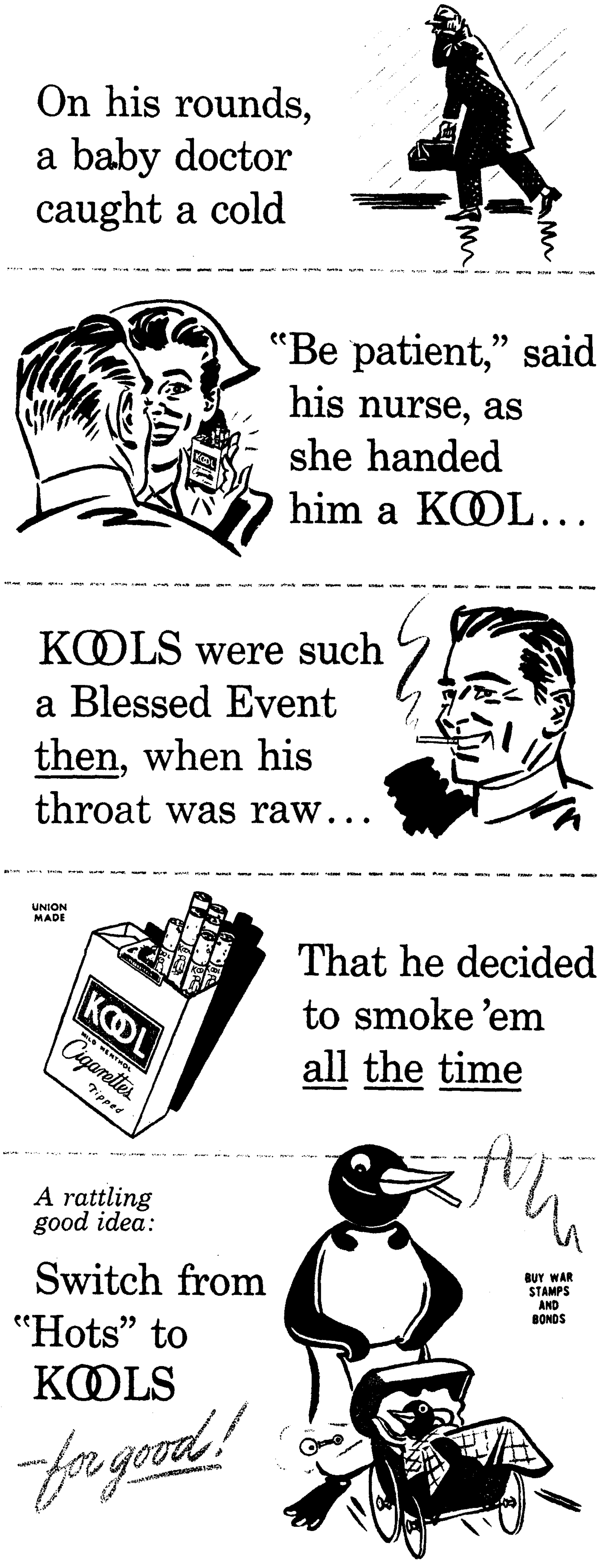
Sometimes, as I pick up my rod and resume fishing, I wonder how I can expect to catch anything. Too many good anglers have been there ahead of me.

THE END



"It shakes itself off every time it comes out of the water"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN


On his rounds, a baby doctor caught a cold

"Be patient," said his nurse, as she handed him a KOOL...

KOOLS were such a Blessed Event then, when his throat was raw...

That he decided to smoke 'em all the time

A rattling good idea:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS for good!

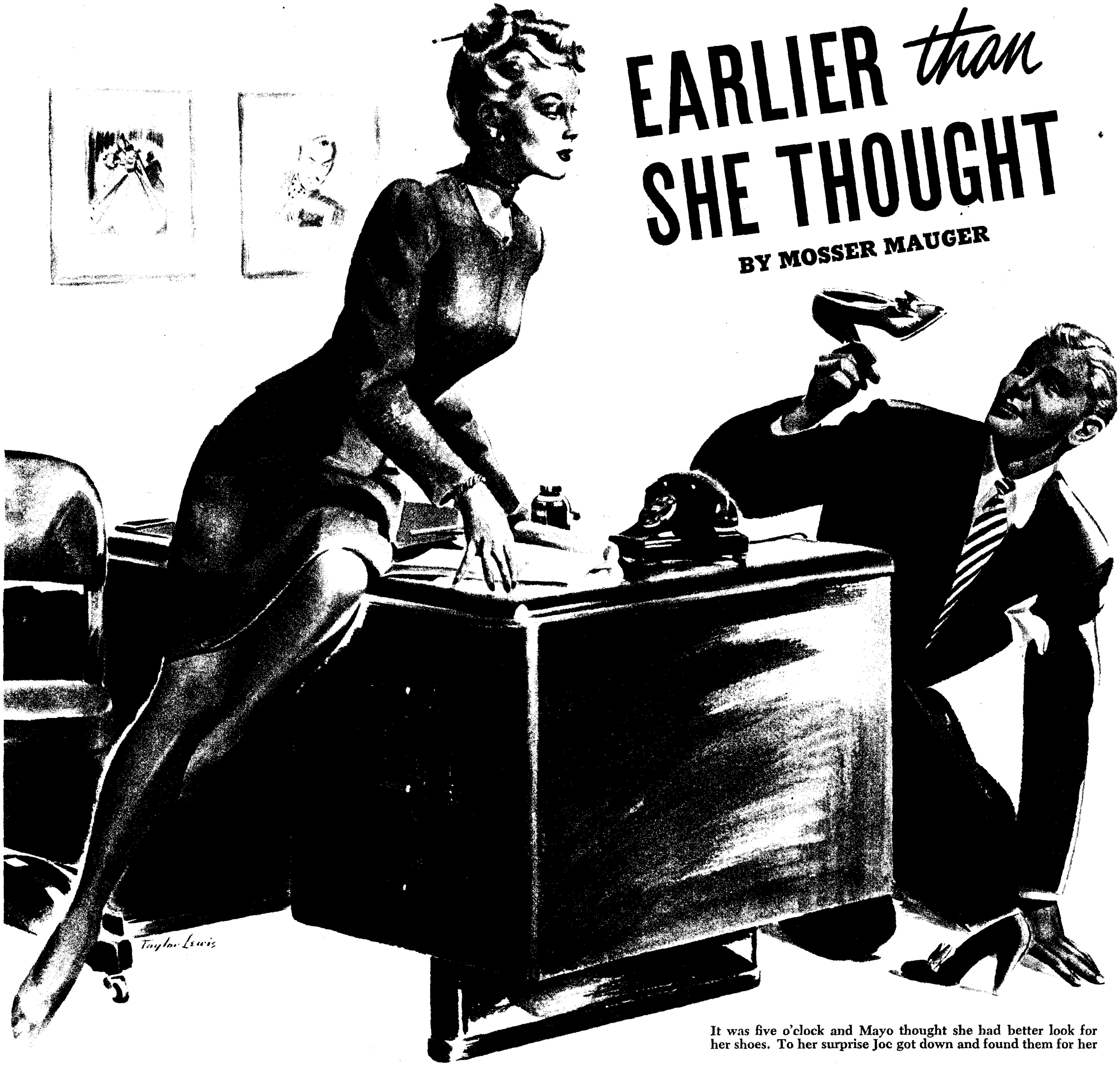
UNION MADE

KOOL Mild Menthol Cigarettes Tipped

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

EARLIER *than* SHE THOUGHT

BY MOSSER MAUGER



It was five o'clock and Mayo thought she had better look for her shoes. To her surprise Joc got down and found them for her

She knew what she wanted from life and he knew what he wanted from her — but neither knew it was the same

SHE had been sitting there all afternoon, fighting down the thought of Aunt Frederica's illness, while she interviewed the young men who came wanting a part in the new University Playhouse production. She had put down their names carefully and listened to them read. But none of them had been right. None of them, so far, would do for the lead in the play.

Now, hearing footsteps approaching in the bare little office, she kicked off her shoes under the desk, and decided not to look up. She would not let her face reveal her hopefulness.

"Name?"

The male voice said, "Joc Turner."

"Full name, please."

The voice stiffened: "That's my name."

"Have you done anything besides being a student? I mean"—she wrote busily, filling in the last answer—"jobs?"

He said, "I skippered a PT boat in the Pacific."

Her hopes shattered in the tiny blotch of ink her pen made on the clean white paper. She did not look up. At least she had sense enough not to look up, staring, startled, to see what his wound could be.

The next question was not printed. She simply made it up on the spur of the moment. "Any injuries?"

"My hand shakes a little sometimes when I pour a glass of beer," he said caustically. He was laughing at her. His voice was wise and tolerant and large and infinitely hard and jolly, and he was laughing at her. "Otherwise, nothing shows."

The girl looked up, then, and was gratified with what she saw. The young man was a large person. His hair was a bleached kind of blond, and cut rather short. His eyes regarded her levelly, openly. She could not tell their color in that instant. His hands were good; he let them hang slackly, not fidgeting.

She kept her voice crisp. "Would you mind reading this?" she asked, handing him a sheet of the script. "It might bore you. It's," she fumbled and found the right words, "light stuff. Fairy tale for grownups."

He looked at her. He approved what he saw.

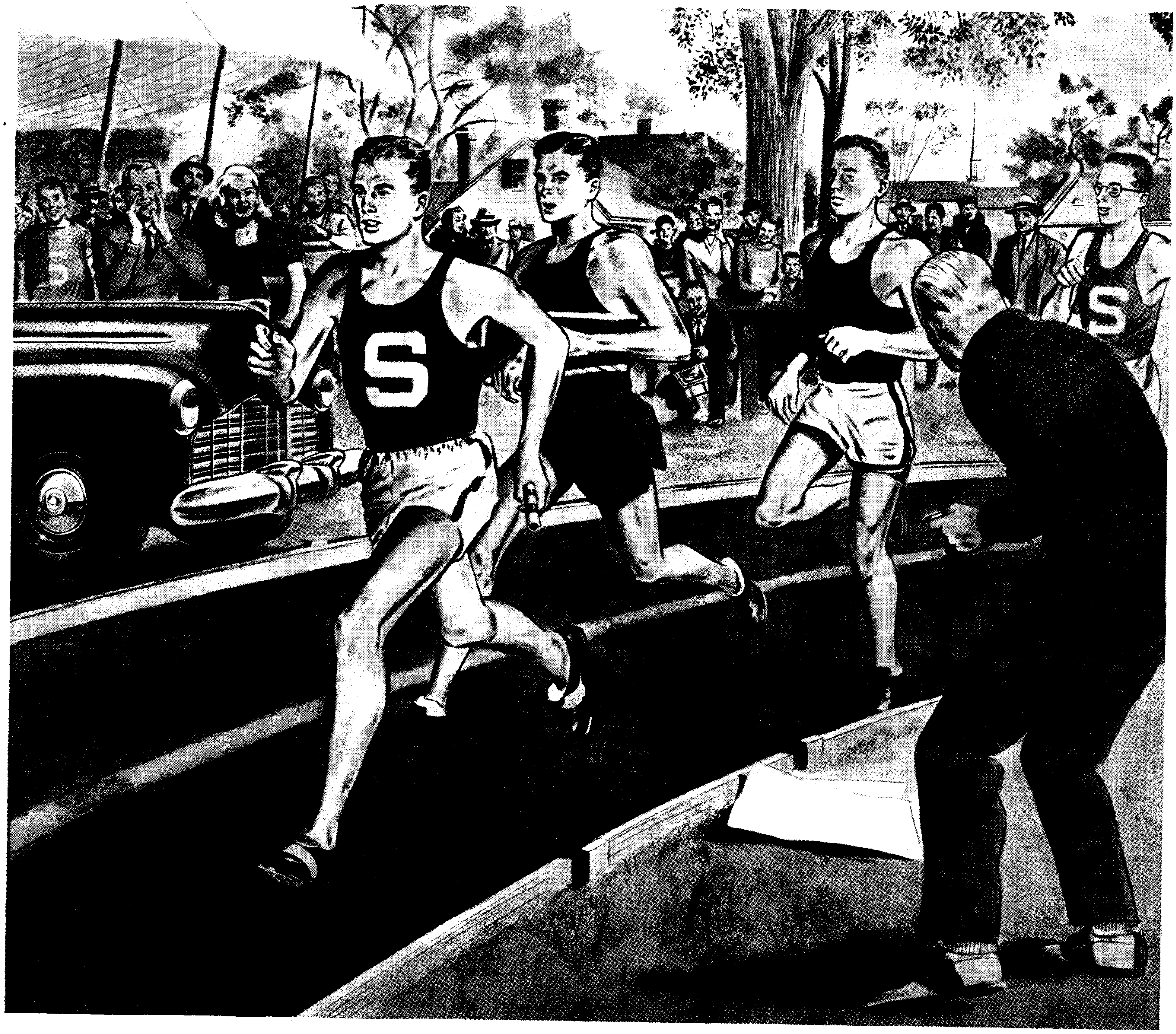
She was not unused to approval. Her sandy-red hair was upswept, not sleekly, but rather as a child might twist up its hair for a bath. All her features were large—she was not a small girl. She wore a slender blue suit, collarless, a tiny ribbon about her neck banded with smoky pearl clips that were almost exactly like the coloring of her gray eyes. That added to her air of arrogance, an arrogance that she possessed—not in the overpowering sense—but with a kind of dignity. She knew her value.

He looked at her, and understood that, for he grinned. Then he peered down at the script.

He did not begin in a rush, nervously, as the others had done. There was no fumbling. He understood what he read; he understood that the character was a bored, delightful, good-for-nothing.

The girl giggled. She could not help it. "Wonderful," she said. But then she frowned, as he put the script down. "But will you do it? Will you really do it?"

ILLUSTRATED BY TAYLOR LEWIS



Last Lap!

YOUR car is going into the homestretch, too.

Until the finish, however—until the war is over and New Car Day really arrives—the strain on that hard-working motor will keep increasing.

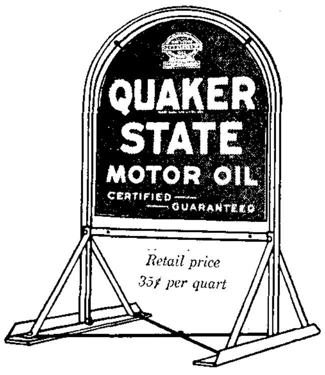
That's why, with every mile of this last lap, *quality* lubrication becomes more vital.

To bring your car through, still running smoothly and worth more on a trade-in, depend on Quaker State Motor Oil. Money can't buy any finer lubrication!

Quaker State is a better motor oil to start with, for every drop is made from pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. What puts Quaker State even further ahead is the way this superior crude oil is refined to the peak of lubricating perfection.

Yes, there's good reason why Quaker State is America's most popular premium motor oil. For over a quarter of a century, the experience of millions of motorists has continually proved that no other oil is more dependable, smoother-flowing and longer-lasting under all conditions.

Now, more than ever, on this last, tough stretch, your car *needs* the superprotection of Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants! Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



OIL IS AMMUNITION
—USE IT WISELY

He pulled at his right ear. "Yes," Joc said, having considered. "I'd like to try it. Being in a fairy tale will be fine. I never," Joc Turner muttered, grinning wickedly, "want to be serious again, Miss—er—"

"Stirling," she supplied. She began putting papers away, knowing that her search was ended. "I'm Professor Broadwell's student assistant. Professor Broadwell sits in his office and makes a little speech after the seventh curtain call. But I put the play together for him."

Joc protested: "Haven't you a part yourself?"

She smiled, liking him for that. "I'm director," she said. "I don't like to take orders. I like to give orders."

"You sound horribly conceited."

He was laughing at her again. Not aloud but underneath behind the long eyelashes.

"Rehearsals begin Monday at three," she said.

"Do you know," Joc said, not listening, "ever since I've come back, Miss Stirling, I've had the most awful craving for ice cream. Would you, Miss Stirling, join me in a dish?"

She said, "Chocolate?"

"Absolutely chocolate."

Something in her relaxed. They were friends. It was almost five o'clock; she had planned to leave at five anyway. She thought she had better begin to poke around under the desk for her shoes, when, to her surprise, Joc got down and found them for her.

OVER large dishes of chocolate ice cream in the campus drugstore, Joc warned, "Keep your shoes on here, Miss Sterling."

She laughed. She found him enormously funny, and she was feeling very fine, at having just filled all the parts in the play. Almost, she was able to stop worrying about Aunt Frederica for the first time in weeks.

Joc's blue eyes were regarding her curiously. "I can't, Miss Stirling," he announced, between spoons of ice cream, "go on calling you Miss Stirling."

"I like it."

"I don't." He pulled at his ear. "Suppose we trade," Joc suggested brightly. "I'll tell you my whole name if you'll tell me your first one." He screwed his face up distastefully. "Henry Joculon Peter Martin," he said, "Turner."

She whispered also, "It's Mayo."

"Mayo," he said.

She flushed. She felt very hot and bothered. After a little, devoting himself to the last of his ice cream, Joc said, "Must you go home?"

"I could phone."

"Go ahead," Joc said. "Phone." His eyes came back from finding the telephone booth in the corner. "Then we'll go dancing, Mayo. They say they've pretty good music out at Beverly Inn."

Joc possessed a car, a long gray coupé which he'd bought before the war and had kept in storage for three years. He drove recklessly, which was not amazing when Mayo considered he'd been skippering PT boats. They were almost the only people there at the Inn, when they first arrived; they ordered a chicken dinner and wine and waited impatiently for the band.

Then they danced.

Joc danced for the joy of it, not because dancing was a social grace or, more plainly, a romantic situation. Mayo had been wanting to find someone like Joc Turner for a long time; and here he was.

"Tell me about you," Joc said, when they finally returned to their table.

"When I was a child," Mayo began in a once-upon-a-time voice, "I read Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese, and that made me want to learn Portuguese. I cannot tell you why," Mayo said.

"You dance beautifully," Joc remarked.

"So I learned Portuguese, and last summer I wanted a job and my Aunt Frederica, whom I live with, knew of a place in Brazil, so," Mayo said, "I went down to São Paulo and made a great deal of money." She crushed out her cigarette in the crystal ash tray and regarded Joc seriously. "Selling insurance," Mayo said.

"You are what I've dreamed about," Joc insisted sleepily.

"Do you know," Mayo said, "it's different making money than having it given to you. It makes you proud. I have a good job at six thousand a year all waiting for me next summer when I've graduated." Mayo put up her chin proudly, and all of her arrogance showed then. "I'm twenty-one. Just imagine what I'll be by the time I'm thirty."

Joc said: "I am twenty-six." Joc twisted his chair sideways so that he could stretch his long legs. "I'm going back to a little town where everybody knows me and help make precision tools with my father and marry the baker's daughter."

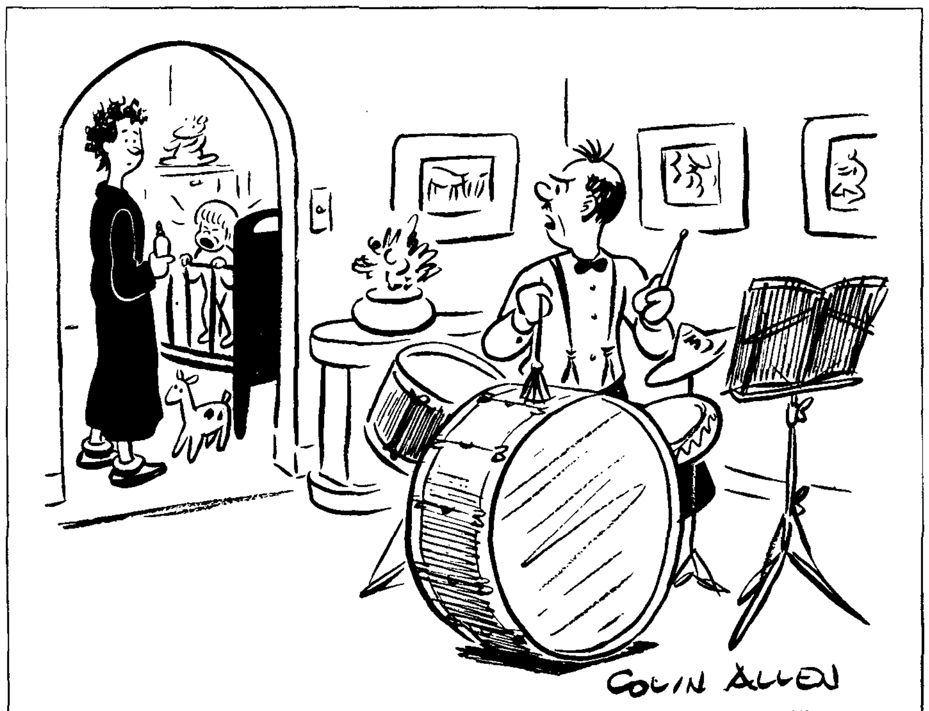
Mayo yawned. "Joc, I'm sleepy."

"I will eat her leg for supper, and her toes for breakfast," Joc said, "and all our children will be gingerbread boys."

Mayo laughed, because he was still so very funny for her, and he took her home quite properly. He asked if he might see her the next night and Mayo was sorry, really sorry, but she had another engagement. He looked at her with that underneath amusement, then vanished into the darkness.

They progressed from there. Rehearsals of the play began Monday, and Joc came with Sally Martin. Joc knew Sally well. Mayo's first reaction was that that was fine because then they would surely get along well in the play. At least, that's what Mayo thought the first week.

Mayo went dancing with Joc every single night of that week. On Saturday night, she



"How do you expect me to study with all that noise going on?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

eries WILLIAM'S Meats
12
3612 G11

What costs less today than 20 years ago?

IN spite of higher wages, increased taxes, and greater costs for all the 1001 materials that go to make a railroad, freight costs to the public are actually lower today than they were 20 years ago. So low, that in 1944 a *ton of freight* was carried at an average cost of *less than one cent* a mile.

How possible? Simply by constant improvement in operating methods, continued research and development of new equipment, and the earnest cooperation of all railroad men and women.

Better and better transportation is the continuing aim of the Erie and other Railroads. For, low cost, mass transportation is an essential link in bringing the good things of American life into every home.

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And a world of new pleasure for the man who loves his pipe

Don't blame your pipe when it goes "haywire" to your tongue.

Instead, take this suggestion.

Try these two unusual pipe-mixtures. Try *both.* Perhaps even mix them, and try the combination.

You're almost certain to find *one* is exactly the pipe tobacco you've been looking for.

Exactly the blend to make any pipe you own *taste* better—with far more pleasure in every puff.

Each mixture is well above average . . . in quality, blending and remarkable lack of bite.

Both represent a big step forward in preparing fine pipe tobacco . . . a Philip Morris advance that keeps the flavor *in,* but "the bite *out!*"

Today—at your favorite tobacco counter—*act* on this suggestion. This evening, you'll relax and really *enjoy* that pipe of yours!

PROOF A-PLENTY!

Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in smoke, indicates that the average of *six* other leading pipe tobaccos is over THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET also is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

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SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"
MADE IN U. S. A.
REVELATION SMOKING MIXTURE
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A magnificent "flavor-balance" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; it packs well . . . smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure!

BOND STREET

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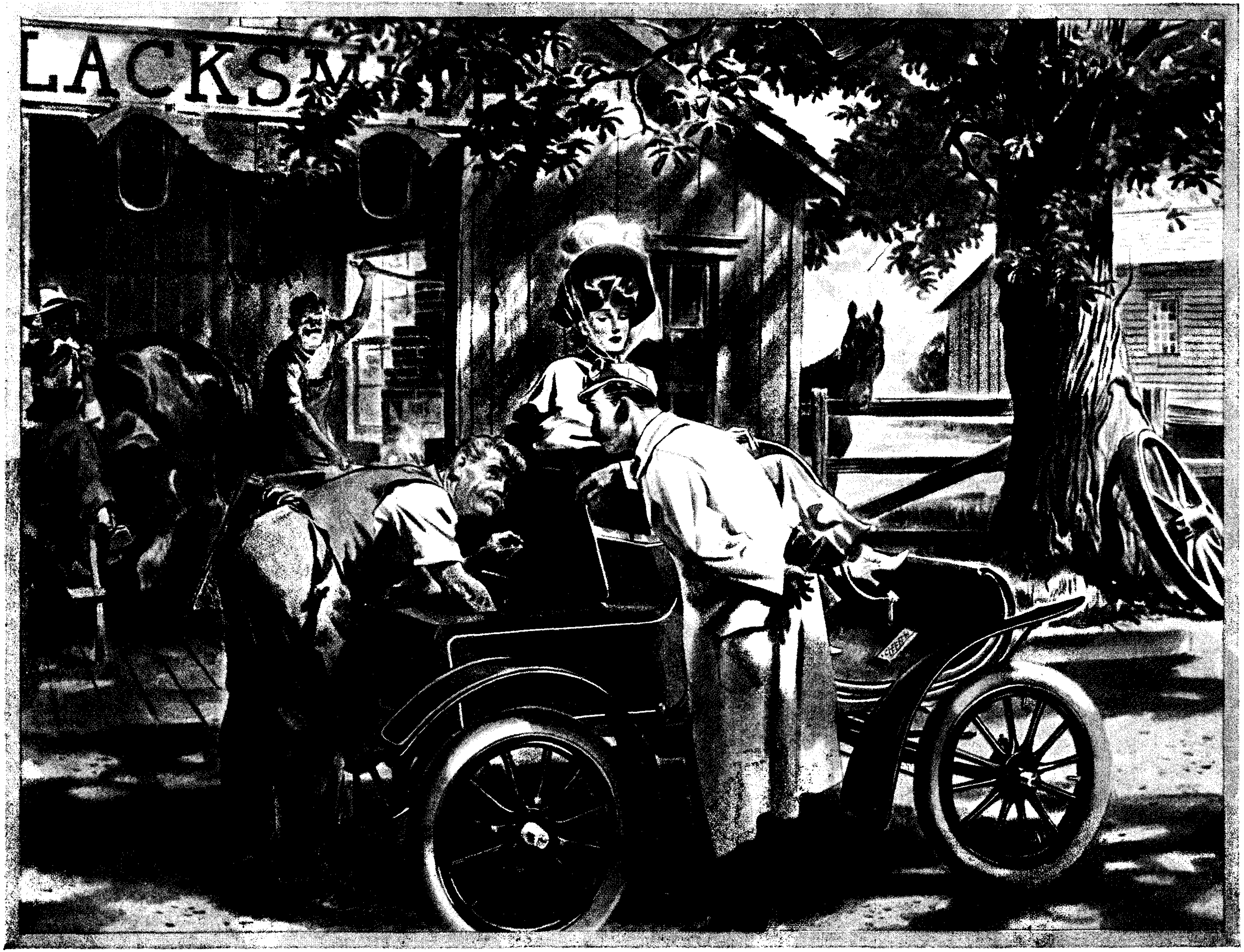
Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor . . . aroma . . . even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool, clean-burning.

Under a Spreading Chestnut Tree . . .

—the village smithy stood. Remember how our best girl, all decked out for a "spin," used to frown impatiently when we stopped at Ed Grady's shop for repairs? Remember old Lum Jenkins, teetering back on his stool, confidently predicting that autos couldn't last? And remember the smith himself, learning about cars as he tinkered with them? Ed knew, even then, that Oldsmobile is "built to run—*and does it!*"



Buy War Bonds . . . to Keep 'Em Firing!

Today- ALL THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FACILITIES . . . THE TRAINED MANPOWER . . . THE MODERN EQUIPMENT OF YOUR OLDSMOBILE DEALER . . . ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

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THERE'S no doubt about where to take your Oldsmobile car these days, if you want the best in wartime "keep 'em rolling" service. Go to the man who's an Oldsmobile specialist . . . who has Oldsmobile-trained mechanics, a stock of authorized Oldsmobile parts and accessories, plus all the latest types of modern, scientific, Oldsmobile-approved service equipment. *Go to your nearest Oldsmobile dealer.*

Better make this visit soon, too—and keep going back regularly. Because even a car as well-built and well-engineered as an Oldsmobile needs a certain amount of expert attention to keep it running efficiently. Particularly these wartime days. For example—have you had the dangerous "slow-driving sludge" removed from your car's engine? Have you had your wheels aligned recently, your brakes and tires and steering checked? We repeat—better go to your Oldsmobile dealer *soon* to have these and other "must" services performed!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AMERICA'S OLDEST MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURER wore a long, shoulderless cloth of gold gown. Joc teased her about the freckles on her shoulders and his love-making had progressed to the point where she lay curled against him, driving home. He held the steering wheel with one hand and hummed a little song happily under his breath.

"You are such a bundle of bones," Mayo said.

"Am I?"

"Your ribs," Mayo said. "I can count them."

"I'd like to count yours someday."

Stopping the car altogether, Joc kissed her eyes and her mouth, lingeringly, and then the little hollow place beneath her ear. The pearl-studded ribbon got in his way. "Do you wear that dog-collar all the time, Mayo?" he asked.

"My Aunt Frederica wore it long ago, before the other war." Mayo regarded him speculatively in the dim dashboard light. "Would you like to meet my Aunt Frederica, Joc? You could come to dinner Wednesday evening. I won't," Mayo said, "be able to see you Monday or Tuesday."

Starting the car, he did not protest.

"At seven?" Mayo said.

"Seven."

Joc arrived Wednesday evening, looking as if he had just brushed his hair. Three steps led down into the living room of the carefully colonial-copied house. Mayo met him there, and led him over to where her Aunt Frederica lay half propped with cushions on the settee by the wide hearth.

"Aunt Frederica, this is Joc—our lovely, lovely Casanova." Mayo giggled.

"How do you do?" Aunt Frederica said. "My friends call me Freddie; and I hope you will, too?"

IT WAS obvious that Aunt Frederica was fatally ill. One saw it in the faraway look in her eyes, even when she smiled, in her terrible thinness, hidden unsuccessfully now by the gay green hostess gown. Mayo had not warned Joc. Mayo had depended on Joc's good sense to accept the fact naturally.

First of all he stooped to retrieve Aunt Frederica's ball of knitting yarn. "Must run in the family," Joc grumbled. "Your niece loses her shoes and you mislay your yarn, Mrs. Freddie Lathrow Howard."

They laughed.

A maid announced dinner, and the nurse, Kempy, came downstairs to help Aunt Frederica in to dinner.

Never before had it occurred to Mayo that Joc was kind. She had known that he was witty and charming: but his kindness startled her. She kept watching him. He told funny stories of things that had happened to him in the war. He listened gravely to what Aunt Frederica had to say.

After dinner, he picked Aunt Frederica up in his arms and carried her back to the settee. "Lots faster," Joc commented briefly.

Aunt Frederica loved it. "Kempy, you may go to a movie," Aunt Frederica said, and she began knitting busily, not giving the departing Kempy another thought. "Do you think angels wear mittens, Joc?"

"Pink ones," Joc said.

"Good," Aunt Frederica said, "then I shall have something to do."

The doctors were helpless against Freddie's particular anemia. So, Mayo's arrogance had said again and again to Mayo, everything ends. Aunt Frederica is, after all, an old lady. Mayo's arrogance had made a shell for her to stay safely inside, yet now, watching Joc and her aunt, suddenly the shell was not enough. Mayo wanted to cry. But she didn't know how.

"I have been one of these modern American women," Aunt Frederica confided. "I marched in the suffrage parade on Fifth Avenue. I was too young to vote that first time, but I got a job. I wanted to prove that women are as good as men in business." Aunt Frederica chuckled softly.

The firelight was kind to her; she was still a faintly lovely woman, an earlier, more delicate-boned edition of Mayo.

"I was Freddie Lathrow everywhere, to artists in Paris, to garment workers and poets." She paused to count stitches. "I earned a great deal of money . . . all by myself, you understand."

Joc said, "And you were proud of that."

Her eyes widened. "How did you know?"

He grinned, that wicked grin. "Mayo said the same thing about the money she earned last summer."

"Did she?" Aunt Frederica glanced fleetingly at Mayo. "She is a great deal like me, isn't she?"

"A great deal."

"I always hoped . . ." Aunt Frederica put her knitting aside. "I loved possessing houses and cars and knowing the most exclusive people. Mayo is different from me there. Mayo doesn't give a fig about possessing things. She flings money away."

Mayo flushed. "For goodness' sakes, Freddie—"

"Hush, dear." Aunt Frederica sighed. She rested a moment, collecting her forces. "I was never really happy. I laughed a great deal. I was kind, but I was almost forty before I realized that I couldn't love anybody, and therefore I couldn't have a child, which was what I wanted desperately then."

The fire made a friendly crackling sound. Nobody looked at anybody for a moment.

"Yes," Aunt Frederica nodded, "all the people who say that men and women are alike are fools, idiots! A woman is emotion, but to succeed in business she must curb all the emotion. And," Aunt Frederica said, "it is silly for a woman to try to prove that she is as good as a man. She is twice, three times over better because she has the children. She is the tomorrow and if life is not tomorrow, I would like to know what life is."

DANGER
BOOBY TRAP
VIN ROUGE
COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

Joc said, "Bravo!" And he was serious; he was not laughing secretly.

"I did not have a child, no; I had to beg Mayo off of my sister." Aunt Frederica continued softly, "I have heard that one is happy, once, once in all the world, in one life, and I thought perhaps I was going to be happy in Mayo. But it is"— Aunt Frederica flung up her hands— "too late."

Joc protested, "Maybe not."

"Oh, yes. You have looked at her? You can tell?"

JOC did not answer, and Mayo moved uneasily on her footstool. "Freddie, whatever are you two talking about?"

"You, dear." Aunt Frederica said, laughing. It ended like that, with laughter.

And after that, all the evenings Joc Turner came to spend with them ended that way, always with laughter.

His liking for Aunt Frederica was not a pretended thing. Joc enjoyed discussing the state of the world with Freddie, and Freddie was even a little in love with him. It shocked Mayo, at first; then she found it charming.

One night, however, Joc was in a black mood. He excused himself to Aunt Frederica, and took Mayo to a bar downtown. There he drank a lot of whisky, not enjoying the drinking and went quietly to sleep on his arms by ten o'clock. And Mayo, with the help of two waiters got him into a taxi and took him home to his fraternity house. . . .

The next day she expected copious signs of gratitude from Joc, and was pleased when, the moment he spied Mayo at rehearsal, he detached himself from Sally Martin and came directly over.

"I was a mess last night, Mayo?"

"You kept muttering something about one more rocket for that damn' Jap. Over and over," Mayo nodded.

"Don't mention anything to Sally, will you? It might upset her. I wouldn't want anything to upset Sally."

MAYO was speechless. Not one word had he said of gratitude. "But I thought you were going to marry the baker's daughter back home," she reminded him icily.

"I neglected to tell you," Joc said, grinning, "that the baker's daughter is only three." He devoted himself for the next two hours to the rehearsal with Sally Martin.

Mayo shivered with jealousy, and jealousy was a new thing for Mayo, as new as what she felt for Joc. What she felt for Joc was gentle and very tender and such an agony that it was like liquid fire consuming her.

Aunt Frederica noticed. "Darling, are you eating enough?" she asked.

Mayo was hurrying out of the house, on an errand to find somebody to do the awnings for the first-act stage set. "I'm fine, Freddie. I'm absolutely fine."

"You're working too hard."

Mayo turned her face away. "I thrive on work." She was almost to the front door when Aunt Frederica stopped her impetuously. "Mayo? I want to ask . . ."

"Please, Freddie. Please, you mustn't nag," Mayo interrupted. "I think I'm having an unhappy love affair. It will," she said thickly, "probably be good for me. I hear the first is the worst."

"But why, darling. Why?"

Mayo said, "Joc likes Sally. He looks at her—oh, in a funny sort of way. He's never serious with me."

"Mayo, I want to talk to you. Come back here, dear—"

But Mayo slammed the front door, not wanting to break down in front of Aunt Frederica, ashamed of having told so much, and ran out into the cold rain to catch a bus. She was miserable. She was utterly a child of the twentieth century; she did not believe in anything—not property, not tomorrow, not really a great deal in herself.

April came; and on the first night of the play there was a full yellow moon. Great blobs of white cloud like fat frolicking sheep raced behind the wind, shedding snow wool upon the round earth. Mayo was tied in knots with nervousness and kept going to the alley door to have a cigarette but by the end of the first act it was obvious that the play was a success.

"It will run for weeks," Joc moaned, in the midst of changing shirts. He chuckled. "I'll bet you, weeks."

Mayo was weary; Mayo nodded, and went off to see that the prop boy did not forget the flowers for the center table. This was the critical act; this was the intimate love scene between Sally and Joc. An amateur had to be good to play it. Joc was good. The applause was long and loud, and, astonishingly, Joc Turner took Sally's hand and pulled her out in front of the curtain.

He said to the delighted audience, "The cast and stagehands—all of us want to present Sally with two dozen roses on her first wedding anniversary. Her husband is a pilot in the South Pacific area. He was one of my buddies over there. The Lord love you both, Sally."

And that really brought the house down.

Mayo stared, and Joc confronted her in the wings. "Secret marriages are bad business, even in college," Joc said, enjoying her surprise. "Your share is fifty-two cents."

Scarlet with confusion, Mayo protested, "But I owe you more than that. I owe you an apology. I thought— Joc, I was jealous."

Now he was surprised. The laughter went out of his face. "But I thought I was only an amusement for you. I thought you were interested in becoming fifth vice-president of some company."

Tears spilled over on her cheeks. She could cry; at last she could cry. There were a thousand words for her to say and Mayo could not utter one of them. She simply stood there, crying, and then a prop boy rushed up.

"Mayo—your home just called. It's your aunt. You're wanted immediately."

She saw the color drain out of Joc's face, underneath his make-up. She felt her heart beating like an ominous drum. She looked down at her feet and discovered that she had left her shoes somewhere.

"My shoes," she wailed. "My—"

He gripped her wrist. "Don't get panicky, Mayo." He found her shoes and gave her his car key. "Driving will give you something to do until you get home." Then he ran on stage for the third act.

HER next conscious impression was of herself rushing headlong up the stairs and into Aunt Frederica's room. All the lights in the rest of the house were blazing. Here there was only a small dim lamp, shaded away from her aunt's pallid face in the large canopied bed. Kempy, the nurse, was there, the maid, the cook, and the doctor.

Mayo went to him. "It isn't—?"

"It is now," the doctor said softly. "Only a few more minutes."

She was frightened, then. She had never been so frightened in all her life. Nothing had prepared her for this, nothing she had read or seen or done.

She knelt by the high bed and held Aunt Frederica's hand, and time caught itself in the room, and could not escape. Then slowly the fear in Mayo drained away, and she was calm. She understood now with time standing still, that nothing ended, that everything was dependent on what had gone before and what would come after. And she knew that Aunt Frederica's spirit could not die any more than a woman a thousand years ago had died; for Aunt Frederica was a part of that woman just as Mayo was a part of Aunt Frederica.

Joc arrived at last. He stood by the bed, holding Mayo's hand and touching her face lovingly, with infinite seriousness.

Aunt Frederica stirred, and her eyes opened wide. She moved her hand in Mayo's and looked directly at Joc.

Bending a little, Joc said: "You will be happy this time, Freddie. Even if I have to spank her now and then. It's not as late as you think."

She smiled faintly, and with perfect knowledge.

Time moved again. Time went on its way, and the room was filled with unexpected joy because Mayo had discovered herself to be a woman.

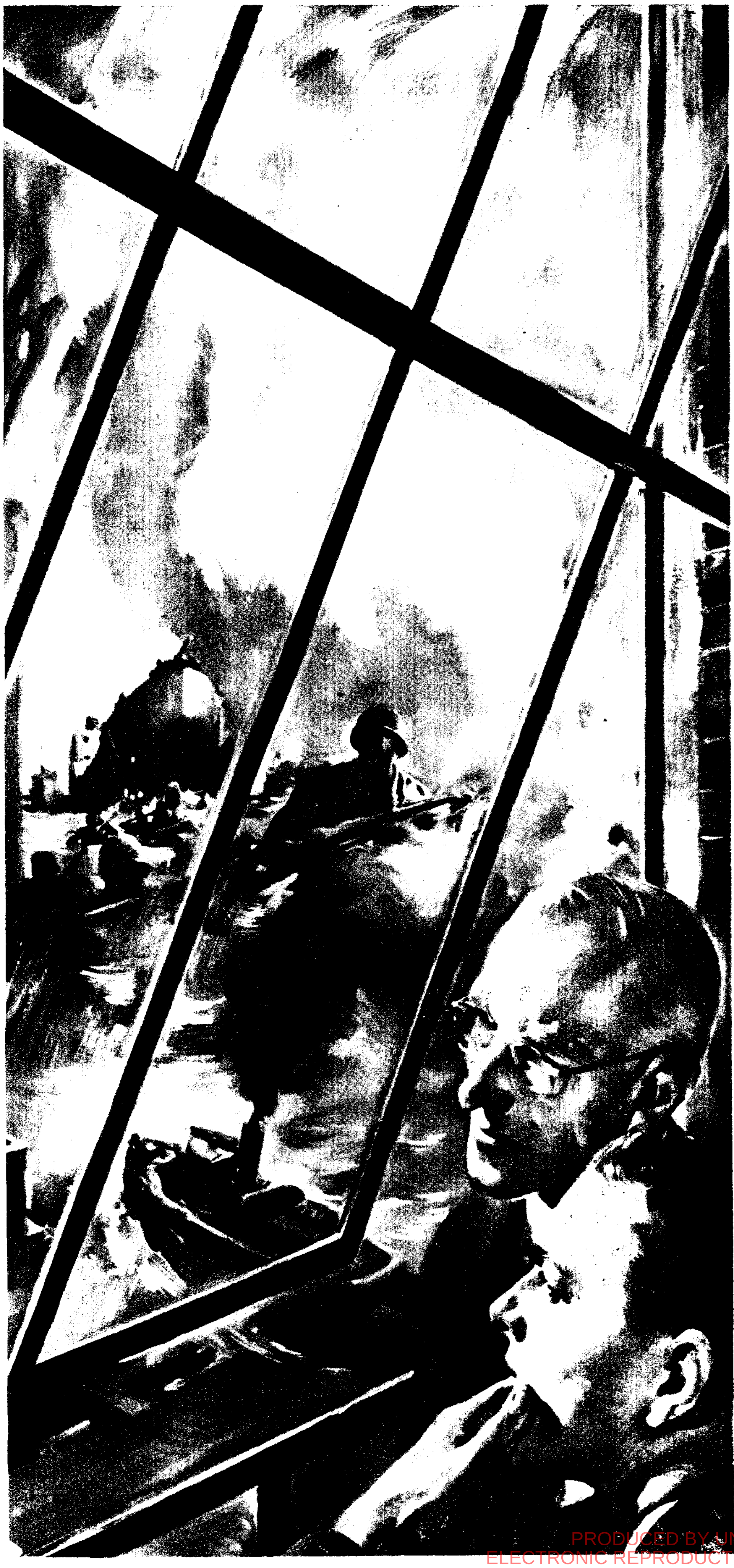
The End

FIRST JOB

BY ZACHARY GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"Whereabouts were you?" Mr. Engel asked. "Tarawa," said Hart. Looking out the window, Mr. Engel was reminded of a newsreel he had seen of action at Tarawa



"MR. ENGEL?"

The older man at the desk looked up. He was freshly clean, somewhat antiseptic this early in the morning before the heat and the damp humidity of the long sun-struck summer day. He was near fifty, balding, with neat strings of grayish hair thinly crossing his scalp.

"I'm Calvin Hart," the other said. "Personnel sent me up."

He handed Mr. Engel a pink card. Mr. Engel read it through carefully and then rose, smiling, and said, "Oh, yes. They told me you were coming. You're more than welcome, of course. I'll show you your desk."

"Thank you," young Hart said.

They started walking down the floor of the long room past the large, iron-bound windows. It was the fourth floor of a warehouse building, and the windows were made so that each could be swung open horizontally on its axis; a young boy of thirteen or so was going down the floor now swinging each one open. The view looked out over a large flat area of gray roofs bisected by empty cross spaces which, four stories below, were streets. In the distance there was the glimmer of water, the river, and the arch of a bridge that passed to the part of the city beyond.

Mr. Engel said, "It might seem a little strange at first. The work, I mean. You'll get on to it, though. I'll be glad to help in any way I can."

"That's very nice of you," Hart said.

"Not at all. That's the least—" Mr. Engel stopped abruptly and frowned a little; then he said briskly, "You'll get the hang of it in no time."

"I'll do my best," Hart said.

They reached a desk in one corner of the room just in front of a window. A slight breeze riffled through a stack of papers in a wire basket. Behind the desk a double row of files stretched from the wall to the door.

"This is your desk," Mr. Engel said; he reached into the basket and pulled out the stack of papers. "You'll be getting these traffic orders through the day. They show what deliveries have to be made, the truck that's been assigned to make them and the date. You have to collect all orders made out for the same truck for the same date, gather them together and staple them. Drop them in the Outgoing basket. Then they go through to delivery."

"Yes, I see," Hart said.

"We've been trying to cut routes to save gas. It's a question of supply. You might call it"— Mr. Engel smiled faintly—"you might call it civilian logistics."

Young Hart said nothing.

"I DIDN'T mean to be funny," Mr. Engel said worriedly. "I know there's no comparison. We're trucking powder puffs and toilet seats and other nonsense. Could do just as well without it, I suppose. But things keep going somehow. You just can't stop everything because—" He paused abruptly.

Hart said, "Yes, I see what you mean."

"I ought to know better," Mr. Engel said angrily. "I was in the last one."

"Were you?" Hart said.

"Forty men, eight horses," Mr. Engel said. "I was there. And I've a boy there now. Italy. At least I think he's still in Italy. We haven't heard for a while, but that happened once before and it was only the mail." He added swiftly, after a moment, "You don't think that means anything, do you?"

"I wouldn't worry," Hart said.

"No, of course not. You hear bad news fast enough, don't you? If he was wounded—" Then he looked at young Hart again, almost hopelessly, and said: "Damn!"

"That's all right," Hart said.

"No, it isn't," Mr. Engle said vehemently. "If I step out of line, you just let me have it."

"It's getting late," Hart said gently. "I'd better get to work, hadn't I?"

Mr. Engel straightened at the desk. "I'm sorry," he said in a tired voice. "I know how it is. Or maybe I don't any more. You forget. Yes, you might as well start now." He touched the sheaf of orders lying in the basket: "You understand how it goes? After you have the orders stapled, you stamp the top one and initial it to show you've checked. And then you put it in the Outgoing basket."

"That's all?" Hart said.

"That's all."

"That's the whole job?"

"That's it."

For a moment neither of them spoke. Mr. Engel had a sharp, uneasy moment of doubt and he wished fleetingly that he could somehow say something more; he fished in his mind for details that he might add to the routine, but actually that was the job and that was all there was to it. He looked down at Hart and suddenly he realized how incredibly young he really was: soldier, hero, veteran. Engel thought of his own son and he remembered, looking at Hart, that a month ago, somewhere in Italy, the boy had been nineteen.

"This is the first job I ever had," young Hart said. "It's funny, I guess. I never had a job before. I went right in from school."

"Look," Engel said. "I got in here after the last mess and I was loose on the town four months before I landed anything. I went through the whole business in France, and when we came back, they marched us down Fifth Avenue, and then I was flat on my luck for four months. I was pretty sore about that for a while. I know how it is. They're trying to do it better this time, I hear. You fellows aren't having any trouble about jobs?"

"No. Not much."

"You can make a nice career here if you want to," Mr. Engel said. "It's really a pretty decent outfit."

IT WAS beginning to get warmer in the strengthening heat of the sun. There was a yellowish pink glare over the window. A blob of sunlight, precise and round as a ball, lay on the desk. Young Hart sat down in the straight-backed chair and opened the bottom button of his jacket.

"You were over in Europe, too?" Mr. Engel asked.

"No. The South Pacific."

"Air Force?"

"Marines."

"How was it down there?" Mr. Engel said. "Bad as they say? All that rain and mud?"

"Yes," Hart said.

"Funny," Mr. Engel said. "It was always supposed to be some kind of paradise. You live and learn, don't you?"

"Yes," Hart said.

"Whereabouts down there were you?" Mr. Engel said.

"Tarawa."

There was a small steady breeze coming through the open window. Out on the river a tug puffed under the bridge and then, as it came downstream, the smoke arched in a weaving line against the sky. The thin line of smoke reminded Mr. Engel of a newsreel he had once seen of the action at Tarawa. Columns of smoke rose above the trees beyond the beach, and in the water of the foreground were the bodies of young American soldiers, face downward, swinging gently and lifelessly with the tide.

At the desk, young Hart rose and slipped out of his jacket. He flipped it casually over the back of the small desk chair and, as the jacket swung, his wallet fell out of the inner breast pocket. Mr. Engel bent to pick it up. The wallet lay open on the floor. Pinned to the inside flap, almost carelessly, was a ribboned medal.

Mr. Engel recognized the Navy Cross. He stared at it for a minute; then, carefully, he closed the wallet and picked it up. He could feel the heavy bulk of the medal as he placed the wallet on the desk beside the sheaf of orders, the stapler, the pencil, the stamp, the wire basket.

"Thanks," young Hart said; he turned to the desk. "Staple and stamp. Is that it?"

"That's it," Mr. Engel said. What does he want from me? he thought helplessly; it's his first job, isn't it? Another tug was breasting out to the middle of the river. Mr. Engel watched it turn downstream in the swift current.

"A lot of boats out on the river today," Mr. Engel said. He paused. He thought briefly of the Navy Cross in Hart's wallet. And then just before he turned to go, he said a little stubbornly: "It's a nice view. You'll get used to it."

a short short story complete on this page

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The Voice of the Martyrs

Continued from page 17

whole wicked system of National Socialist philosophy and all it represents. God helping us, we take our stand."

The Church spoke through many voices:

There was Niemoeller, reading from the floor of his church at Dahlem, as early as 1935, the challenge of the Evangelical churches of Germany; branding the *Weltanschauung* of the National Socialists as an alternative to Christianity, which must be done away with. Hitler put Niemoeller into a concentration camp, but his spirit is still abroad in the churches and in man.

There are the words of Cardinal von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, high-pointing the struggle between the Catholic Church and the Minister of Worship and Instruction in 1941: "The two great Christian bodies know that, for both, the issue of today is one of life and death. . . . There is peace between the confessions, yet fierce strife in the form of that most unnecessary and most tragic of wars, that between Church and State." There is Von Galen, Bishop of Muenster, likening the resistance of Christians to an anvil, against which all hammers would break—if only it proved sufficiently strong.

Or the saintly Bishop Berggrav of Norway: "For the Norwegians, only God—never Quisling—can be a leader!" For his boldness, Berggrav has been banished to a solitary exile. But three years ago this Easter, the clergy of Norway resigned as a body in a great gesture of protest against Nazism. In answer, the theological schools were closed by the state. Even fat scholarships failed to lure youth into the "blitz theological courses" offered by the Nazis and guaranteeing "full clerical privileges."

There is Cardinal Hlond, who in his report on the German occupation of Poland bears witness to "the establishment of a paganism so godless, so immoral, atrocious and inhuman, that it could only be accepted by morbid-minded individuals who have lost all human dignity, and are blinded by hatred of the Cross of Christ."

Pastor Kaj Munk of Denmark can no longer speak. There is little doubt that he was murdered by Nazi agents after they had vainly tried to suppress his fearless writings.

Hollanders still chuckle over the story of how their Archbishop de Jong kept the Gestapo agent, who had called to protest the reading of a pastoral letter, cooling his heels all one Sunday morning, while the archbishop was making the "necessary arrangements." But the arrangements, it proved, were not to have the letter recalled, but to be sure it had been read in all the churches at the early Mass before the Gestapo discovered what was going on.

Cardinal van Roey branded the war as "a tremendous crime . . . a moral evil in all its horror" and forbade Belgian priests to give Communion to any Nazi in uniform.

In the history of France will be written the name of Marc Boegner, head of the French Protestant Federation. Replying to a demand from Berlin that a protest against the bombardment of Germany be read in the churches, he said, "The French Huguenot Church never makes a public declaration at the request of a temporal power."

And So the Story Goes . . .

There will be the story of André Philip, leader in the Student Christian Movement, publisher of the underground newspaper *Liberation*, and distributor of the secretly printed Pamphlets of Christian Witness, which sought to unify Catholic and Protestant in a common resistance based on moral and spiritual decency. And there will be the story of the picturesque Georges Thierry d'Argenlieu of Picardy, who left his role of a writing Carmelite friar to become a rear admiral with the Fighting French. Or Canon Cardijn, organizing Catholic youth to distribute subversive literature and demonstrate in cinemas when pro-German or anti-Christian films were shown, and submitting to arrest rather than to order these young people to "enlist" for labor in Germany.

There is Archbishop Damaskinos, of Greece, offering his own life and the lives of the rest of the Greek Orthodox clergy as volunteer substitutes for persons condemned to death by the invader; holding so completely the confidence of his people that only in him could the various troubled elements in the nation find a unifying leader for this hour.

There is Markakis, the eighty-year-old Archbishop of Crete, who so bedeviled the army of occupation with threats of excommunication that they risked the loss in prestige involved in having him deported.

In Yugoslavia, there is the Serb Patriarch, Gavrilo. Asked if he approved the demonstrations in Belgrade against Germany, he replied: "Approve them? I place myself at the head of them!"

When the official government left, the Patriarch stayed on with his people and was taken prisoner.

But these are the voices of the great leaders and martyrs, who represent largely the voice of the great national churches. What of the little people of the Church—the parish priest, the village pastor? I believe that from the spiritual strength of such as these has flowed forth much of the courage and determination that has given the resistance movement its power.

There was the young Dutch Protestant minister and his wife whom I met while in Switzerland. They had started by giving help to two little Jewish children who had seen their parents dragged from their home to an unknown fate. They had ended by helping some 400 such victims to escape into Switzerland.

There was the town in Poland where Christians confounded their Nazi oppressors by all wearing, on the advice of the Church leaders, the Star of David—a badge required of the Jews, to facilitate their persecution.

Such activity has, of course, not been without its religious tensions and spiritual problems. Young people have learned to lie, steal, falsify documents and even to become assassins. They have done all these things in the name of a high loyalty which recognizes that the Nazi state is the greatest threat to all the Church represents.

The Church has stood by them. It has seen the problems in their true perspective, and often its leaders have become the very core of the resistance movement.

It will be the task of the Church of Europe to rechannel the protesting, violent spirit of these young people, and to mold it into a positive force that will continue to use that same kind of enthusiasm and devotion constructively in the building of a new and better world. Church stewards accept their new responsibility and pledge the same leadership to the problems of reconstruction as they gave to the resistance.

The Church has the confidence of these young people now. These young men and women are wise in the ways of politics and skeptical of governments. But along with this disillusionment has come a new appreciation of spiritual power. The Bible is being read in a way that is new to our present civilization. It is reminiscent of the treasured circulation of the New Testament documents in the troubled days of the first century. While I was in Paris, in spite of blackouts and absence of heating facilities, 4,000 people turned out one evening to a great evangelical mass meeting.

Hitler was right in estimating that the people were eager—hungry—for a leader who would lift their sights, give them a rallying cry and a challenge worthy of their highest endeavor and self-sacrifices. He was wrong in thinking that he and his program of racial superiority and material aggrandizement could permanently fool even his own people.

On the other hand, youth has, with answering spontaneity, rediscovered the Church and apparently found here a devotion to truth and righteousness, and in Christ the inspiration of a leader worthy of their highest devotion.

THE END

MRS. LEGGETT'S DIRT

BY GLORIA FISCHER

SOMEWHERE in the Pacific, on the shores of one of the Marshall Islands, sat a young radio operator attached to the Seventh Air Force. His work for the day was over and he'd come down close to the water on the side of the islands toward the United States to write a letter home. It was January, and in Corporal Wesley T. Leggett's home town, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, the cold and accompanying winter rains chilled the townspeople and made the soldiers stationed at near-by Camp Shelby miserable.

But to Corporal Leggett, it was still the most wonderful place on earth and, thinking of it, he wrote: "If I could just put my foot on Mississippi soil, I'd never again have itching feet."

Before the next month was over, the postman, bearing the letter, arrived at the Leggett home. There, sitting on the couch in front of the fireplace, his mother, Mrs. Josie T. Leggett, a small woman in her sixties, read the words of her son: "If I could just put my foot on Mississippi soil . . ." Why not? she thought, and there began a project.

Since that time, Mrs. Leggett has sent over one hundred small bags of Mississippi soil not only to her son but also to some of the commanding generals in some of our forward battle areas. In addition, she has collected soil from each of our forty-eight states—most of which came directly from the capitol grounds upon a request sent out to the governors. This she mixed recently, sending half to Admiral Nimitz and half to General MacArthur. For her contribution to fighting men's morale she has been hailed by G.I.s and generals, by governors and by home-loving citizens. The sentimental attachment of the wandering soldier to his home soil has endeared her to the hearts of thousands.

It was from the Victory Garden behind the Leggett home that the corporal's mother obtained the first soil for her son. Here her husband, a tall, gaunt, retired Methodist minister, had planted corn, beans, okra, a few pepper bushes and some peas. Digging in among them, Mrs. Leggett obtained several teaspoonsful of the precious home soil to send out to the Marshalls. To package it, she used heavy, 1½-inch-wide, red, white and blue ribbon, sewed together into a tiny bag tied at the top with matching patriotic colored ribbon. She calls them her "For This We Fight" bags. Many of those she has sent to her son have been placed on the graves of his buddies who died at Tarawa. That Admiral Nimitz thinks well of her plans was attested by a letter she received from him in which he said:

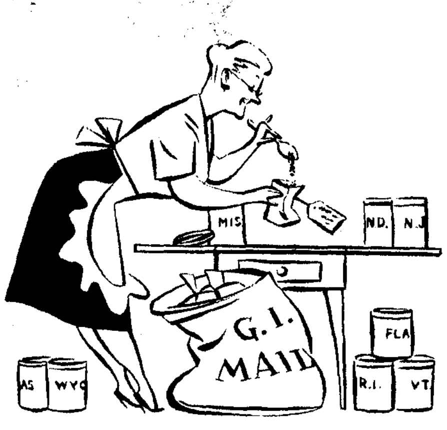
"I am sure your efforts are well appreciated by countless officers and men wherever they are able to plant some good old American soil so far away from home. I shall be pleased to distribute the soil as you wish when it arrives."

All her eight children tease Mrs. Leggett about her "dirt" and regularly inquire how her correspondence is coming. Since the letters from the history-making generals began arriving, Doctor Leggett, too, has taken an interest in his wife's sentimental hobby. A great admirer of General Mark Clark, he was as thrilled as she when a letter came from him.

In one of her son's letters, Wesley had noted that boys from other states had taken exception to his contention that Mississippi was winning the war, since its soil had been strewn over so many of the battlefields. So she therefore began writing to the governors of each of our forty-eight states. The soil which she requested was to be mixed so that when put into the little bags, a fair representation of each state's soil would be included. Four months later she had heard from eighteen governors and sixteen executive secretaries or other state officials to whom her letter had been referred. Five governors had the soil forwarded but with no accompanying letter, and eight completely ignored her request.

Putting Governors to Shame

Pleased as she was with some of these letters, Mrs. Leggett felt bad about those states which had ignored her request. But when there is an Army camp near by, as in Camp Shelby, with boys representing every corner of this country training there, it was not difficult for her to fill in the gaps. A chaplain from Delaware made up his state's deficit. Iowa's soil was obtained from a soldier who'd been in six major battles and wore the Purple Heart.



Likewise, soldiers from the states of Wyoming, North Dakota, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Nebraska and Maryland provided her with soil that their governors had failed to send.

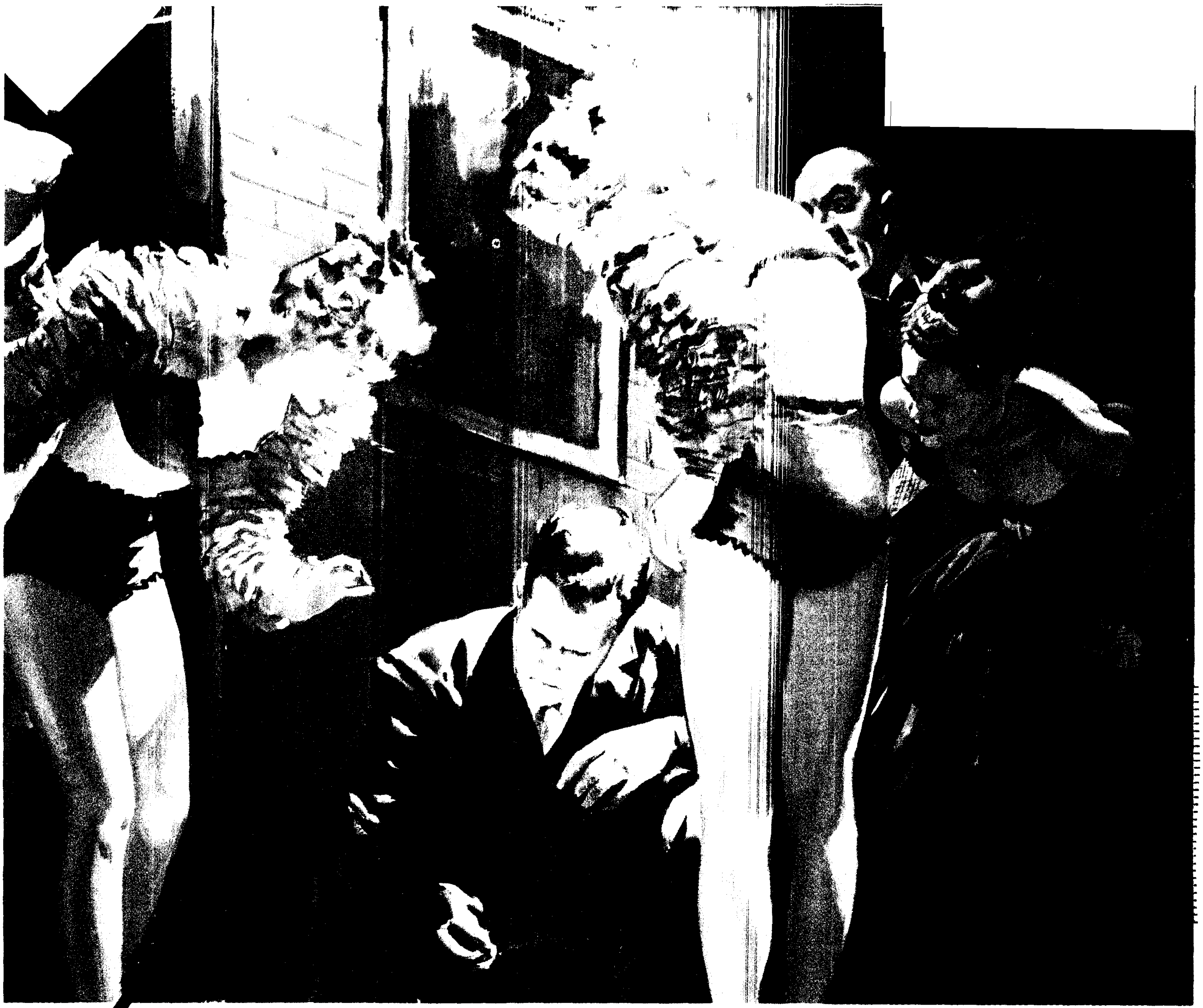
But even with soil coming in from these eight states, Mrs. Leggett still lacked three of the necessary forty-eight state specimens —Washington, Connecticut and Maine.

Because Mrs. Leggett had gone about her project so seriously she was sensitive to criticism and naturally upset by these remarks. But the letters she had already received from Army and Navy leaders held an answer for the governors of Washington and Connecticut. Tempted to send copies of some of these in an effort to obtain the necessary earth, she refrained when soldiers from each of these states, learning of the situation, begged her to accept specimens which they sent for from their own back yards. Army and Navy personnel, Mrs. Leggett had learned, were sentimentalists. Many soldiers stationed near Hattiesburg who discovered, either through the local paper or by word of mouth, that their home states had either ignored or refused Mrs. Leggett's request felt keen personal injury.

One day as Mrs. Leggett passed a downtown store where some of her letters and the tagged packages of earth from the various states were on display, she stopped for a moment to listen to the comments of the crowd gathered to inspect it.

Shortly thereafter a small item concerning her need for Maine earth appeared in a New England paper. Then the dirt began to come. A dozen and more Maine citizens dug into the soil around their homes and sent it south in boxes, cartons and envelopes. Eying the pile, Mrs. Leggett exclaimed, "Why, there's enough here for them to have their own landing strip built on some Pacific Island!"

In any case, there was more than enough for her to use in the mixture of "For This We Fight" soil. ★★★



People crowded into the corridor where the body lay. Somebody said, "Call the police!"

Love HAS NO ALIBI

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:
Life was good to Kirk Douglas. His only worry was trying to find a way to marry beautiful Dana Warren, celebrated dancing partner and wife of Ricardo Sanchez. Then without warning, the world turned upside down and Kirk was caught in a tightening web of haywire events: A stranger named Ethel Brower was found strangled to death in his apartment; $100,000 was deposited to his account by an unknown person; a screwball millionairess, Candy Livingston, begged him to marry her; and an important architectural job was handed to him by wealthy John Ferguson. Then murder moved in again. First an attempt was made to kill Kirk's friend, Arthur Maybank; then nurse's aide, Agnes Sheridan, with whom Arthur was in love, was brutally killed outside the dressing rooms in the Club Caliente where Dana and Ricardo performed. Kirk had reasons for suspecting Ricardo, but meanwhile Police Lieutenant Gold eyed Kirk!

Conclusion

THERE was a lot of talking and pushing. People continued crowding into the corridor where Agnes lay. Somebody said, "Call the police!" and somebody else said, "Get a doctor!"

I heard a voice at my elbow. It was Candy Livingston's voice. It said, "Oh, good Lord . . ."

My eyes went to the end of the corridor. The door of Ricardo's dressing room was closed. Dana's door was slightly ajar. And while I was watching, it opened.

Ricardo came out. Not out of his own dressing room. He came out of Dana's room.

He stared at the crowd. He moved swiftly and joined the people who hovered over Agnes Sheridan's body.

Ricardo's eyes met mine. I saw something there. Something I didn't like.

I got a sickish feeling in the pit of my stomach. I thought, Ricardo shot Agnes. But he didn't mean to. The person he intended to kill was Dana.

I edged over to Dana. I took her hand. It was icy. Apparently she hadn't moved since Agnes Sheridan had been killed. Her body was like a statue; a cold, beautiful statue. I said softly, "Get a grip on yourself, sweetheart. The cops will be here in a minute and they're going to ask you a lot of questions."

My timing was good. Two uniformed men barged in. They were right out of the book: big, pink-cheeked patrol-car men with keen eyes and that authoritative air which always goes with a uniform. One of them said, "Somebody must've phoned homicide already. We'll wait."

For the moment, until the arrival of the first detective, this man was in charge. He liked it. He stared sternly at the circle of pinched, strained faces and asked, "Anybody touched this body?"

Heads were shaken, but nobody spoke.

"Any idea who done the shooting?"

Nobody had any idea who done it, so again no one said anything.

I pressed my body against Dana's. She was beginning to relax. Not much, but a little.

There was another commotion. Two men in plain clothes came in. One of them was big and beefy and young. He had expressionless eyes—like agates. The other was stubby and broad and had the blackest hair I had ever seen. It was Detective Lieutenant Max Gold. He was very quiet, very efficient, very placid. He told the patrol-car boys that he'd take over. He told them not to let anybody leave. Then he looked down at what had been Agnes Sheridan and at the ring of faces which peered at him with tense eagerness.

Gold told them who he was. He showed them the same badge he had displayed to me the night a woman named Ethel Brower was killed in my apartment. He asked whether anyone could tell him what had happened, but nobody could—whereupon he looked a trifle uncertain.

Then he saw me. He said, "Always on the spot, ain't you, Douglas?" Before I could come up with an answer he went on with the questioning.

He shot a lot of verbal arrows into the air. The sum total of results was slightly less than nothing. It was apparent that nobody except Dana had been in the corridor when Agnes was shot, and that no one had seen anything. Dana was the only one except myself and Candy Livingston who recognized the

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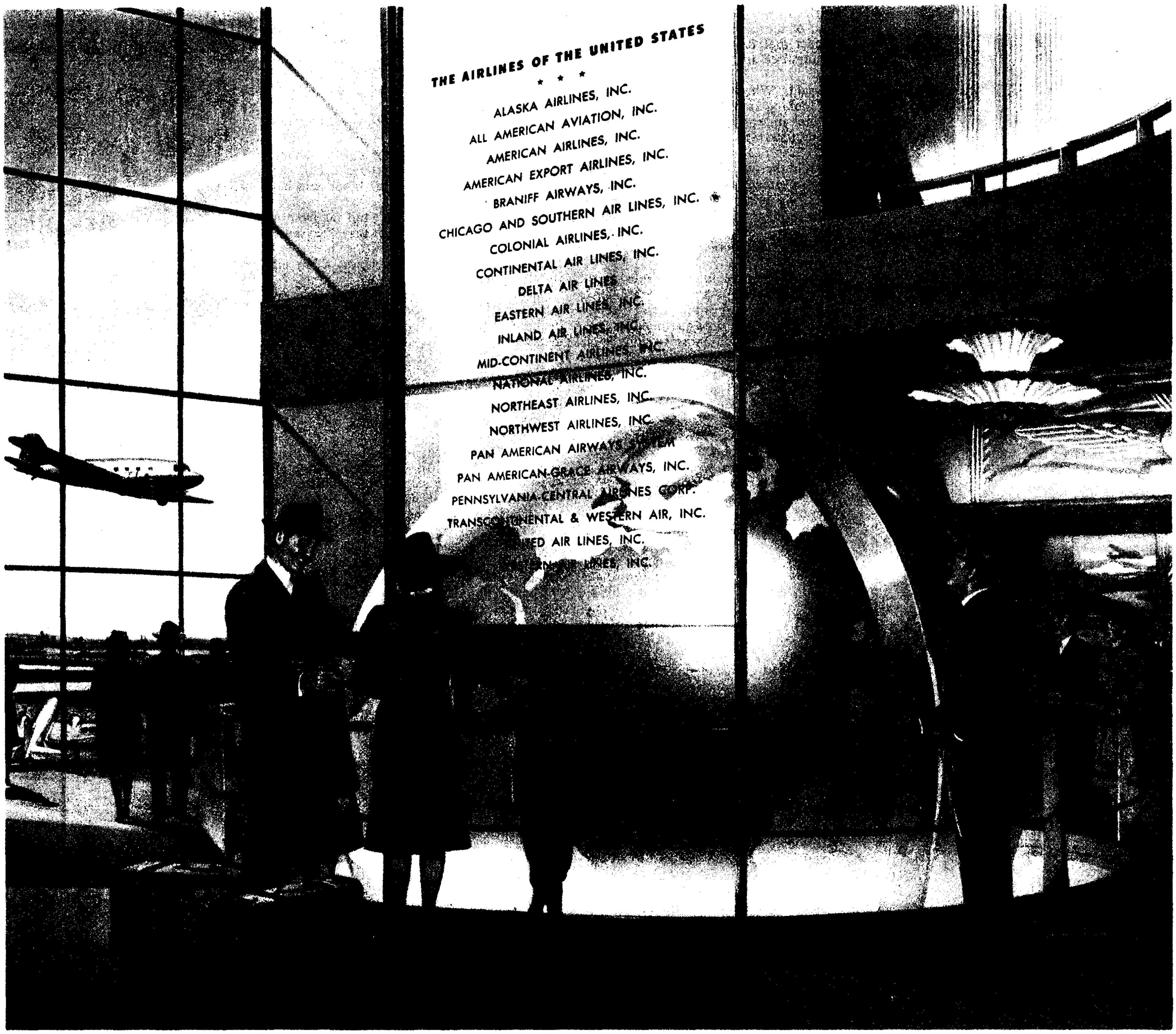
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dead girl. So we were elected, with Dana at the head of the popularity poll. I took note of the fact that Ricardo hadn't spoken. He hadn't admitted that he knew Agnes Sheridan.

Gold said, "Where's a good place to talk?" He was looking at Dana when he said it.

"My dressing room?" Dana's rising inflection made it more of a question than a suggestion.

Gold told the two patrolmen and the other detective to start taking down names and addresses. He announced that nobody was to leave the Caliente until he gave the word, but he said it in such a way that he calmed them down rather than making them more jittery.

Some more people joined the crowd in the corridor. There was a medical examiner, a photographer, a fingerprint man and a fellow who started taking measurements. Their scrutiny of Agnes' body was startlingly impersonal. She might as well have been a piece of furniture. They herded the guests and waiters and bus boys and chorus girls back into the club. Ricardo went with them. So did Candy Livingston.

Gold said, "Let's go, Miss Warren."

I asked, "May I come along?"

"Why not?" There was a suggestion of amusement in his eyes. "For a nice solid citizen, Douglas, you sure get around."

We went into Dana's dressing room and closed the door. The first thing Gold spied was Agnes' skates. He asked about them, and Dana told him about the skating party we had planned—and were never going to have. Gold said, "So that's why she was dressed like that, huh?"

Dana sat stiffly on the little chair in front of her make-up table. I perched gingerly on the edge of a ridiculous white satin easy chair which had been put there to give tone to the room, and which positively wasn't comfortable. Gold stood in the corner where he could watch us and look around the dressing room at the same time.

I looked around, too. I was remembering that Ricardo had come out of this room a few seconds after Agnes had been killed. The fact that he had come here, instead of going to his own dressing room across the corridor, might mean anything or nothing.

The room looked just about as I had always seen it. If Ricardo had disturbed anything, it wasn't visible.

Dana started to shiver so I took her coat off its hanger and draped it around her shoulders. She thanked me, and patted my hand reassuringly.

Gold started questioning her. He wasn't acting tough. He was just an efficient man doing an efficient job.

"You say you and Miss Sheridan started for this dressing room right after you finished your act, Miss Warren. She had left her skates here. You stepped into the corridor together. What happened?"

DANA moistened her lips. She said, "We started toward my room. We got about halfway down the corridor when I heard the gun go off."

"How did you know it was a gun?"

"I didn't. I just heard a noise."

"Did you see anything?"

"No."

"You got any idea which way the bullet came from?"

"No."

He shrugged. "We can find that out easy enough. The point is that since you and she were walking in this direction, you must have been facing this way. Right?"

Dana nodded.

"When you started out," Gold continued, "was Miss Sheridan acting unusual? Like, for instance, she was afraid of something?"

"No. Nothing like that."

"What was she talking about?"

"My gown." Dana touched the soft folds of her skirt. "She was saying how much she liked it."

Max looked her over. "It's swell," he said. "I can hardly blame her." He smiled in what was intended to be a reassuring manner. "So then there was the noise, which you didn't know was a shot. What happened then, Miss Warren?"

"Agnes stopped talking. I had walked ahead about two steps. I turned and looked at her."

"You still didn't see anybody?"

"Not then. Later, the corridor got crowded."

"Did Miss Sheridan make any exclamation?"

"No. Not even a sound to show that she had been hurt. She just stood there, and then she commenced to sag. Then all of a sudden she pitched forward, and after she fell, she rolled over on her back. The blood was beginning to show . . ."

Dana stopped. She wasn't too far from a crack-up. Gold said, "Take it easy. No sense punishing yourself."

Dana thanked him with a nod. "I'm all right, Lieutenant."

"Sure, I know. But it's tough being in on something like this." He put a cigarette in his mouth, but didn't light it. He asked some more questions. How long Dana and Agnes had known each other, where and how they had met, whether they'd ever visited, how much Dana knew about Agnes' private life. He didn't seem very enthusiastic. He said, "I always draw blanks."

I LEANED forward. I said, "Look, Lieutenant: May I ask Miss Warren a couple of questions? You can stop her from answering any of them if you wish. And after I'm through, I'll explain what I'm driving at."

He gave that a going over. Then he nodded. "I don't see any harm in it, Douglas."

I made my voice as gentle as possible. "Think carefully, Dana. Up to the moment you heard the shot, how close had you and Agnes been to each other?"

She looked at me in surprise. "Close? Why, as close as people would naturally walk, I suppose."

"That means very close? Almost shoulder to shoulder?"

"I guess so. I don't remember exactly."

"But if you hadn't been normally close, you'd be likely to remember that, wouldn't you?"

"Y-y-yes, I suppose so. I noticed as soon as she dropped behind me. But that wasn't until after I heard the shot."

"About the shot: You didn't see any flash?"

"No. I told the lieutenant . . ."

"Be patient, honey. I'm driving at something. Did the shot seem to come from very close or from a distance? And by a distance, I mean maybe twenty feet."

She concentrated. Then she shook her head. "I don't know, Kirk. I suppose I'm not helping much, but I'm only telling things as I remember them. When I heard the noise, it seemed to come from everywhere at once. As though there were a dozen echoes."

"Did you notice that your dressing-room door was slightly open?"

"No."

I spread my hands in a helpless gesture. I said, "If you want me to explain, Lieutenant . . ."

He said, "In a minute. Meanwhile, I'd like to ask you a couple of questions, Douglas." His manner was calculating rather than hostile. "In the crowd back yonder, didn't I see Candy Livingston?"

"Yes," I said. "She was there."

"You know her?"

"Yes."

"How well?"

Dana and I glanced at each other. I said carefully, "That's an odd question, Lieutenant."

"Not so odd. As a matter of fact, I'll lay a few cards on the table. It wasn't too long ago that a babe was knocked off in your apartment. I told you then and I repeat, I wasn't sold on the idea you did it, but I thought you knew more than you were telling. I still think so. Anyway, we sort of kept check on you. You haven't been tailed, but you'd be surprised how much we know about you. One of the things we know is that you and Candy Livingston have been friendly."

I said, "I'm friendly with a lot of people."

"Candy's not a lot of people. She's somebody extra special. Where she happens to be, things usually happen."

That hit a responsive chord. It was what I'd been thinking for a long time. Gold said, "Do you know where Livingston was when Miss Sheridan was killed?"

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"No. Not exactly. All I know is that just before Ricardo & Dana left the floor, Miss Livingston went into the corridor, in the direction of the powder room."

Gold looked down at the toes of his highly polished shoes. "Did Candy know about this skating party?"

"Yes."

"Did you see her come *out* of the ladies' room?"

"No. I just saw her in the crowd after it happened."

"Mmmmm!" Gold's smile was rather bleak. "I'm going to ask you a certain question, Douglas. Answer it or not, as you think best. But if you do, let's play it straight. Wasn't Candy Livingston making a play for you?"

I hesitated. Gold let me take my time. The question was embarrassing, but there was something a lot more important than embarrassment to cope with now.

I said, "She seemed to like me."

"How much?"

I said, "You're shoving me, Lieutenant. I can't give you an honest answer because I'm not sure. I always thought that I interested her because I was something different. I was the nice solid young man with some sort of a professional future, and she had just had a rather unpleasant experience . . . that kidnaping business."

Lieutenant Gold made a sound popularly associated with the Bronx. He said, "That story she tells about being kidnaped: it stinks."

That remark brought me up short. I said, "You mean Candy wasn't kidnaped?"

"I mean we don't think so. She goes away without leaving word, which isn't unusual. She stays a long time. She makes all the ransom arrangements over the telephone. The day after the money is paid—a half million—she comes back, bright and chipper. She tells a story that's as full of holes as Swiss cheese. What she describes is an abduction that turns into a kidnaping. She says she was treated wonderful. She doesn't overplay that part of it: she's not the corny type. She describes a guy to us that could be anybody you pass on the street. She gives us a name that means even less than that. The only way she slips is that she mentions New Jersey. That makes it interstate and brings in the F.B.I. boys.

"They question her, too. She hands them the same double-talk. When they try to pin her down, she clams up on them. She makes it clear that she doesn't want this guy found and prosecuted. So even if he was found, she'd be a hostile witness. No indictment we could bring could be made to stick. So what's the use of making yourself silly in court and wasting money for a fancy prosecution? None, says we. None, says the G boys. So the case is shoved into a file to be pulled out when, as and if needed. She makes us play it her way, but we don't have to believe her."

He finally got around to lighting his cigarette. He grinned at me through the thin blue haze of smoke. He said, "It's a helluva life, being a cop."

I MADE some inane remark which didn't mean anything. Then Gold asked abruptly, "You ever get a hunch on who put that hundred thousand in your account?"

I shook my head.

"Maybe it was Candy Livingston," he suggested. "That'd be just so much bird gravel to her."

I said, "I didn't know her then."

"So what? So maybe she knew you. Maybe you looked like somebody she'd like to give a hundred thousand dollars to."

"That's silly, Lieutenant."

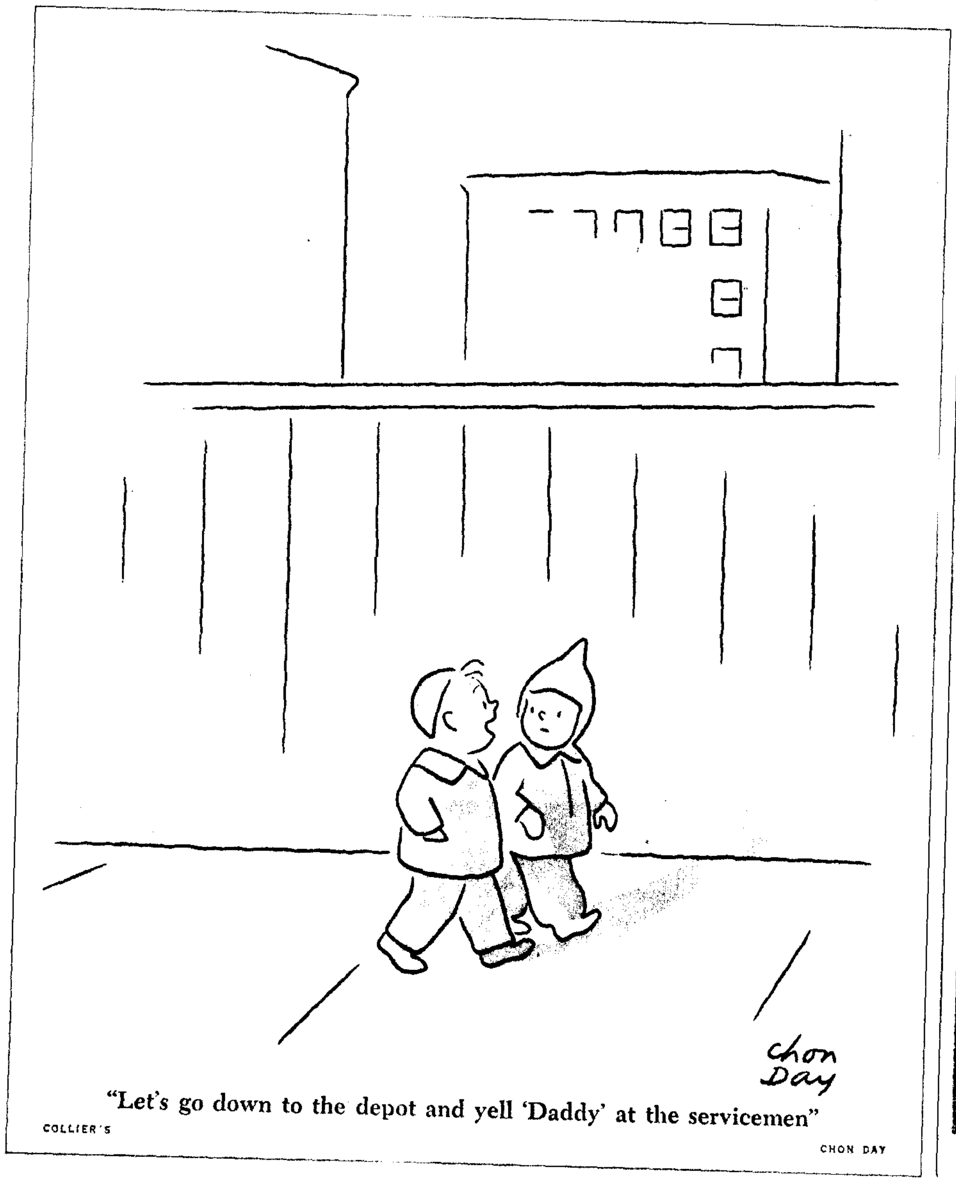
"Okay," he said placidly. "I don't care for it so much myself. I just happened to be thinking that the dates were all bunched up along there. Also that when a dame like Livingston makes a play for a guy, he usually has more than you've got."

I said, "Aren't we getting pretty far away from what just happened out yonder?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

Dana said, "You don't think Candy . . . ?"

"Ma'am, I don't think anything. I just try to find out. Candy was here tonight. Or anyway, she was hereabouts. If she had any reason, she could have done the shooting; just like if she'd had a reason, she could've slipped Douglas that hundred thousand." He put up his hand. "Don't say it, Miss Warren. I'm six jumps ahead of you. Candy didn't



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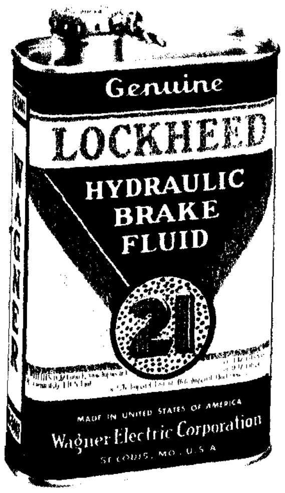

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have a reason. Okay. But who did? I'm just tossing her around in my peanut brain until something better comes along."

I said quietly, "Maybe I can give you something better, Lieutenant."

"Yeah . . . ?" His voice didn't change, and his eyes were still calm and friendly. But I knew he was listening hard.

I didn't look at Dana. I wanted her to hear what I had to say, and I knew it would be tough. But I had to say it anyway.

I said, "I may as well start off by reminding you that I'm in love with Miss Warren, and want to marry her. Therefore you can discount what I'm going to say as coming from a prejudiced witness. What I'm driving at is that I think the time has come to quit holding out on you, which I only did because I couldn't find anything solid on which to base my suspicions."

"Holding out's not so good," commented Max. "Let's have the story."

I STARTED to tell him about Ricardo. As soon as I mentioned the name, Dana drew in her breath sharply and said, "Kirk! Don't!" and I said, "I've got to, honey. You'll see why."

I kept going. I told Max Gold everything I knew about Ricardo. I tried to limit myself to facts. I told him about falling in love with Dana and the way Ricardo had reacted. I told him about the missing luck piece and how it had turned up in my apartment. I gave him the battered coin. I told him that, to my knowledge, Ricardo had never been in my apartment. I told him about our fight at the rehearsal hall. I told him that only recently Dana had notified Ricardo that she was quitting the act, regardless. The one opinion I expressed was that nothing could hit Ricardo much harder than that, because his profession—and the position he held in it—probably meant more to him than anything else in the world, and that Dana would be almost impossible to replace.

Gold let me finish. He gave it plenty of time to sink in. He said, "Why are you telling me this now?"

"Because . . ." I hesitated, and he encouraged me by saying, "Keep going, Douglas."

"All right," I said. "Here's the last touch. When Ricardo & Dana left the floor tonight, Miss Warren stopped at our table. Ricardo went into the corridor. His dressing room is right across the hall from this one. When I heard the shot, I ran into the corridor. I saw that door open and Ricardo came out."

"Out of Miss Warren's dressing room?"

"Yes. Out of this room we're in now."

"Did he have a gun?"

"I didn't see any."

"Did he know Miss Sheridan?"

"Casually."

"Why would he shoot her?"

"I don't think he would. Except by accident."

Gold ground the fire from the end of his cigarette. He nodded thoughtfully. "That adds up better than some of the ideas I've had, Douglas. You figure Ricardo was sore about a lot of things, but mostly because he was going to lose an ace dance partner. He was waiting in her dressing room. He saw her coming with somebody else and took a shot at her. Only he's no expert, so he blasts Agnes Sheridan instead of his wife. Is that what you think?"

Dana was trying to say something. She was trembling again, and this time it wasn't from the cold. I put my hand on hers. I said, "I don't think anything, Lieutenant."

"Then why are you telling me?"

"Because," I said carefully, "I believe that whoever did the killing was shooting at Dana—not at Miss Sheridan. And I'm afraid—for her."

Dana stood up. She said, "I can't think it was Ricardo. He's rough and he's tough, but I don't believe . . . Does it strike you as reasonable, Lieutenant?"

Gold said, "Yes. And no. There's enough motive, but the way it was done—there's lots of flaws in it. Even if he wanted to kill you, it doesn't seem hardly probable he'd have gone through with it when he saw you weren't alone. Of course, there's still another angle. An amateur gets himself nerved up to do something. He knows he'll never get that hopped up again. So he lets fly anyway, and to hell with the consequences." Gold walked to the door and called somebody. There was a brief, whispered conference, then he closed the door and came back to us. "They'll case Ricardo's room. They'll watch him extra special. I'll give him a going over later."

He turned his attention to me. "Ricardo was making a play for Candy Livingston, wasn't he?"

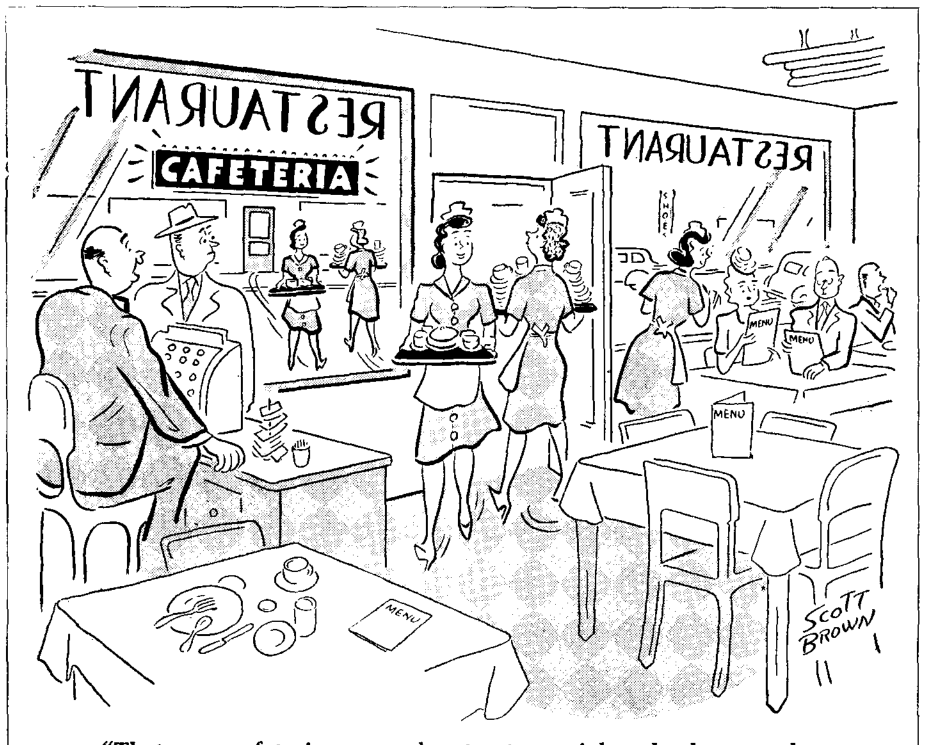
I said, "I don't know."

"I got reason to think he was. If she liked you, that would be something else that wouldn't make Ricardo happy." He shook his head. "You sure got yourself in the middle of a mess, didn't you?"

"Yes. But that isn't what worries me. I'm concerned about Dana. If what happened tonight was an attempt on her life, it might happen again. There must be some sort of way to guard against that."

Dana said, "I can't believe Ricardo could hate me that much, or that I'd be so valuable to him as a dance partner. I know him. I was close to him when we were first married. I can give you an alphabetical list of all his faults. But I can't see him as the killer type."

Max said dryly, "You'd be surprised,



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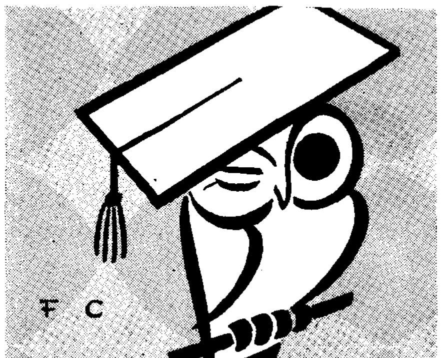

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"Ma'am, what kind of folks can get a sudden itch to commit homicide." He turned his attention to the luck piece again. "So he was sore when he found it was missing, huh?"

Dana said, "Yes," and I said, "Miss Warren told me he seemed more upset than the loss of a luck piece could possibly explain."

"And Ricardo commenced getting real ugly as of then, Miss Warren?"

Dana nodded. Gold said, "Some guys are superstitious as hell: you got to consider that." He looked across at me. "This thing was found under the edge of the rug in your apartment, Douglas?"

"Yes. Under the couch."

"You should've told me." Gold's voice was gently reproving.

"I'm sorry. But you understand now why I didn't."

"I know. The scandal."

"I was trying to find out if Ricardo had ever known Ethel Brower. If it turned out that he had, I'd have come to you with the whole story."

"I'm a funny guy," Max said mournfully. "I like to do my own thinking. How much you know about this Agnes Sheridan?"

"Very little. Except that she worked as a nurse's aide at the McKinley Hospital."

Gold shrugged. "We oughtn't to have too much trouble checking on her."

He walked to the door. He paused with his hand on the knob and said, "Thanks to both of you."

"What do we do now?"

"How should I know? Whatever you like."

"We can go?"

"Why not? I can contact you any time." His lips spread in a broad grin. "But get this, Douglas: Next time you get hold of any information, give me a thought, will you? You got no idea how much it helps."

He stepped into the corridor, closing the door behind him. I stood up and put my arms around Dana. She said, "You don't really think Ricardo did it, do you?"

"I don't know what to think. I only know that this chain of events gets more and more fantastic. I know I'm afraid. I know I hate to have you go through things like this. . . ."

She leaned back in my arms and stared hard at me. She said, in a tight little voice. "You're afraid for me, aren't you, Kirk?"

"Naturally."

"And I'm afraid for you." I looked puzzled, and she went on. "I'm trying to look at this squarely, darling. You said something once that was true—so true it frightens me. It all seems to center around you: the money in the bank, the dead girl in your apartment, someone trying to kill Arthur Maybank for no apparent reason except that he is your friend, the thing tonight—whether it was meant for Agnes or for me. It's you I'm afraid for, Kirk . . . can't you see that?"

I shook my head. I told her she was crazy, but I knew she wasn't. I felt absurdly inadequate.

I tried to quiet her. I held her close and stroked her soft brown hair. I told her how much I loved her.

I finally succeeded in easing the tension. Her arms went around my neck and she clung tight. She started to cry. She cried like a little girl. Softly. And I stood there patting her and feeling rotten.

I got her quieted down. I sat uncomfortably while she went behind the screen and changed.

WE LEFT the dressing room together. Someone told us that the supper show had been called off.

The corridor looked normal. Business as usual. Even Agnes Sheridan had gone.

They had taken her body to the morgue.

I took Dana home, and said I was going downstairs for some cigarettes. I went to the nearest drugstore and bought a mild sedative—the sort you can get without a prescription. When I got back with it, Dana had gotten into a housecoat and a pair of cute little mules.

I gave her the sedative. I sat around and talked and tried to keep her from thinking unpleasant thoughts. I offered to sleep on the couch, but she wasn't having any. She insisted she'd be all right. I made her promise to telephone me in case she wasn't.

I stuck around until she started to get drowsy. Then I kissed her good night and walked out, closing the door gently. I started across town on what I knew would be an unpleasant mission.

The accident room of the McKinley looked only a shade more grim than it had on my first visit. I found Arthur talking with a big, burly man who turned out to be the ambulance driver. He looked like the sort of lad who loved his job. Going through traffic and under red lights at fifty seemed to be just about what he had been designed for.

Arthur was on duty. He had on white shoes, white pants and a white coat. He smiled when he saw me and walked forward with his hand out.

I told him about Agnes as gently as I could. I spared him the details. I said I believed that whoever had done it was really shooting at Dana. That left Agnes just as dead.

He took it pretty hard. His weak mouth trembled, and he looked as though he were going to cry. I felt like a heel, as though I were personally responsible. He asked me a lot of questions, and about all I could do was to tell him I didn't know the answers. I stuck around with him for more than an hour. I stayed until an accident call came in. Somebody had been badly sliced up in a saloon brawl. Arthur went out with the beefy ambulance driver. I told him to keep a tight grip on himself. Then I went home.

I DIDN'T have much luck getting to sleep. When I finally dozed off, I didn't enjoy it because my dreams were unpleasant. I woke at nine, drank some coffee, lighted a cigarette and retrieved my two morning papers from outside the door.

The killing of Agnes Sheridan made gusty reading, in spite of the fact that the reporters hadn't had much to go on. They pulled out all the stops in describing the "exclusive" Club Caliente. They told about Agnes being a nurse's aide, and where she lived. That was about all. One account described her as a "vivid, vital, beautiful brunette," which was pretty good going, considering.

The mystery angle was neat. No motive. No suspect. No gun. I could see that Lieutenant Max Gold of the Homicide Squad had told the reporters precisely what they'd find out anyway, and not another word.

Neither Dana nor Ricardo were mentioned, except as the stars of the show which helped to make the club exclusive. Candy's name wasn't there. Neither was mine. It was a nice story, but when you had finished reading it, you hadn't read anything.

Shortly before nine-thirty, I telephoned the office and told them I wouldn't be in. I said I had a slight cold. I kidded a little with the switchboard operator, but I don't think I was as funny as Jack Benny.

I knew what I was going to do, and I'd gotten the idea from remembering that Max Gold had his eye on Candy Livingston.

I didn't know where Candy fitted in, but I felt certain she knew a lot she wasn't telling. It occurred to me that maybe I was the guy who could induce her to talk. I figured that the end justified any means. I'd be rough or affectionate or whatever the situation called for. I had a definite job. That job was to protect Dana from whatever might be threatening her.

Fired with enthusiasm and high purpose, I telephoned Candy's apartment. The maid said she wasn't there but that she'd be back late that night or early the next morning. I left my name and number. I called the office again and told the operator to warn the bosses that my cold would probably last for two days at least.

I phoned Dana. She was out, too. I went to her apartment house and waited in the lobby. She came in about two o'clock in the afternoon. She looked pale and drawn. We went up to her apartment and started to fix up a little lunch.

She said, "I saw Ricardo this morning."

"How come?"

"He telephoned me."

"And . . . ?"

"Kirk! I'm sure he had nothing to do with that shooting. And he's terrified. The police questioned him for hours. He says it doesn't matter how innocent he is, they've built up a strong circumstantial case against him. I've

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never before seen him frightened. It isn't a pretty sight."

I tried hard to be sorry for Ricardo, but wasn't very successful. I was nervous about Dana meeting him. Of course I believed that Ricardo was messed up in this thing, but Dana thought otherwise. So, naturally, she wouldn't be afraid of him. There didn't seem to be much I could do about it.

I left her when it came time to go to the club. I said frankly that this night I'd enjoy staying away. I went to my place and did a lot of reading, without absorbing anything. I was in bed by ten o'clock and asleep shortly after that.

At three o'clock my telephone rang. It was Candy Livingston, bright and chipper as you please. She said, "I just got home and found your message. What gives?"

I made a date to see her at one o'clock the next afternoon. I suggested ten in the morning, but she laughed that off. She didn't mention Agnes' death. I couldn't get anything over the telephone except that she was glad I had called her. I cut off and went back to sleep. . . .

When I rang her bell at a correct five minutes after one the next day, Candy answered the door. I had anticipated a seductive negligee, but I didn't get it. What I did get was a little dress which was quite revealing despite its simplicity. She didn't look like the Candy Livingston of café society, but she was still blond enough and gorgeous enough to knock your eye out.

She took my coat and hat and led me into a living room that had been done by an expensive decorator who knew his stuff. At the end of the room two glass doors were open. The table had been set. Cocktails were already mixed. Candy said, "You'll probably be surprised as hell when I tell you we're alone. I let the servants go."

"Tomorrow is Thursday," I said. "They'd be off then anyway."

The lunch was simple and lovely. We moved into the living room for coffee. Candy closed the connecting doors, shoved a humidor at me, remembered just how much sugar I liked in my coffee, and seated herself beside me on the couch.

I fancied that I detected a trace of amusement in her eyes. She said banteringly, "To what do I owe the honor of this visit, Mr. Douglas?"

I tried to match her mood. I said, "Perhaps I couldn't resist you any longer."

"I'm not buying that. The brilliant young architect doesn't prowl at midday without a reason."

"Haven't you ever been told that you're reason enough?"

"Not by you, I haven't." She leaned toward me, her expression serious. "It's about Monday night, isn't it?"

"Yes." I liked her directness. "That—and other things."

She said, "Take your time. We've got until tomorrow morning."

I said tentatively, "How well had you gotten to know Agnes Sheridan?"

"Not at all well. But I'm that sort of a person. Sudden intimacies. She seemed to like me, and I liked her. She was fun in her own intense sort of way. I enjoyed having her around."

"Did you ever visit her?"

"Never."

"She told you nothing about herself?"

"No. It wouldn't have been easy, anyway. I'm no good at butting into other people's affairs."

I said casually, "You were in the powder room when she was shot, weren't you?"

"Yes." She looked at me peculiarly. "Why do you ask that?"

"I saw you pass our table. I presumed—"

"But you weren't sure. You're trying to ask whether I was in the corridor. Well, I wasn't. I didn't kill her."

I said, "You hit straight."

"Why not? You came here to question me: just why, I don't know. But since that's on your mind, you may as well play it across the board."

"YOU'RE a nice person, Candy," I said. "And you're making a tough job simple. First: Have you any theory about who killed Agnes, or why?"

"No."

"Okay. Now for another. How do you feel about Dana?"

"I like her personally. And I'm jealous as hell."

I felt silly. I said, "I think Agnes was killed by accident."

"I don't get it."

"I believe that whoever shot her meant to kill Dana."

Candy's eyes got big. She said, "I still didn't do it. I'm not the type."

I was getting no less bewildered by the minute, but I decided I'd better take full advantage of my opportunity. I said, "I've been talking to Max Gold about you. He's a lieutenant attached to the Homicide Squad of the New York police department."

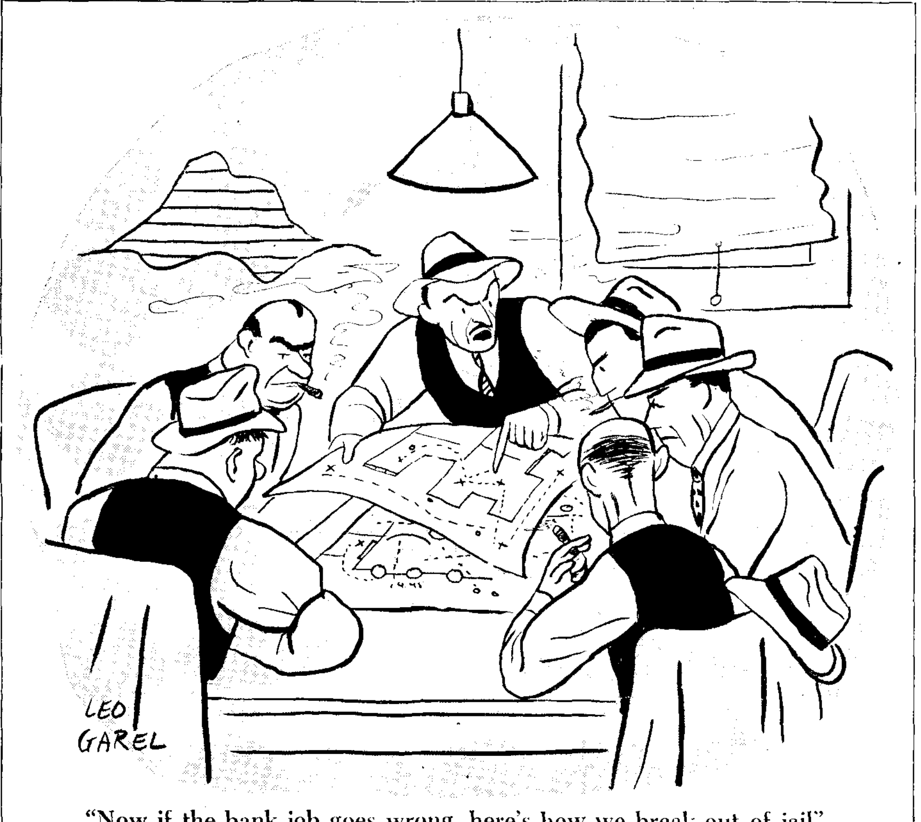
"So what?"

"Gold claims that your story about being kidnaped was a fake. The way he expressed it was, 'Her story stinks.'"

She smiled. "He sounds like a wise guy."

"I believe he is. Really wise. Not just somebody who cracks that way."

"In other words: You believe him?"



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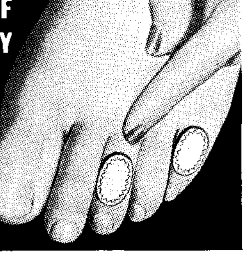

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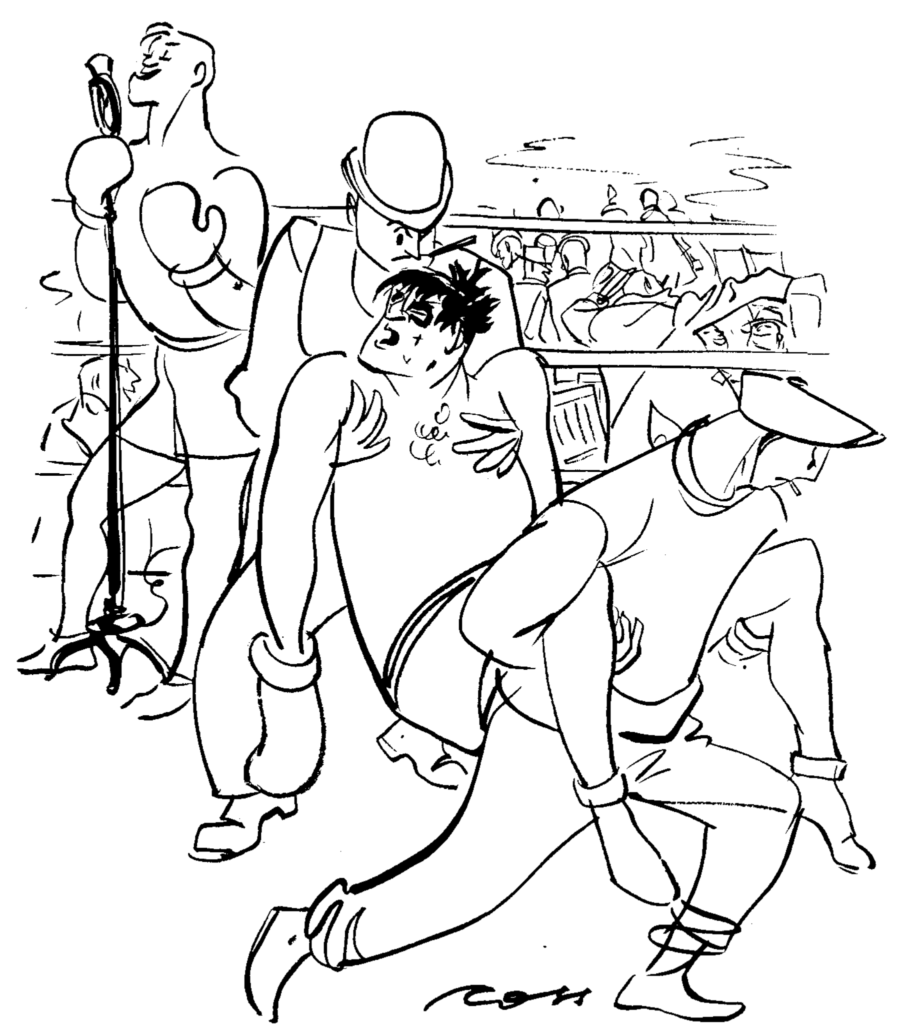


COLLIER'S "What's he got to brag about? I'm just a second-rater!" AL ROSS

"I didn't say that. I don't know anything about it. I'm only asking."

"Why?"

"Because I'm worried. A lot of things have been happening all around me that don't make sense. I think you can supply some of the answers." I looked straight at her. "Were you really kidnaped?"

"No."

"But you were away . . ."

"It was one of those things. I told you frankly that I was wild. Too much money, too much leisure, too little supervision, too much need for novelty and excitement. I met a man and fell for him. There wasn't anything new about that." She broke off suddenly. "I'm a damn' fool to be telling this to *you*."

"Go ahead, please."

"I went away with this man. It was fun at first. Until I discovered that I'd been fooled by his appearance; he was a prime louse. He was also a blackmailer. I'm moderately notorious, but that was one escapade I didn't care to see plastered all over the gossip pages. We cooked up the kidnaping story. It was designed as a face-saver for me. It was worth what it cost to get away from him."

I said, "Would you be willing to tell me his name?"

She hesitated. Then she said, "The way I feel about you, I'll tell you anything. You know the man already. He's one of the cleverest confidence men in America. His name is John Ferguson."

I SAT there gawking. I was way off balance. Candy's sapphire eyes never left my face. She was enjoying the situation. She said, "Is it all clear to you now, Kirk?"

"It would be—if I could understand it."

"Which part of it?"

I reached for a cigarette with fingers which were far from steady. I was trying to fit the pieces together, struggling to adjust myself to a new perspective. I said, "But I introduced you to him. You accepted the introduction."

"What would you expect me to do? Say, 'Oh! I've met Mr. Ferguson. I played house with him for quite a while, and then paid a half million dollars to get rid of him'?"

"I see your point."

"I'm not ashamed of many things, Kirk. Not half as many as I should be. But I was ashamed of the Ferguson episode." She toyed with an ebony-and-gold cigarette holder. "I'm quite a tramp, don't you think?"

"No!" I was vehement about it. "I think you're pretty grand."

"And you like me better than ever before. I can see the words coming. You admire my courage. But you've still got your passion under control."

I said, "I never was right bright."

My mind was playing with something else. I smiled at her and asked permission to go ahead with my quizzing. She shrugged and said, "Why not? What have I got to lose—now?"

I said, "Correct me if I'm wrong, but one idea has stuck with me. I've always had the feeling that your meeting with me was not accidental."

She nodded. "Good going, Mister. It wasn't. I heard about you. I had you investigated. I learned that you were friendly with Ricardo & Dana. I didn't know then that I was only half right. It was natural for me to go to the Caliente; half my life has been spent in joints like that. Meeting them was simple, too. But my real purpose was to meet you."

"Why?"

"Because a young lady named Ethel Brower had been killed in your apartment. I read what the newspapers said about it. I wanted to estimate for myself whether you killed her."

"You should have known better, Candy. If the police had thought so, they would have arrested me."

"That had me puzzled. But there was the possibility that I might discover things the police would miss. So I made my pitch."

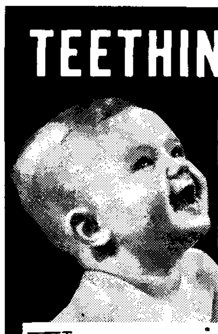
I asked, "Why were you interested in Ethel Brower?"

"Because I had met her—when I was going through the kidnaping routine with John Ferguson."

"She was a friend of his?"

"I don't think so. But she visited his place in Jersey several times. I think she was the sweetheart of some man who worked for him."

"And when you discovered that she had been killed in my apartment . . . ?"



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Candy laughed. She said, "Nobody can be as dumb as you act. Whatever was happening, Ethel Brower probably knew about it. After my release from what you might call durance vile, she turns up strangled in the apartment of a perfect stranger. The police believe your story that you don't know her. If they hadn't believed it, they would have thrown you in the jug. So if you hadn't killed her, it seemed to me that Ferguson was elected."

"Why?"

"Because the gentleman has always kept clear of the law. He has picked suckers like myself, people who were helpless because they were just a little bit over the line to start with. As far as I know, he has no criminal record. He didn't propose to start now. It might have been that Ethel Brower tried to shake him down for some of the half million dollars I paid for the restoration of what I might laughingly refer to as my self-respect. Ferguson wouldn't like that. He could have followed her to your apartment, figuring that she was planning to sell out to you. He might have ended the argument in his own conclusive way. He has very strong hands."

I said, "Why me?"

She shook her head. "That's something I never could figure. Neither he nor Brower could have picked your name out of a hat. There's some connection that I don't savvy."

I got up and walked across the room. I leaned against the mantel. I said, "Maybe I can help, Candy. On January 28th somebody deposited one hundred thousand dollars cash to my credit at the bank. I haven't the slightest idea who it was."

That seemed to floor her. She said slowly, "That was four days after my ransom was paid. Three days after I returned without a wedding ring."

I fumbled around. "I always connected it with you."

"Why?"

"Because you're the first person I ever met who has that much money."

She laughed; a nice, clear laugh. She said, "It's the sort of thing I might have done. But I didn't. I hadn't even met you then."

"That's what I told Max Gold. But there's bound to be some tie-up."

"Probably. So I'll ask again: Why you? Why not Joe Doakes or John Jones or any other of the three and a half million men in New York? And why do you stand way over there when this couch is so comfortable?"

I grinned and seated myself beside her. I said, "Why are you being so frank with me? You must have a reason."

"I have." She didn't evade. "I'm frightened."

"Of what?"

"Ferguson. If he killed Ethel Brower it was for the purpose of keeping her mouth shut. He might do the same to me for the same reason."

I GOT her point, all right. It seemed a trifle far-fetched, but so did a lot of other things that had been happening. While thoughts were chasing each other through my head, Candy started asking questions.

She said, "You said you thought Agnes Sheridan was killed accidentally, by someone who mistook her for Dana, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"How long has Dana known Ferguson?"

"That's out. I introduced them to each other."

"You introduced me to Ferguson, too."

I said, "But look! That doesn't make sense. I didn't know anything about you. I've known Dana for a long time. If she had ever met Ferguson before . . ."

"Okay. Don't get all het up about it. How about God's gift to the women . . . this Ricardo person?"

That suggestion packed a wallop. It fitted in neatly with what I'd been thinking. She said, "Ricardo might have been friendly with Ferguson without your knowing it. He knew where you lived. Ferguson could have found out that Ethel Brower was trying to contact you, and checked it up to Ricardo to argue her out of it."

"But why Ricardo?"

"Don't be simple," she said impatiently. "You and Dana are in love with each other. She's Ricardo's wife. In addition to that, she's a valuable piece of dancing property. It wouldn't be impossible that Ricardo is still in love with her. So suppose that Ferguson and Ricardo were friends. Suppose Ricardo suggested you as the fall guy? Ricardo would have a lot less to worry about if you were out of the picture. Maybe that isn't the best answer in the world, but it's the best we've thought of yet."

I COULD have told her a few other things that pointed to Ricardo, too. But I didn't. Unless or until I found out that there had been contact between him and Ferguson previous to the Brower incident, it seemed hardly fair. It put me in the position of fitting facts to theories; of merely trying to prove a point.

We did a lot more talking. It was largely repetitious, though no less interesting. For all Candy's lightness, I saw that she was badly frightened. I said finally, "You've given me a lot of information. What do you want me to do with it?"

"Whatever you think best."

"That really puts me on the spot. I might make a bad guess."

"I'll take a chance." Her sense of humor came to the rescue. "I've been doing that pretty much all my life."

LINES TO A SILVER LINING

Shoe ration stamps, it seems to me,
Have one great virtue, it's plain to see—
They make it proper for me and youse
To wear our comfortably ancient shoes.

—Margaret Fishback

It was dusk when I got up to go. Candy helped me with my coat. She stood looking at me. She said, "Would it hurt much to kiss me?"

I put my arms around her. I kissed her. I did a pretty good job of it. It was she who broke away. She said, "Why didn't somebody tell me these things?"

I STEPPED into the hall and heard her close the door behind me. I rode down to the street level, went to a drugstore, and thumbed through the Manhattan telephone directory. I telephoned the Homicide Squad and asked for Lieutenant Max Gold. He was there. I said I wanted to see him, and he said he thought he'd be able to take it.

The room in which Gold received me wasn't much. But it was businesslike. He shoved a cigarette across at me, waited until I had it going, and then said, "Let's have it."

I started talking. There was more to tell than I realized. I tried to tell it the short way, but it still took a long time.

I gave him the works: from the moment I stepped into Candy's apartment up to five minutes before I left. He listened impassively, only his bright black eyes showing how keenly he was interested. When I finished he looked at me a long time. Then he said, "That's a nice shade of lipstick you're wearing. But it looks better on a blonde."

I blushed and rubbed my lips and didn't say anything. He said, "Nice going, kid. I didn't think you had it in you."

I waited. He took his time about saying anything. Then he drummed on the desk top with broad, strong fingers. "It adds up cute," he commented. "My bet is John Ferguson."

I remained silent.

"We know a lot about Ferguson," Max went on conversationally. "He's a smart cookie. Plays 'em safe. Never picks a victim who isn't willing to make the best of it. We've never been able to cook up any indictment that would stick. Like this Candy Livingston thing: The victims are reluctant to testify. But the rest of it checks." He smiled thinly. "We just got our final reports on Agnes," he said. "They're interesting."

He took his time. I knew it would be big, but even so I wasn't prepared for what he told me.

"This is what you might call the missing link," he said quietly. "Agnes Sheridan was John Ferguson's wife."

Lieutenant Max Gold was having himself quite a time. He had let fly with both barrels, and now he leaned back in his creaky swivel chair to watch the effect on me. He got his money's worth.

I made a profane remark which indicated the measure of my astonishment. Then I laughed. Not much: just a little. He said, "What's funny?"

"I'm thinking about my introducing Ferguson and Agnes. 'How do you do, Mr. Ferguson.' 'Delighted to meet you, Miss Sheridan.' Formal and blank as that wall in back of you. And she was his wife."

Gold said, "They weren't working at it. They separated years ago. He's been sending her an adequate income."

I said, "Where does she fit in?"

"She's dead. That might mean something."

"You're miles ahead of me."

"Look. . . ." His manner was that of a teacher explaining something to a small—and not too bright—pupil. "Candy Livingston ran off with John Ferguson. Hot romance which went sour. But before they eloped, Ferguson must have known Candy, and it's not unreasonable to suppose that Agnes knew that he knew her. As I remember your story, Agnes was in the Club Caliente when Candy accepted the introduction to Ferguson. Being a smart babe—and she must have been or Ferguson would never have married her in the first place—we can sorta take it for granted that she smelled a mice. So what does she do: She cultivates Candy. And why? Because if there's been a half-million-dollar touch, she figures she might cut in on it. Follow me?"

"I'm with you this far."

"Naturally, Ferguson savvies what's going on. If my guess is correct, he doesn't like it. So he knocks Agnes off."

I said, "Ferguson was in the club the night Agnes was killed. He spoke to both of us. He knew we were going skating after the dinner show. Where was he at the moment the shooting occurred?"

"He's got a perfect alibi. So perfect that you might think he planned it that way. The man he was with says Ferguson never left the table until after the shooting. I never trust anything that neat."

"Then your bet is Ferguson?"

"My hunch is that way. Ricardo ties up nice, but not as nice as Ferguson. I wouldn't be too surprised if it turned out to be Ricardo, but my money rides the other way."

"Why not arrest him, then?"

"For what?"

I made an impatient gesture. "Murder, for one thing."

Max Gold shook his head. "He could beat that rap, easy. The way things stand now, we haven't even got any good circumstantial evidence. There ain't any sense charging him with something until you figure you got a good chance to prove it."

I SAID, "Other things become clearer, now that I know about Ferguson. Maybe he put the hundred thousand in the bank for me."

"What makes you think that?"

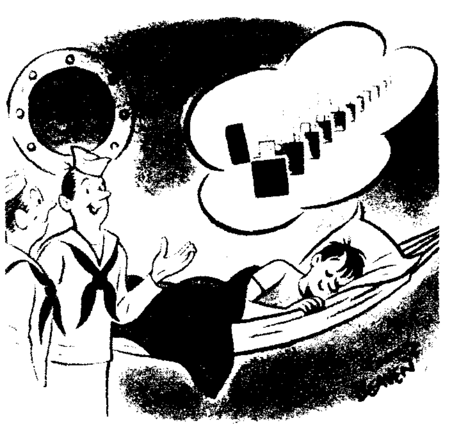
"I haven't any reason except that it ties in with the certainty that he took a lot of trouble to become friendly with me. He wasn't planning any office building, but he worked hard to make me think he was. I'm trying to figure why."

"You get the answer to that one, and I'll kiss you."

"That's something to look forward to." I grinned at him. "Ferguson's weakness is his interest in me. The answer must be hidden right there."

"Okay. You find it, and we'll slap him in the cooler so quick it'll make his hair curl." Max spread both of his powerful hands on the top of the desk. "It shapes up like Ferguson," he said. "I never was too willing to buy the Ricardo setup. But even yet there's some angle that we've both missed. Maybe I can find it—maybe you can. But I want to warn you of one thing: Keep your guard up. Ferguson could be a cold, bad baby if he was pushed."

We did a lot more talking. We didn't get



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Mix apples with the crumbs, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add the butter or butter substitute melted, and place in buttered pudding dish. Pour water, lemon juice and grated rind over this. Cover with additional crumbs and butter. Bake in moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

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anywhere we hadn't been before. I left him and started walking. I got to Broadway and turned left. It wasn't too cold or too windy, and I wanted to think. Far ahead the big signs were blazing against the frozen sky. I remembered that I hadn't eaten anything since lunch time. I dropped into a cafeteria which looked bright and warm. I made the rounds and, as usual, bought more than I could possibly eat. I grabbed myself a table near the window and tried to think by concentrating on the people who were hurrying by outside: a never-ending stream of people without personalities.

I was commencing to readjust my ideas. The more I thought, the less it looked like Ricardo. There were still a lot of things I couldn't understand, but the only real motives I'd ever been able to pin on Ricardo were jealousy—which I didn't believe—and bitterness over the fact that Dana was quitting the act.

The job of estimating Ferguson's position was simpler. Ethel Brower had seen him with Candy. It could be presumed that she knew that the kidnaping wasn't a kidnaping, and that the ransom money looked good to her. The same applied to Agnes. Ferguson wouldn't like women who knew too much. He wouldn't stand for anybody stepping on his toes. I put my money on Ferguson. What I wanted, though, was to uncover the thing that was missing, so that the district attorney could put him through the wringer.

I got a hunch. Arthur Maybank. He and Agnes had been playing around. How intimate they may have been, I didn't know. But they had been alone a lot, and Agnes must have done some talking. Maybe she had dropped remarks which wouldn't mean a thing to Arthur, but might be significant in the light of what I knew now.

I thought of something else. Someone had tried to kill Arthur. That could come out Ferguson, too, without wasting a lot of logic. Ferguson might have thought that Agnes planned to upset his applecart. He might even have known that she had done too much talking already. It was better than any other theory I'd been able to concoct about the shooting of Arthur. It was worth discussing with him, at any rate.

I picked up my little pink check with the holes in it, and paid the cashier the amount opposite the last hole. I went to the nearest subway station and rode uptown. I walked across to the dreary edifice which was the McKinley Hospital.

ARTHUR was there. He was dressed in white because this was his night on. He was sitting in the accident room, doing nothing. He seemed glad to see me.

I broke the news. At first he didn't believe me. I had to explain over and over again that the police had checked, and that their information was accurate. He looked little, incredulous and frightened. He said, "And all the time I would have bet it was Ricardo."

"We all thought that," I agreed. "But we didn't know anything about Ferguson being a crook."

I felt sorry for Arthur. He looked scared to death. I told him what I wanted. I asked him to think back over everything he and Agnes had ever talked about. I explained that our answer might be hidden in some casual remark of hers which wouldn't have meant a thing until now.

We started checking. I hated to do it, because I gathered that he was hit hard about Agnes, and that this, coming on top of her tragic death, was just a little more than he could take without danger of cracking.

In the middle of our conversation, an accident call came in. The burly ambulance driver appeared from nowhere and said, "Let's get goin', Doc."

Arthur looked at me helplessly. He said, "You'll wait here?"

"How long will you be?"

"I never know." He rushed across the room and buttonholed a tall, slim, nice-looking boy who had just walked in. They talked earnestly for a few minutes, and then Arthur came back. "He's an intern," he explained. "He says he'll take over when I get back from this call. He's going upstairs now to change."

I said, "Suppose I go home, and you join me there. I'd like to telephone Dana. I haven't spoken to her all day."

He said he'd come to my apartment as soon as he was free. The ambulance sirened impatiently from the parking lot. Arthur scuttled off. I left the building and walked home.

I snapped on the reading lamp and settled myself in the easy chair under it. I picked up the telephone and called Dana. I told her I'd run into a lot of new and exciting information, but that I thought it would be better not to give it to her over the phone.

She saw my point, but it didn't make her any less curious. I told her I couldn't see her until the next day, because Arthur would be along any minute, now.

I also told her that I loved her, and she said something along the same line. It still sounded good. I told her good night and hung up. I felt fine. I kept on feeling fine until the buzzer sounded.

I was surprised that Arthur could have completed his ambulance run so quickly. I went to the door and opened it. It wasn't Arthur.

It was John Ferguson.

HE SAID, "May I come in?" and came in anyway. He took off his overcoat and hat, dropped them on one chair, and sat down in another. He was wearing an Oxford-gray suit, a white shirt and a plain blue necktie. He looked like a solid, prosperous citizen. He looked handsome and distinguished. He didn't look like a crook. Most particularly he didn't look like a murderer.

But I had a strong hunch this was going to be the pay off. Ferguson was smart. He must have realized that by this time the police would have checked on Agnes and have discovered that she was his wife. How much else he knew, I couldn't be sure. The only thing I was sure of was that I was up against a man who might be desperate and certainly was dangerous. I recalled Max Gold's warning. It didn't make me feel any better.

Any hope I may have had was dispelled swiftly. He said, not bothering with any preliminaries, "You had quite a long visit with Candy Livingston today, didn't you, Kirk?"

I said, "How did you know that?"

"A little bird told me." His lips were smiling, but his eyes were hard and steady. "An interesting person, Candy," he went on. "Picturesque, glamorous, lovely. You must have had a very interesting conversation."

"More or less."

"What did you talk about?"

He didn't seem to be in a hurry. That suited me fine. I wasn't either. What I wanted was time. I knew something that he didn't. I knew that any minute now Arthur Maybank would be barging in. And while Arthur wasn't much of a physical specimen, I felt reasonably certain that Ferguson wouldn't take a potshot at me in the presence of any third person.

I tried to act naturally. I tried to act like a man who didn't have anything on his mind except architecture. I tried to keep my eyes away from the second hand of the mantel clock as it crept around the dial.

I said, "We didn't talk about anything special."

"Do you usually stay away from the office to make casual social calls on ravishing blondes?"

I said, "You know how those things are."

"Do I?" Ferguson gave me a nice smile. "After you left Candy's apartment," he said genially, "did you enjoy your talk with that detective chap at the Homicide Bureau?"

I said, "He asked me to drop in. He wanted to ask me some questions."

"What kind of questions?"

"I don't think I ought to tell, do you?"

"Yes," he said. "I do."

Time was running out. I was sitting stiffly, my muscles tensed. The first move he made, I'd act. I didn't believe I'd have much success, but at least I'd try.

Ferguson's face got hard. He said, "I'm asking you one more time, Kirk: What did you and Candy talk about? Specifically?"

No more stalling. I could sense it. I decided to tell him a little bit of the truth. Just enough to keep him probing for more. I started to talk, and then my heart jumped.

I hadn't heard the elevator stop. The first thing that happened was a key in the lock. The door opened. Arthur Maybank walked in. I didn't believe anybody could be as welcome.

Ferguson got up. So did I. It was good to be on my feet again. Arthur looked absurdly small with a big winter overcoat partly covering his hospital whites.

He looked at Ferguson. He looked at me. He looked at Ferguson again.

Then suddenly Arthur's face was contorted. His hand jumped out of his overcoat pocket. There was a gun in it. He aimed it at Ferguson and he pulled the trigger. Ferguson bent over as though to pick up something. Then he pitched forward.

Arthur didn't move. He stood there with the gun in his hand, staring at the figure on the floor.

For an instant, I was paralyzed. Then I leaped across the room and snatched the gun from Arthur's cold, nerveless fingers. Someone banged on the door and I yelled, "Go away!" I suppose they went because there was no more banging.

I went to the telephone and dialed the number of the Homicide Squad. I was lucky. Max Gold was there. I told him to come right up. I didn't go into detail, but I'm sure he caught the urgency in my voice.

I went back to Arthur, and put my hand on his shoulder. I said, "Thanks, kid," which seemed rather inadequate under the circumstances, but still showed how I felt. Then I said gently, "But you shouldn't have shot him."

He said, "You told me about Ferguson. He killed Agnes and he probably killed Ethel Brower. The instant I saw him here, I understood what it meant. He intended to kill you. That's why I shot him."

I was sweating. I said, "Where did you get the gun?"

"I've carried one ever since the night someone shot at me. I have a permit."

"But to shoot someone—that way . . ."

"I think Ferguson was the man who tried to kill me."

"You didn't say a word . . ."

"I was afraid. The way he looked at me, I knew he was going to do something. Quick. And I remembered that he killed Agnes."

"You don't know that."

"He killed her, all right."

"You only think so, Arthur. It might have been Ricardo. Killing Agnes could have been a mistake."

"That's ridiculous. You can't make a mistake when one woman is wearing a street costume and the other has on a green evening dress."

I said, "I appreciate what you did. But Good Lord . . ."

"I'd do it again," he said tonelessly. "If I had waited, it would have been too late."

I knelt beside Ferguson. He was still breathing. That could mean anything or nothing.

THE buzzer sounded again. I opened the door and Max Gold came in. There were some other men with him, and a lot of people were in the hall. "We got a call through headquarters," he said sharply. "Somebody reported hearing a shot."

I moved my head toward Ferguson. Gold said, "Who did it?"

Arthur's voice was steady. "I did."

"Why?"

"He was a murderer. He was going to kill Kirk. He tried to kill me once."

Gold telephoned for the medical examiner. A patrolman in uniform came up in the elevator and was assigned the job of quieting the crowd of tenants in the hall.

Gold started firing questions at me. He was only halfway through when the medical examiner came in. He knelt beside Ferguson and started doing things. He got up after a while and said, "I can't say for sure—but I think he'll live. We'd better get him to the hospital, quick."

They phoned for the ambulance. While they were waiting, Max Gold went to work on me again. He had none of the easy friendliness which had marked our conversation earlier that evening. His questions were sharp and direct. Once more the buzzer sounded. The door opened and Dana came in. She must have been told something because her cheeks were white and she looked frightened. She saw the body on the floor, and the detectives. She saw Arthur and she saw me. Gold said, "What are you doing here, Miss Warren?"

"I came to see Kirk."

"Why?"

She looked at me, desperation in her eyes. I said, "I told her I'd gotten hold of some information, Lieutenant. I wouldn't tell her

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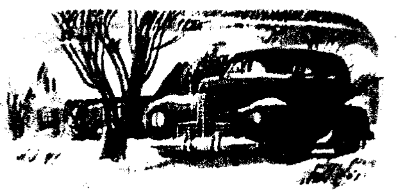

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over the phone. I suppose curiosity got the better of her."

Gold said, "Is that how it was, Miss Warren?"

"Yes. I came as soon as we finished the supper show."

Gold quizzed me a little more. Then he started in on Arthur. His questions crackled like machine-gun fire.

The ambulance shrieked in the street outside. They brought a stretcher up and carted John Ferguson away. A detective went with him.

I stood beside Dana. I held her hand tightly.

My brain was working overtime. It worked so fast, I could hear the machinery creaking. I paid no attention to what was going on all around me.

Gold finished questioning Arthur. He smiled at Dana and me. He said, "Looks like my hand has been forced, Douglas. With this thing happening like it did, I'll have to go to work on Ferguson as of now."

"You think he'll live?"

"I'd bet on it. And by the time he's able to stand trial, I'll probably have enough evidence to convict him."

"You are convinced that he murdered Agnes Sheridan?"

"Yeah. Sure."

I said, in a voice which didn't sound like my own, "You're wrong, Lieutenant. Ferguson didn't kill Agnes, and he didn't kill Ethel Brower, either."

Gold said, "What the hell . . ."

I repeated, "Ferguson didn't do it."

"If he didn't," asked Gold, "who did?"

I felt sick all over. What I faced was the toughest job I ever had.

I said, "The person you want, Lieutenant: the person who killed those two women, is standing right there. It's Arthur Maybank."

THE atmosphere in the room wasn't nice. Arthur looked stunned, Dana shocked, Max Gold incredulous, and the other detectives as though they didn't give a damn. Me, I felt completely, utterly and colossally miserable.

Gold stared at me. He said, "You sound pretty sure of yourself, Douglas."

I said, "I'm sure, all right. That's the way it's got to be."

"Of course, it is." Max's voice was heavy with sarcasm. "But being just a dumb cop, I don't see why. When did you get this brain wave?"

"Just a little while ago. I wasn't holding out on you. Until then I hadn't even considered Arthur. Once I did, everything else dropped into place. Don't get the idea I like what I'm doing. I never felt more like a heel in my life."

Gold said, "I'm listening. But so far I haven't heard anything."

He was skeptical and just a trifle hostile. I couldn't blame him. I tried to keep my eyes away from Arthur. He looked like a shock victim: dazed and bewildered. I said, "In the first place, I don't believe Arthur tried to kill Ferguson because my life was in danger. What he did was immediate and instinctive. I think it was the instinct of self-preservation at work. If he hadn't been so excited—if his aim had been straighter—he'd have eliminated the last person who represented danger to him."

Dana said, in a small, frightened voice, "You wouldn't say something like that without being sure, would you, Kirk?"

"You know me better than that."

"I don't," stated Max Gold bluntly. "And I'm not buying yet, Douglas. You gotta give me something definite."

"All right, I will. I can prove that Arthur killed Agnes. That is the one vitally important thing I'm positive about. I know some other things, too. But not all. There are plenty of loose ends I can't tie together, but the killing of Agnes Sheridan isn't one of them."

I looked at Arthur. He still hadn't moved or said a word or protested against what I was doing. I said, "You told me, Arthur. You told me as plainly as though you had said it in so many words."

"You might let me in on it," suggested Gold. "I'm a big boy now. You can tell me things."

I said, "I'll make it as brief as possible. The night before Agnes was killed, the four of us had dinner together at the club: Agnes, Dana, Arthur and myself. We planned to go skating Monday night. We invited Arthur and he said No. He gave two perfectly valid reasons. One was that he was on duty all night. The second was that he couldn't skate and didn't want to learn.

"Remember one more thing. Arthur had been at the club many times. He knew the show schedule to the minute. He knew when Dana would go on, and when she would finish. He knew that there was an exit from the club through the adjoining building. He knew that Agnes would leave her skates in Dana's dressing room during the show and that, after it was over, the two girls would go through that corridor to the dressing room. To do that, they had to pass the door of the second exit. The interns at the McKinley go off duty informally every once in a while for a variety of reasons: To run across the street for doughnuts and coffee, for instance. Arthur could leave the hospital, get to the Caliente just before Ricardo & Dana finished their act, do the shooting, and get back without ever being missed."

Gold said, "I'll swallow that, but there's *still something missing*. You said you didn't peg Arthur until just a little while ago. You said he just the same as told you he did it. That's what I'm asking for. The clincher."

I chose my words carefully. "It was something Arthur said, Lieutenant. He said it right after he shot Ferguson. He was up in the air like a kite. I was firing questions at him. I argued that he had acted too hastily. I said that the shooting might have been done by Ricardo, and that Ricardo could have meant to kill Dana."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing was wrong with the idea. What was wrong was Arthur's answer. When I suggested that Agnes could have been killed by mistake, Arthur said vehemently that my idea was ridiculous. He said, 'You can't make a mistake when one woman is wearing a street costume and the other has on a green evening dress.' "

Dana said, "Oh!" and I knew she had caught my point. But Max Gold shook his head. "I don't get it," he said. "I wouldn't say there was anything dopey about that remark."

"There was only one thing wrong with it, Lieutenant. What you don't know is that the dress Dana was wearing is the first green one she ever owned. She never wore green in her life before. The dress was delivered to her apartment less than two hours before the show went on. No one could have known that she intended to wear green. And no one who didn't actually see her that night could know that she was wearing it. The only ones who saw that dress were those who were at the dinner show. Plus one other person. That person was the man who killed Agnes."

Gold said, "Well, whaddaya know! Supposedly, Arthur wasn't there, but just the same he saw the dress. So he *was* there. Not bad, sonny, not bad. But look: Why would he want to kill Agnes? He'd been playing around with her, but he didn't know she was Ferguson's wife."

I WAS deadly tired. I didn't feel proud of myself. I didn't feel anything but sorrowful. I said, "You'd better handle it, Lieutenant. I hate the job I've had to do, and I wouldn't want to carry it any further. Maybe Arthur will fill in the blank spaces. If I'm right, his guilt can be proved easy enough. The bullet they'll take out of John Ferguson should tally with the bullet that killed Agnes Sheridan. What's more, if Ferguson recovers—as the medical examiner seems to believe he will—he'll do a lot of talking. All he'll be interested in will be to save himself from facing trial for murder. Even the kidnaping charge wouldn't bother him, especially since we know that he couldn't be convicted of it."

Gold started talking to Arthur. He was gentle and patient. He explained the similarity of the two bullets and the inevitability of a straight story from Ferguson would convince any jury.

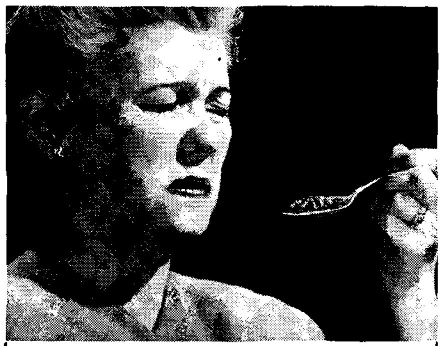
He didn't hold out any hope. He just stated facts.

Arthur didn't seem to be much interested.

If I'd known before what I know NOW-

WHEN A WOMAN GETS ALONG in years, she's apt to have more need for a laxative. But that's no reason why she should punish herself with a lot of harsh, bad-tasting medicines. When I think of some of the stuff I used to take, it makes me shudder! There's just no question that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!



LATER I SWITCHED to another kind of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much if it had done me any good. The trouble was that I didn't get the relief I needed. I soon came to the conclusion that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO MILD!

IT WAS OUT AT THE WAR PLANT that I finally got wise to Ex-Lax! And what a pleasant surprise that was! Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take—tastes just like good chocolate. And it worked just fine — effective, yet *very gentle.* Not too strong, not too mild . . .

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He looked small and pitiful in his big overcoat and his hospital whites. He was like a man in a trance. He said quietly, "Kirk is right, Lieutenant. I killed Agnes just like he said I did."

"Why?"

"Because a lot of other things had happened. Agnes and I were—well, she was the only woman I'd ever really felt close to. And one evening when we were alone for a long time I told her about the jam I was in. She didn't say much at the time, but after that whenever I saw her she kept questioning me about it till I felt it wasn't really me she was interested in at all. I began to worry that she might give me away, and I couldn't stand it. I was desperate and half crazy." His voice broke. "I—I'd rather not talk any more. I've told you everything you need to know. I'm glad you know it. It had to end this way."

HIS face went blank. He didn't seem to realize what was happening to him. He didn't seem to care. Gold glanced at me and shrugged. He said, "How much more do you know, Douglas?"

"A great deal—with plenty of details missing. But as a beginning, I'll remind you that we never understood how Ethel Brower got into my apartment. The answer to that is that Arthur had a key. He still has it. I had been away, and Arthur was using my apartment on his off nights. I'd forgotten till he came in tonight that he hadn't given the key back to me."

Gold said softly, "Don't let me stop you."

"Candy Livingston told us that Ethel Brower knew John Ferguson. Arthur knew him, too. It was Arthur who introduced me to Ferguson.

"On January 25th, Candy Livingston's representatives gave a package containing a half million dollars in unidentifiable bills to an emissary of the person who was presumed to have kidnaped Candy. That was the night of one of the worst blizzards New York has had in forty years. The money was handed over, according to the newspapers, in Central Park, near Fifth Avenue.

"A little later that evening, a man named Norton was hit by a reckless, or a snow-blinded driver, also in Central Park. A passing motorist phoned for an ambulance. The McKinley Hospital got the call. Arthur was on accident and made the ambulance run. I believe there is some connection between the man who was injured in the park and Candy Livingston's ransom money. Your guess is as good as mine. Only Arthur knows the truth."

Arthur didn't wait for Gold to question him. He said, in a flat, expressionless voice, "I'll tell you about it. I haven't anything more to lose now."

He swallowed and then moistened his lips.

"That's the way it started," he said. "Just a routine call: a man who was dying. I did what I could on the spot and then rode inside the ambulance with him. He was conscious, but he knew he was dying. I picked up his belongings: his hat, one glove, a bulky package. He said there was a half million dollars in that package. He said it belonged to a man named Ferguson. He seemed terribly anxious to be assured that the money would be delivered to this man.

"Then he said that $100,000 of it belonged to him, and that I could keep it if I would say nothing to anyone about the package, but take the balance to Ferguson and explain what had happened.

"I didn't know it was ransom money. Of course I suspected there was something funny about it, but I agreed anyway. You see, I've been broke all my life. Here was my chance to have some of the things I've always wanted.

"Norton died shortly after he got to the hospital. I put the package of money in my room. The next day I did just what he had told me to do. I took out $100,000 and hid it. I delivered the rest to Ferguson.

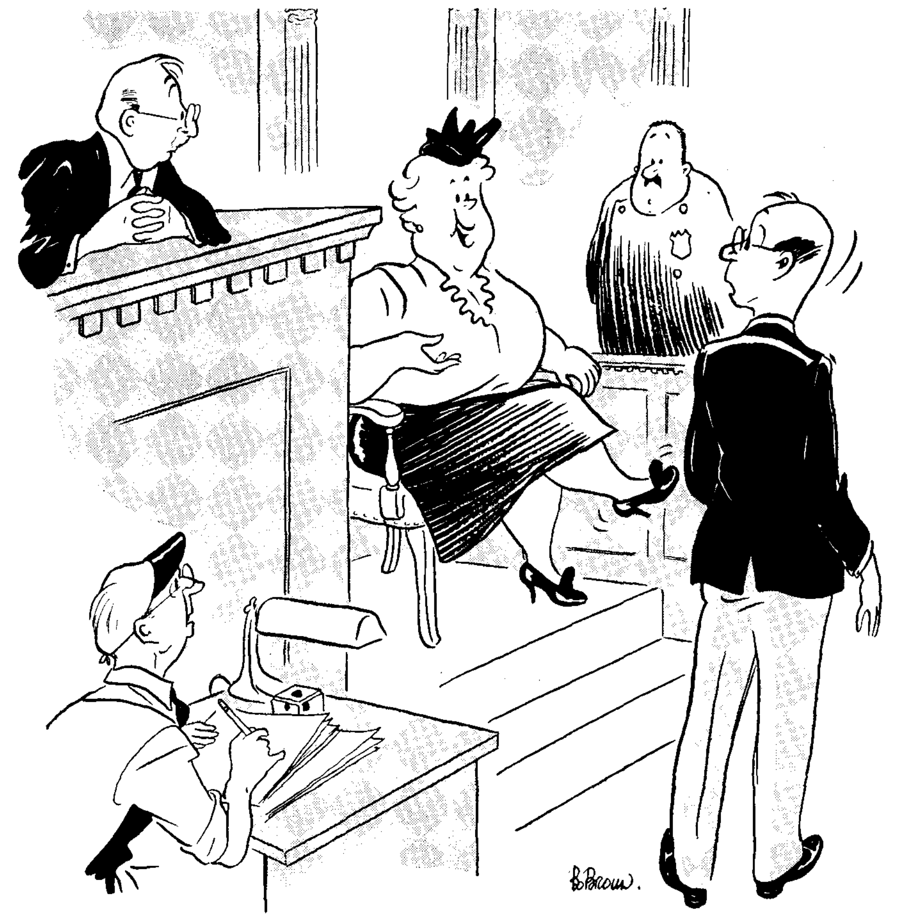
"Several days later I read about the kidnaping and the ransom money. I should have gone to the police, but I didn't. That still looked like all the money in the world. I kept it and thought about it, and then—when I figured it was too late to tell the police anyway—I commenced to get scared. I was afraid it would be found in my possession."

I said, "So you deposited it to my credit?"

"Yes, Kirk. I didn't mean any harm. You've always been my friend. I wouldn't hurt you."

I said, "I know you wouldn't, Arthur."

"I didn't dare keep the money," he continued. "I couldn't throw it away. I put it in your account. I knew you wouldn't find out about it until your monthly bank statement came in. I knew you'd tell me. That way, I'd always know what was happening—I'd know when and if the police started tracing it. I suppose I figured farther than that, too. I had an idea that if nothing had happened in, say, a year—I'd invent some sort of a plausible story. I knew you'd believe me and give it back. You'd have forgotten all



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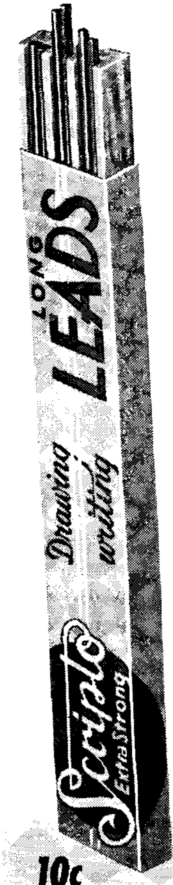

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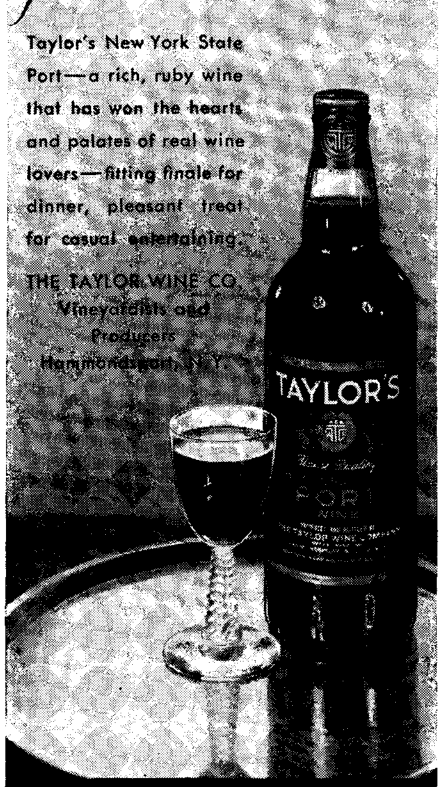
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about dates and kidnapings and things like that."

He stopped again, and I prodded him. Gently, as Gold had done. "About Ethel Brower?" I said.

"She was the sweetheart of this man Norton who gave me the money. She knew all about it. She went to Ferguson to ask for Norton's share. Ferguson told her Norton had given it to me. She came to see me. She wanted at least half. I told her what I had done. It was in the bank, in your name. I told her I couldn't touch it. She didn't believe me. Before she left me, she said she was going to see you. I knew what she would say. I knew you were out with Dana that night. I went to your apartment and waited—just in case she showed up. When she did, we had a talk. She threatened me. She said I was in this kidnaping up to my neck. She started to call the police. I tried to stop her. I got panicky. I strangled her. She died very quietly. She looked so peaceful that I thought maybe no one would know she had been killed. I closed her eyes, turned out the light, and walked down the fire stairs. Nobody saw me."

Arthur rubbed his hand wearily across his forehead. Then he went on talking. His voice was low and monotonous. He had been banged around so much that he didn't care any more. "Ferguson read about Ethel Brower being killed in your apartment, Kirk. He wanted to meet you. He didn't know how far the police might go in a murder investigation. I suppose he was afraid that if they suspected me, I might try to pin it on him. He wanted to get in touch with you so he'd have a double check on what was happening. I shouldn't have fooled you, Kirk. I hate that worse than the other things I did."

I felt like bawling, but I kept a grip on myself. I said, "And Ricardo's luck piece, Arthur? You put that in the apartment yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes. It seemed I'd always be in danger if there wasn't some other suspect. I stole the luck piece out of Ricardo's dressing room one night when he was dancing." His eyes brightened a trifle. "And the man who shot at me: I think that was Ferguson. He was a smart man, but not very brave. When he failed to kill me, he was probably afraid to try again." He spread his hands helplessly. His head had drooped so that I could see the sparse brown hair. He was through. Finished. I would have enjoyed kicking myself around the block.

Cops are supposed to be tough, especially homicide cops. But Max Gold wasn't. He didn't like the job he had to do. He put his hand on Arthur's shoulder and said, "Maybe we better get goin', kid."

Arthur gave me a piteous smile. He said, "Don't think I blame you, Kirk. You did the right thing. You couldn't do anything else."

They took Arthur Maybank away. Everybody went away except Dana and me. We were alone with the ghost of a tragedy. Dana crept into my arms and started to cry. Then she saw that I felt worse than she did. She went to work on me, trying to cheer me up. It was a pretty futile job. I couldn't believe that I'd ever feel cheerful again.

I took Dana home and offered to spend the rest of the night in her apartment. She said no, and sent me home. My place looked awful. I hated it. The room was filled with too many things that I wanted to forget.

I surprised myself by going to sleep. I slept until eleven o'clock. I was awakened by the telephone. It was Dana.

She said she had phoned the office, and they had told her I wasn't there. She asked how I was, and told me she was feeling better, too. She asked whether I could drop by her apartment on the way to work.

I GOT there in about half an hour. Dana looked haggard, but there was a light in her eyes that made me think that something good was coming.

She sat beside me on the couch. She took my hand and put my arm around her. Her body was warm and soft. She said, "Is it wrong to be happy when we've been through so much misery, darling?"

I said that it certainly wasn't, and asked her why.

She said, "Ricardo just left. I had him come over, because I thought he had a right to know. I told him everything. I never saw anybody so relieved. The police had terrified him. They had made him believe that they could convict him easily."

She looked up at me.

"He was so relieved that he was pitiful. And when he learned that you had figured it out—that you had saved him—he made the one generous gesture of his life. He said he'd give me a divorce."

This was sudden, but it was good. That made it harder to digest.

But when it did sink in, I did things. I put the other arm around her. I held her tight. I said, "Dana, sweetheart. We're engaged."

She smiled. "We've been engaged for a long time, Kirk," she said. "But now we're engaged to be married."

THE END

ROMANCE ON THE RUN

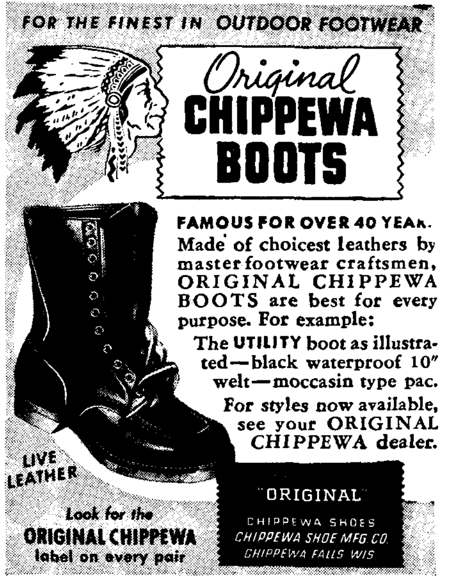
All Rawdon wanted was peace and a bit of Miami sunshine. But then he ran into a Connecticut ice storm, got involved with his former girl friend's kid sister, met a strange corpse and a raft of cops. He got to Florida all right, with the sister tagging after, but no one could say that what happened to them was a vacation. For quick excitement, for laughs and for romance, don't miss

Darling, This Is Death

BY DANA CHAMBERS

Beginning Next Week

CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Rubber Heels & Soles



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The Week's Work

COLLIER'S interest in news photography dates back to the turn of the century, when this magazine broke all blication precedents by sending a photog- her, Jimmy Hare, to cover the Spanish- nerican War. No publication, magazine or wspaper, had done such a thing before.

Collier's greatly expanded interest in pho- graphy now is served by Ulrich Calvosa, editor who is responsible for photo- phic illustrations, picture stories and Ko- chrome spreads (see Sing Out, Sweet Land! pages 22 and 23).

Photographers who work with him say at Calvosa has an unusual ability to visu- ze a story in terms of pictures, and that this akes it easy to translate his ideas into pic- e language. Because he knows what he ints—and often sketches rough layouts of ctures to be taken—they find they make wer waste shots for Calvosa than for most oto editors. Furthermore—and this is also usual—they like to have him around when ey are working.

One of Cal's editorial assets is his gregari- isness. He seems to know everybody. His iends, sitting with him in a restaurant, like to st him out. "I wonder who that woman is," ey'll say; "the one all covered with pearls."

"Oh, that one," says Cal. "A nice woman. e's Mrs. So-and-so, and that's the man she's ing to marry. He made his money in— ibber or lumber or whatever). Her children her first marriage didn't like the idea at st but they are coming around. I remem- r in Monte Carlo she always wore yellow, d they used to say . . ."

Calvosa can give you complete dossiers on considerable portion of all the people ominent enough to have their names in e papers—plus equally complete dossiers headwaiters, models, prize fighters, hat- ieck girls and newspapermen.

It all comes, some people think, from Cal's iving been a Brooklyn boy and a Brown an, who followed his father's footsteps into e steamship business. As head of adver- sing, publicity and promotion for a trans- lantic line, Calvosa dealt with a variety of eople, not one of whom he has ever for- otten.

The luxury steamship business became even iore luxurious when Calvosa had a finger it. He was the one who first advocated and ut through deck swimming pools, against the pposition of old-guard steamship designers. le invented the phrase "Lido Deck" and cre- ted the slogan "Lido all the way."

Quentin Reynolds, Calvosa's lifelong iend, likes to recall the good old days when iey both attended Manual Training High chool in Brooklyn. Reynolds, weight 183, layed football, and Calvosa, weight 138, layed lacrosse. As their joint valedictory iey said, in unison, "Leave us alone. We an lick any two people in the school."

They went to Brown University together, nd together they achieved near-immortality or their fraternity, Delta Tau Delta. Here's ow Quent tells it:

"Cal was captain of the DTD basketball team when it played the DKE team in the final game of a tournament. The tournament aroused great interest in Providence, R. I., and the Providence Journal asked me to cover the final game. It was the first newspaper story I ever wrote. With ten seconds to play, the game was 30-30, and then Cal got the ball. He swirled about, he dodged, he stiff-armed—he evaded the whole Deke team and charged down the court. He was amazed that there was no interruption of his progress. He leaped up—all five feet one inch of him—and dropped the ball in as the whistle blew. Only then did he realize he had shot the wrong basket. The Dekes won 32 to 30, and I wrote a story headed 'His heart was honest, but his feet were full of larceny.' "

H. J. KNOPFF-PIX

Ulrich Calvosa

The Associated Press picked up the story and it was printed all over the country, and that was Calvosa's and Reynolds' first bow to the public.

Cal and Quent next went to law school. To work their way through, Cal got a steamship publicity job, Quent got a reporting job. They swaggered all over New York during these years—a Damon and Pythias combination, who had fun together, studied together and exemplified the old saying of Ring Lardner, "You can take the boy out of Brooklyn, but you can't take Brooklyn out of the boy."

They both turned their back on the practice of law, in favor of the good gadabout jobs they already had. Pretty soon they both were working on Collier's—Quent as foreign correspondent, Cal as photo editor.

Cal's suppressed ambition is to run a restaurant. He's so good a cook himself that friends always find themselves giving over the direction of their kitchens to him.

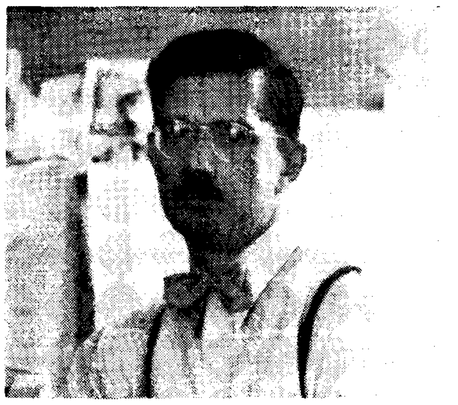
WHILE Herman Giesen was working in machine shops in Toledo and Brooklyn, he used to think sometimes that it might be nice to be an artist. It was only a thought, though, just enough to make him scratch out pictures for his own amusement. He moved on to a job as shipping clerk in Scranton, Pa., and then became a bookkeeper in a bank.

He was still trying to draw, in a desultory way, but he didn't do anything serious about it until, he says, he heard tell that New York artists got as high as $50 or $60 a week, just for sitting at a drawing board all day.

He came to New York and enrolled in the Art Students' League, supporting himself by working at night as a drugstore cashier. Four years later, he got an assignment to do some Biblical illustrations for a book for the Methodist Book Concern, and from that moment on, he did very well as a free-lance artist—and still does (see the illustration for The Welsh Are Like That, p. 20).

Giesen says that first job illustrates the kind of wonderful luck he has had all his life. It came to him indirectly because his father was a Methodist minister and knew the editor of the publishing company. The editor hired his sister as secretary, and she was able to bring in her brother's drawing.

Now Giesen lives on a productive two acres on Long Island, where he raises a yearly supply of vegetables and chickens. He says he has everything a man could want: a good wife, a warm house, plenty to eat and work he enjoys. . . . A. P.



Herman Giesen

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Why don't you take this *healthful* drink instead of harsh laxatives? Try it ten days.

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

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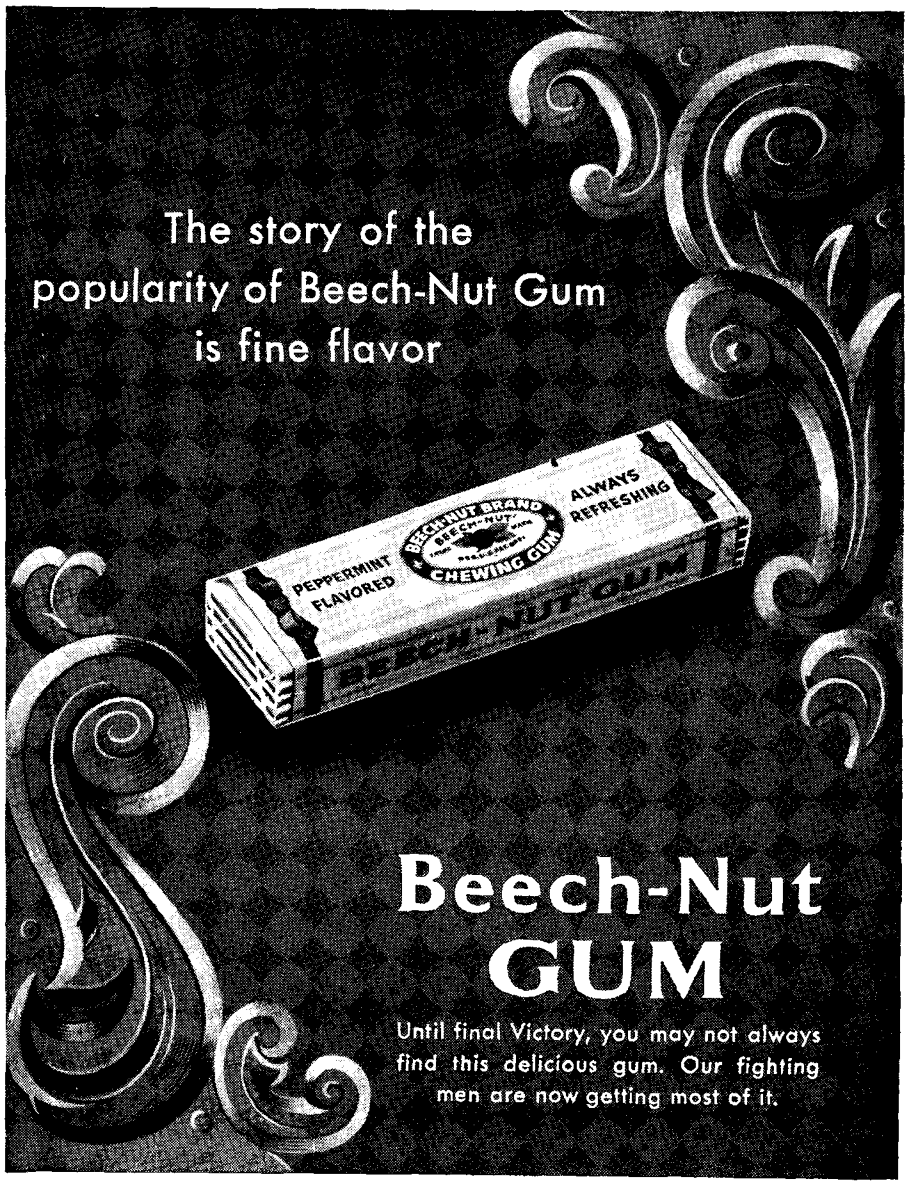
Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

. . . first thing on arising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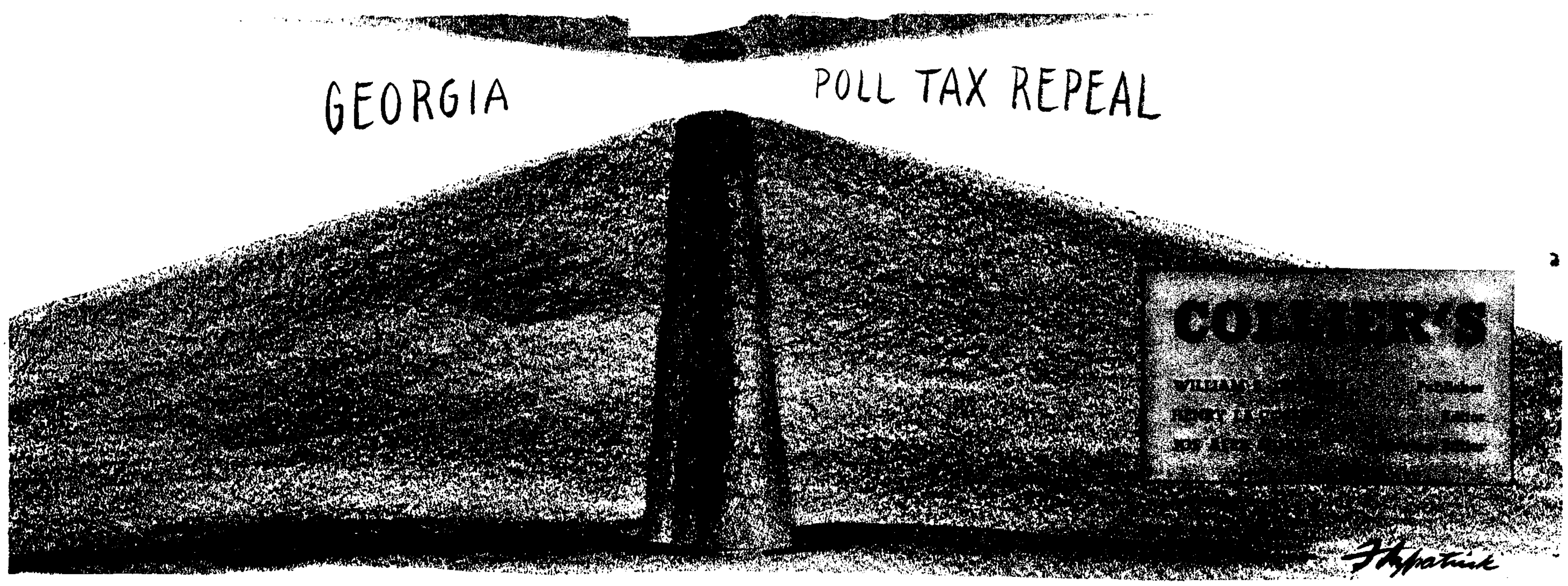


GEORGIA'S BETTER WAY

REPEAL of the poll tax by Southern states is better than a statute by Congress forbidding poll taxes. The best law, the enduring and the respected law, is an expression of the common sense of the people affected. So Georgia's repeal of the poll tax is a milestone in our history. The Georgia of Governor Ellis Arnall is a different and a better place than the realm in which his predecessor, Gene Talmadge, rose to power by appealing to the basest instincts of his fellow citizens.

The poll tax is obviously a complex and a highly political issue both North and South. Long ago the payment of taxes was the general qualification for voting throughout this land. Gradually men who didn't pay taxes won the right to vote. The property qualification was removed so far as white men over 21 years of age were concerned. Much later, years later in some states, women also were permitted to vote.

Meantime in some Southern states, poll taxes were used for a new purpose. This was to restrict voting by Negroes. The Civil War amendments made indirection necessary if voting were to be limited. So after the Reconstruction years, various devices, the grandfather clause, the poll tax and other schemes to prevent Negroes from voting, were tried. The poll tax survived the constitutional ordeal of the last few decades until it came under political attack.

As long as the Negro population of Northern states was small, there was little agitation North or South for the repeal of the poll taxes. When, however, Negro votes in Harlem, for example, could determine the vote of New York City, or of the state or of a close Presidential election, the situation was radically changed.

The movement of Negroes from the South to the North and West created the demand in Congress for a statute outlawing poll taxes. Many congressmen and others have said that a federal act would be unconstitutional. Opinions of honest men as to the authority of Congress differ, but the question of constitutionality is real. More pressing than constitutional doubts has been the political urgency felt by congressmen. The Negro vote, once Republican, has been Democratic for years. Republicans and Democrats alike from Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and other strong industrial states have clamored for anti-poll-tax legislation in order to hold or to regain the Negro vote.

These practical political considerations are apart from the merits of poll-tax repeal. Of course, the poll taxes should be repealed. Negroes and whites, men and women, should be enfranchised on the same terms, and the payment of a poll tax should not be the test of fitness to vote. But it is vastly better to have the restrictions removed voluntarily by the states that first imposed them than to have the central government impose its political will throughout the land.

Compulsion is sometimes unavoidable, but persuasion is greatly to be preferred. In a matter as delicate as race relations, all the good will attainable is needed. So the nation will hope that the other seven states that retain poll-tax laws will follow Georgia's lead.

G.I. JOE AND HIS RIGHTS

HOW about the rather frequent rumors that the G.I. Bill of Rights is not being administered as well as it should be; that it was mainly a sop tossed to Joe before the election by a lot of politicians who didn't intend it to mean much after the election?

We've looked into the subject, and here is what we gather from sources we believe to be reliable:

All provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights are now in effect. Concededly, it took time and trouble to get some of them under way, and some mistakes were made. Then, too, there were various other government agencies which wanted to help the veterans, in addition to the Veterans Administration which administers the G.I. Bill of Rights. Inevitably there have arisen problems of co-ordination among these agencies, charged, in varying degrees and different respects, with responsibility for the welfare of veterans. And, equally inevitably, there have resulted interagency differences about policies and procedures. The situation is not a simple one. It would be strange if it could be managed without some friction; and stranger still if loud voices were not heard from time to time, offering criticism. Of this criticism, the Veterans Administration has had to suffer its share.

Most of the rumors buzzing around to date have been about the loan provisions in this new law, and how not all veterans justly entitled to loans have been getting them.

One of the pertinent facts in this case is that the provision for home loans didn't become effective till October 19, 1944; for farm loans till December 8, 1944; and for business loans till December 21, 1944. Another pertinent fact is that our forty-eight states and several territories have different laws regarding ownership and transfer of property, and it was a man-size job to draw up regulations which wouldn't clash with any of these laws but would be elastic enough to function under all of them.

We are advised that these preliminaries were all cleaned up some weeks ago, and that loans are now being made in proper cases, on a basis of good business judgment plus gratitude for what the veteran loan applicants have done for their country.

So we'd like to offer a couple of suggestions: If you're a nonveteran, wait for proof before you believe any unfavorable rumors about the Veterans Administration or the G.I. Bill of Rights. If you're a veteran, and think you were shortchanged sometime ago under this law, try getting in touch again with your local Legion post, Veterans Administration office, or political district leader, because it is entirely possible that things in your case have looked up by now.

AXIS UNDERGROUND

A WAR incident which keeps gnawing at our memories is the Red Army's capture intact, some weeks ago, of a big underground German war factory on the outskirts of Breslau, Silesia. You doubtless remember the story—how the Germans had put the whole plant far below the surface, with power, heat, light and ventilation, and had covered the topsoil with a forest.

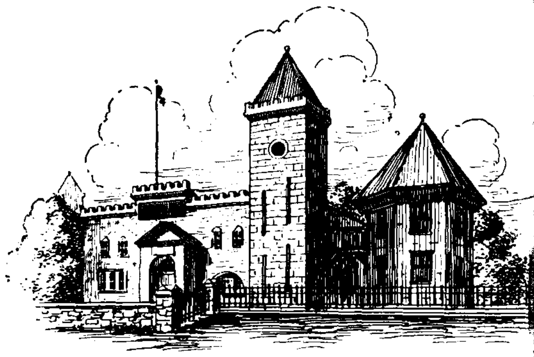
It was dramatic and sinister stuff. To us it seemed, in addition, a symbol of the entire Nazi plan to take the loyal Nazi Party membership into an underground organization after the defeat of Germany, and to do a more effective job of sabotaging Allied occupation forces than the French, Dutch and Norwegian undergrounds ever did against the Nazis.

The German underground factory incident also recalled to mind General Peyton C. March's remark, something over a year ago, that if the Japs hadn't already prepared underground accommodations for millions of their fighting men, the general would be greatly surprised.

All this is another aspect of what we are up against in these wars. These enemies of ours—Nazi and Jap—are fanatics, who see defeat in the present war as only one temporary setback in a continuing struggle. We have never before fought such determined foes, or such crafty ones. They hope that if they can't get us, their descendants can get our children or our children's children. And maybe they can, if we go to sleep militarily after these wars.

That underground war plant and the cunning long-range plans it symbolized seem to us to make up as impressive an argument as we have yet seen for adoption now of a comprehensive law for compulsory universal military training in the United States, to take effect after the Allied victory and to stay in effect indefinitely thereafter.

A good name *and* great riches are united in **OLD TAYLOR.** For in this hearty, full-grained bourbon, a creator of many noble whiskies found the one most worthy to bear his name. In Frankfort, today, the favorite distillery of the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. still stands. And not a drop of any whiskey has it ever produced save **OLD TAYLOR**—the mellow delight that so completely satisfies those who know bourbon at its best.



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OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

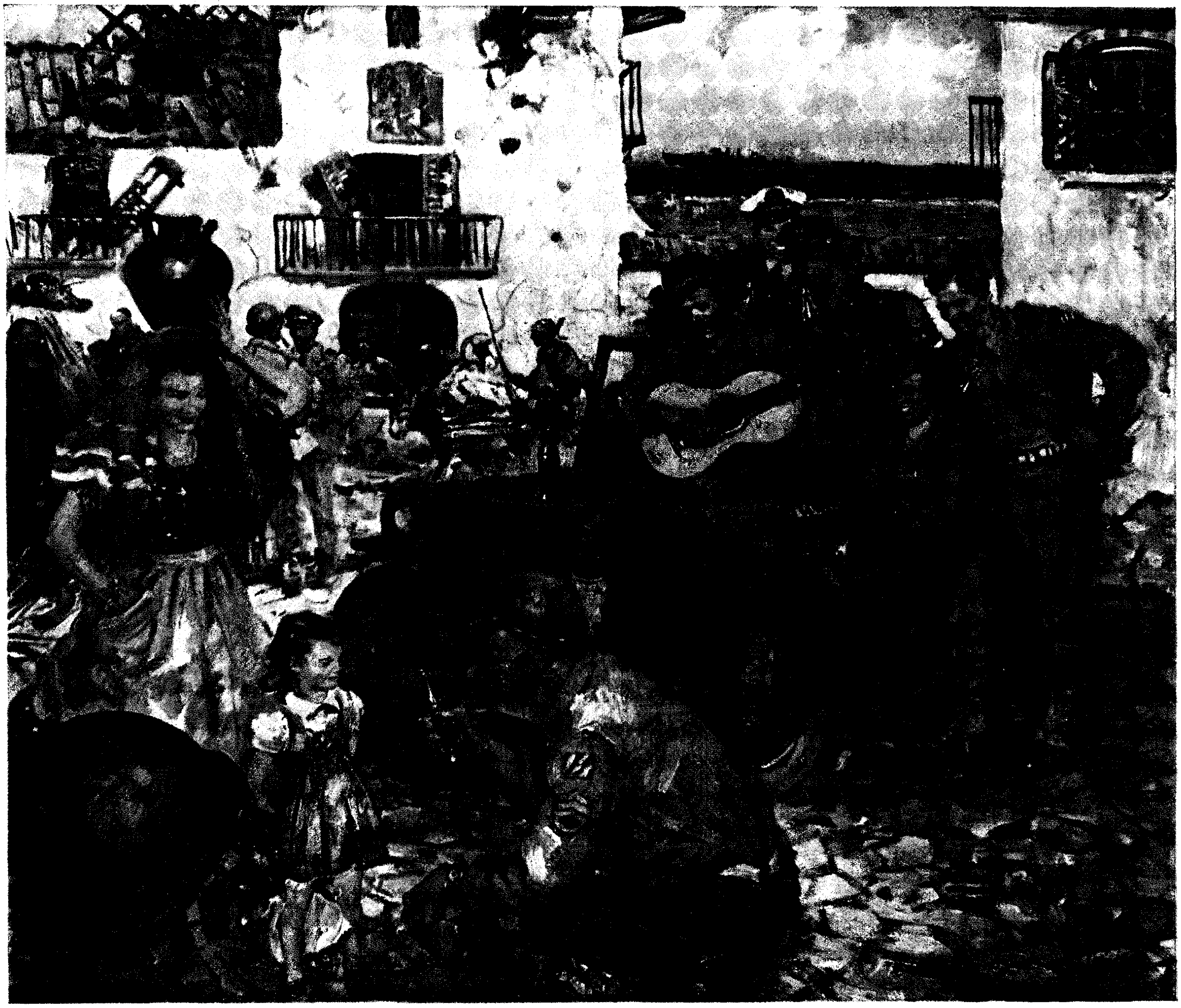
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELICIOUS

La moda Americana . . . Have a Coke

(THE AMERICAN WAY)



. . . *or an American custom as seen in Italy*

One of the interesting things that impresses people overseas about the American fighting man is his friendliness among his fellows. Everywhere they see Americans bringing with them their customs and home-ways—their own brand of open-heartedness. *Have a Coke,* foreigners hear the G. I. say when he wants to be friendly, and they begin to understand what America means. For in this simple gesture is some of the essence of Main Street and the family fireside. Yes, the custom of *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola helps show the world the friendliness of American ways.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
-the global
high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company.

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